ERASMUS.

ERASMUS.

# *MORIÆ ENCOMIUM:*

OR, THE

# PRAISE

OF

# FOLLY.

Written in LATIN by

*ERASMUS.*

Tranſlated into ENGLISH by

*WHITE KENNETT,*

Lord Biſhop of PETERBOROUGH;

*With a* PREFACE *by his Lordſhip.*

Adorn'd with

A great Number of COPPER PLATES, neatly engraven: To which is added, the EFFIGIES of *ERASMUS*, and Sir *THOMAS MORE*, from the Deſigns of the celebrated *HANS HOLBEINE*.

**The Fourth Edition.**

*LONDON:*

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S^R. THOMAS MORE.

# A Prefatory Epistle FROM ERASMUS TO Sir THO. MORE.

IN my late Travels from Italy into England, that I might not trifle away my Time in the Rehearsal of Old Wives Fables, I thought it more pertinent to imploy my Thoughts in reflecting upon some past Studies, or calling to Remembrance several of those highly Learned, as well as smartly Ingenious Friends I had here left behind, among whom you (Dear SIR) were represented as the Chief; you, whose Memory, while absent at this Distance, I respect with no less a Complacency than I was wont while present to enjoy your more Intimate Conversation, which last afforded me the greatest Satisfaction I could possibly hope for. Having therefore resolved to be a doing, and deeming that Time improper for any Serious Con-

*Concerns, I thought good to divert my self with drawing up a Panegyrick upon* Folly. *How! What Maggot say you put this in your Head? Why, the First hint (Sir) was your own Sirname of* More, *which comes as near the Literal Sound of the* * *Word, as you your self are distant from the Signification of it, and that in all Mens Judgments is vastly wide. In the next Place I supposed that this kind of Sporting Wit would be by you more especially accepted of, by you (Sir) that are wont with that sort of Jocose Raillery, such as (if I mistake not, is neither dull nor impertinent) to be mightily pleased, and in your ordinary Converse to approve your self a* Democritus Junior: *For truly, as you do from a singular Vein of Wit very much dissent from the Common Herd of Mankind; so by an Incredible Affability and Pliableness of Temper you have the Art of Suiting your Humour with all sorts of Companies. I hope therefore you will not only readily accept of this Rude Essay as a Token from your Friend, but take it under your more immediate Protection, as being Dedicated to you, and by that Title adopted for* yours, *rather than to be Fathered as my* own. *And it is a Chance if there be wanting some Quarrelsome Persons that will shew their Teeth, and pretend these Fooleries are either too Buffoon-like for a grave* Divine, *or too Satyrical for a Meek* Christian, *and so will exclaim against me as if I were vamping up some Old Farce,*

* Μωρία.

or

Sometimes a Vice they blunder on by Chance,
But all their Faults are thoſe of *Ignorance.*
Beſides, a *Changeling* is no *Hypocrite,*
For what *he is,* he ſhews you at firſt Sight;
Whilſt *others* do their *Native-ſelves* diſguiſe
Only by the *Pretence* of being *Wiſe:*
Of *Criticks,* they aſſume the *ſurly State,*
And *cenſure thoſe* they cannot *imitate.*
Like puft up Bladders they of *Wind* are full,
And hide with *Gravity* their being *dull.*
Tho' they with *Scorn* the World would *ridicule,*
Yet the *Affected Wiſe-One* is the *Fool.*

Still my Digreſſion Sir returns to you,
To give that Character which is your due;
And this impartially I can beſtow,
The *Author* by his Work I only know.
So that if what I find I muſt commend,
'Tis done without being biaſs'd as his Friend.
'Tis not your *Pride, your Folly, or your Fate,*
That makes you chuſe *Eraſmus* to *Tranſlate.*
If with ſuch Verſions you the World delight,
You can oblige it equally, and *Write.*
Tho' here you have as much true Judgment ſhown,
As if it had entirely been your own.
This *way of Writing* once was thought a *Vice,*
But now the *Touches of it* are ſo Nice,
That who this pleaſing Province would adorn,
Not *Made,* but he on purpoſe muſt be *Born.*
Some ſpoil all Subjects which they write upon,
As Paint will ſpoil the beſt Complexion:
So Highway Beggars others Children hire,
With ruddy Looks, and all their Limbs entire;
Till they induſtriouſly are Cripples made,
Thus to promote the canting Gypſies Trade.

*Things* that are *delicate*, *foul Hands* will *ſtain*,
But from your Pen, all Subjects Luſtre gain.
*Romans* in *France* have gain'd ſuch high Renown,
Their Works are naturaliz'd, and made their own.
Ingenious *d'Ablancour* firſt led the Van,
With his juſt Verſion of great *Lucian*;
Thus Copied by a skilful Hand we ſee
The *Ancient Drole* in *Modern Railery*.
A double Honour is to *Boileau* due,
Who is both *Writer* and *Tranſlator* too:
He choſe the Nobleſt Author of his Time,
And like *Longinus Boileau* is *ſublime*.
By reading your *Tranſlation* we can tell
How much in their *own Way* we them excel.
Our Learned *Athens* lately has brought forth
Men hardly to be equall'd for their Worth.
*Lucretius* now is to Perfection brought,
Which all Men dreaded in the very Thought;
Our *fruitful Mother* hath herſelf outdone
In *Teeming* with ſo excellent a *Son*:*
Of *ours* the Admiration does engage,
And the Applauſes of the *future Age*:
*You* with the Softneſs of your Art beguile,
And teach the rigid *Stoick* how to ſmile:
The *Humour* of the *Work* you hit ſo true,
That Comical *Eraſmus* breathes in you.
We ſee the Spirit of the *Author* ſhine
In every Page, in every pleaſant Line.
What Fruits will not your Age maturely bring,
So fertile, if ſo early is your Spring?
The Riſing Sun ſhoots forth a previous Ray,
Engaging to ſhine brightly all the Day.

---

* *Mr.* CREECH.

Your

Your Talents, *Sir*, have made you juſtly fit
Thus to transfuſe this *Noble Piece of Wit*,
Who have your ſelf *ſo great a Share of it*.

*M. MORGAN.*

## *To his Ingenious Friend, the* TRANSLATOR.

THere's not a Blade of Honour in the Town,
But if you chance to term him *Fool* or *Clown*,
Straight *Satisfaction* cries, and then with ſpeed
The Time, the Place, and *Rapier*'s Length's decreed.
Prodigious Fops, I'll ſwear, who can't agree
To be call'd, *what's their Happineſs to be*:
—— Bleſt *Ideots*! ——
You in an humble Sphere ſecurely move,
And there the Sweets of a ſafe *Dulneſs* prove,
Nor envy the proud Heights of thoſe who range above.
FOLLY, ſure Friend of a *miſguided Will*,
Affords a kind Excuſe for *doing Ill*;
And to the peaceful Breaſt wherein ſhe lives,
The eaſieſt, trueſt Taſte of Pleaſure gives:
Whilſt *Wiſdom*'s Patron with diſcreet Alloy,
Palls his Delights, and deadens all his Joy:
Nought more than this does evidence the Love,
Or more inſures the Care of Powers above.
*Heaven* ſtill beſtows on thoſe it does *deſpiſe*
The *creditable Plague* of being *Wiſe*.
And *Socrates*, that Prudent, *Thinking-Tool*,
Had the God's lik'd him, would have prov'd a *Fool*.

Methinks

Methinks our *Author*, when without a Flaw,
The Graces of his *Miſtreſs* he does draw,
Wiſhes (if *Metempſuchoſis* be true,
And Souls do change their Caſe, and act anew,)
In the next Life he only might aſpire
To the few Brains of ſome ſoft *Country Squire*,
Whoſe Head with ſuch like Rudiments is fraught,
As in his Youth his careful Grannum taught.

And now (dear Friend) how ſhall we to thy Brow
Pay all thoſe Lawrels which we juſtly owe?
For thou freſh Honours to the Work doſt bring,
And to the Theme: Nor ſeems that pleaſing thing,
Which he ſo well in *Latin* has expreſs'd,
Leſs Comical in *Engliſh* Garments dreſs'd;
Thy Sentences are all ſo clearly wrought,
And ſo exactly plac'd, is every Thought,
That, which is more oblig'd, we ſcarce can ſee
The Subject by thy Author, or himſelf by thee.

## *On this* Tranſlation, *Spoke in the Perſon of* FOLLY.

Diſtance: Away, you ſullen, ſheepiſh Souls,
Whoſe brooding Thoughts ſit always hatching Rules!
You Tub-Philoſophers, whoſe croaking Brains
Make Earth as Helliſh as the *Stygian* Plains;
Your uncouth, lowring Grimace becomes
Your ſtupid Muſings when you're at your Homes.
But no *Infernal Viſage* muſt be *ſeen*,
Where all are to be *Folly* by *Deſign*.

Veil

Veil then, or vaniſh, die, or diſappear,
And leave *us Fools* to our Careſſes here.

My thund'ring Mandates having purg'd the Air,
The Gods conſenting, and the Paſſage clear,
I thus attempt my Grandeur to extol,
Acting my own Encomiaſt in a Droll:
I'll make deſcriptive Gloſſes on a Straw,
And toſs the World to a *Tarantula*.

Thus, long bleſs'd Herd, have I with Pati-
ence ſeen
*Minerva*'s Scepter taking Place of mine:
That curs'd *Virago*, whoſe officious Spies
Have watch'd you out of all your Libraries:
Her *Devotées*, a baſe, degenerous Brood,
Like waſpiſh Inſects ſwarm, and buz abroad.
Theſe with unruly Inſolence have made
Injurious Inroads on thoſe Rights I had;
They *fetter Souls* with *Magiſterial Rage*,
And *lecture Freemen* into *Viſſalage*;
Nay, by the *Circumventions of Diſpute*,
They'll prove my *Chaſtity* a *Proſtitute*.
Thus overgrown in *Sophiſtry* and *Pride*,
They're *Kings* themſelves, but make all *Slaves* beſide:
And ſhall theſe Rebels thus uſurp it on?
No, their Dogmatick Tyranny ſhall down.
Inſtead of *Problems*, *Schemes*, *Compendiums*,
Thoſe *Execution-Engines of the Schools*, [*Rules*,
I, with my *Pictures*, *Puppets*, *Dwarfs* and *Apes*,
*Maſques*, *Mermaids*, *Interludes*, and *Antick*-
Will mount the Stage, ridiculouſly Fine, [*Shapes*,
In all the Colours of an *Indian* QUEEN, *

* *Alluding to a Play under that Title, Written by Sir* Robert Howard.

Which

Which Magazine of Rarities presents
A Gallimaufry of Divertisements;
For beautified by Art, or Nature's Dress,
They all enamour by their Prettiness,
While the admiring Crowd, with Captive Eyes,
Do Proselyte themselves to Votaries.

In early Days when Men, unus'd to Rules,
Commenc'd by Natural Instalment *Fools*,
When Sacred Ignorance its Umbrage spread,
And all sat cool and quiet in the Shade,
So long the Province of my Reign did know
No other Bounds than Earth and Heaven do.
But when the World grew light, and hot at Noon,
And *Dog-star-Wit* made all a *Torrid-Zone*,
Then *Questions* arose, Men who would know
Why Things were *thus* and *thus*, and *why not so*;
These pert, and restless, started Scruples still,
Painful to state, but worse to reconcile,
Yet well resolv'd by one disdainful Smile;
Which hot-brain'd Tribe, uneasie and morose,
Made all the World an *Inquisition-house*.

But now *my Crown* shall be restor'd *anew*,
And *False Pretenders* shall confess the *True*;
Their long *usurp'd Dominion* shall *decline*,
And die into *th' Establishment* of *mine*.
Now let the World keep *Halcyon*, and caress
In endless Circles of unstinted Bliss;
Let universal Ravishments increase
Your Joys beyond Description or Degrees:
Don't baulk your *Humours*, lest for want of *Vent*
Your *Spirits* stagnate into *Sediment*;
But *frolick* on, without consulting *Fate*,
Till your loose, shattering Souls *evaporate*.

Each

Each individual Votary ſhall ſhare
Repeated Pledges of my conſtant Care:
A balmy Miſt of *Lethe*-Dews ſhall fall
In cool refreſhing *Opiates* on all:
As Lands of *Spices*, in a fragrant Air,
Diſperſe and ſcatter their Perfumes afar,
With equal Frankneſs, and with greater Love,
I'll ſhower down my Bleſſings from Above.
That peaceful Days may ſtill my Reign await,
I'll give the *God of War* an *Opiate*;
Your Starch'd, Punctilio-Bravoes, can't conclude
A private Quarrel but with Loſs of Blood:
Yet my *kind Fools* are *naturally ſtrange*
To all the *Means* and *Miſchief* of *Revenge*.
And thus *I'll lay* all *Diſcords* that ariſe
From being *really* or *reputed Wiſe*.
Let not the *Jolly Heir*, who revels on,
Unrav'ling all, his Father's Thrift had ſpun,
Turn *Saint*, for fear of ſome reſtrictive Ties,
Or that penurious Project, Legacies:
I'll keep the *Sire* ſo *doating*, he ſhall ne'er
Impoveriſh *this*, or chuſe *another Heir*.
Thus with a *Princely-Care* will I contrive
To guard *your Rights*, and *my Prerogative*.
The *peeviſh Cynick*, in a *whining Strain*,
Will ſtrive to Preach *Tub-learning* up again,
And prove that none, but *Anchorites* are *Men*.
Tho' now you'll *ſcorn* their *Philoſophick-Rants*,
And *laugh* their *Reaſonings* out of Countenance:
You'll ſee the Fruit and Influence of Books,
And ne'er deſire to be made Great by *Stocks*.
Admoniſh'd thus, and repoſſeſs'd anew
Of Freedom, Peace, and my Protection too,
Puſh your Career with an advancing haſte,
Let one Day's Joy exceed all Ages paſt:

With

With Frolicks drain your Souls of all their Earth,
Ne'er Think, but Laugh, and Breathe no Air but Mirth.
And now farewel, I muſt with ſpeed away,
The Buxom Gods keep Jubilee to Day;
And all their Jollity will ſoon conclude,
If I dont come and act an Interlude:
They vote me ſtill the Prolocutor's Chair,
Beſides I am to make th' *Encænia* there.

## *Upon the following* Tranſlation.

SInce awkard *Folly* is ſo neatly drawn,
And all its Charms in *Nakedneſs* are ſhown;
Since barren Wiſdom unattended ſits,
And no Reſpect, and few *Encomiums*, meets,
Too poor to keep an Equipage of Wits,
Bleſt is the Senſleſs Man, the thickeſt Skull,
The grinning, harden'd and undaunted, Fool.
Bleſt are the *Dutch*, who this their Idol prize,
And wiſely fall its humble Votaries.
Their Praiſe, the Preſs does often ſpeak with Pain,
The Preſs, to all a Pimp, and Bawd for Gain.
To th' World each ſtrives to ſhew his *Learned Soul*,
And in great Letters writes himſelf an OWL.
But tho' when living they Abuſes meet,
By being dead they Fame and Credit get:
In Epitaph ſome Hundred Pounds are ſpent,
And every Fool hath then a *Monument*.
*Leiden* in *Phyſick-Tracts* would often pleaſe,
Our *only* Sickneſs, and the *worſt* Diſeaſe;

Hither

Hither their vaſt dull Commentators ſail,
And ſhew that Goſpellers ſometimes may fail.
In Waters bred they *Inundations* drew,
And load all Nations with a *Deluge* too.
Happy, then happy, muſt our Iſland be,
With *Parſons* ſtock'd, and *Dutch*-Divinity:
Yet theſe our wiſe, miſtaken, Croud deſire,
And all, that from Beyond-Sea come, admire,
To our Fine Ladies *Paris* thus unlades
Its Ribbons, Footmen, and its Chamber-maids.
The *French* indeed have often broke the Peace,
But Faſhions and Romance do plague us leſs.
For no Man now ſecurely lives at Home,
The *Turks* and *Dutch* invade our Chriſtendom.
In *Native-Soil* their Dulneſs ſafe may reſt,
But why ſhould they their Neighbours thus infeſt?
To *Holland*, GROTIUS by *Miſtake* was ſent;
Sure, that Man, Nature for our *England* meant.
Their Worlds in all Things ſtill muſt us obey,
As Lords and Sovereigns, by Land and Sea.
*De Wit*, *Trump*, *Ruyter*, eaſiely were beat;
Their Ships from ours do nat'rally retreat,
*Eraſmus* only is *unconquer'd* yet.
That Name alone (worthy the Nobleſt Muſe)
Does from Diſgrace and utmoſt Scorn excuſe.
His Youthful, Merry Stile attones for all
Their Clumſineſs, a Sin that's National.
In Comick Dreſs he gravely preaches Senſe,
Directs, and jeers. and chides his Audience.
O'er Thoughts profound Mirth dances all the Way,
Like the Sun-beams which on deep Waters play.
Henceforth, I all laborious Trifles ſlight,
Thy Works can teach to talk, and how to write.
Ceaſe then, ye Sots, that us in ſpight of Fate,
By damn'd Buffoonery, would imitate.

You who by Tavern-Jests a Fame would get,
And feed upon the *Excrements* of Wit;
To raise up Mirth who basely rob the Croud,
Sing nobly out of Tune, and laugh aloud.
This from *Erasmus* Ghost much Pity drew;
He comes our Island to inform anew.
Methinks his Ship upon the *Thames* appears,
Proud of the Weight and Learning which it bears.
The Multitude on th' Banks do *shout* their Joys;
To greet his Friend, e'en Reverend *More* does rise.
The Standard is set up, the Cannons roar,
And all *Erasmus* Welcome to our *English* Shore.

*Oxon. Sept.* 20. 1683.

## *On the Argument and Deſign of the following Oration.*

WHate'er the Modern Satires of the Stage,
To jirk the Failures of a ſliding Age,
Have laviſhly expos'd to Publick View,
For a Diſcharge to all from Envy due;
Here, in as lively Colours, Naked lye,
With equal Wit, and much more Modeſty;
Thoſe Poets, with their free diſcloſing Arts,
Strip Vice ſo near to its Uncomely Parts,
Their Libels prove but Leſſons, and they teach
Thoſe very Crimes, which, they intend t'impeach:
While here ſo wholeſom all, tho' ſharp to Taſte,
So briskly free, yet ſo reſolv'dly Chaſte;
The Virgin Naked as her God of Bows,
May read, or hear, when Blood at higheſt flows;
Nor more expence of Bluſhes then ariſe,
Than while the Lect'ring-Matron does adviſe
To guard her Virtue and her Honour prize.

Satire and Panegyrick, diſtant be,
Yet jointly here they both in one agree.
The Whole's a Sacrifice of Salt and Fire:
So does the Humour of the Age require,
To chafe the Touch, and ſo foment Deſire.
As Doctrine-dandling Preachers lull aſleep
Their un-attentive pent-up,---*Fold of Sheep*;
The Opiated Milk glews up the Brain,
And *Babes of Grace* are in their Cradles lain;

 While

While mounted *Harlequin*, obscene and Loud,
Like crowing Cock, alarms the drowsie Crowd;
Whose giddy Ears are prick'd as bolt upright,
As *Hairs* erect, occasion'd by a Fright;
So does it fare with croaking Spawns o'th' Press,
The Subject's-Mould ne'er alters the Success;
What's serious, like Sleep, grants *Writs of Ease*,
Satire and Ridicule can only please;
As if no other Animals could gape,
But biting Badgers, or the snick'ring Ape.

*FOLLY* by Irony's commended here,
Sooth'd, that her Weakness may the more appear.
Thus *Fools*, who deck'd in *Red* and *Yellow* shine,
Are made believe that they are *wondrous fine*,
When all's a Plot t'expose them by design.
The Largesses of *FOLLY*, here, are strown,
Like Pebbles not to pick, but trample on.
Thus *Spartans* laid their Drunken Slaves before
The Boys, to justle, kick and tumble o'er:
Not that the Thirsty Youngsters might combine
To taste and know *the Mistery of Wine*,
But wonder thus at Men, *transform'd to Swine*;
And that they these Enchantments might escape
Timely renounce, the *Devil* of the *Grape*.
*So here*, ——————
Though *FOLLY Speaker* be, and *Argument*,
*WIT* guides the Tongue, *WISDOM*'s the *Lecture* meant.

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TO THE

# READER.

THAT *there cannot be Two more Fortunate Properties, than* to have a little of the Fool, and not too much of the Knave, *was an Obſervation of him, who (if the* Servant's *Extortion reflect not on the* Maſter's *Integrity, or Judgment) was neither of both; the Learned Lord* Bacon. *What that Collecting Politician did coyly Remark is here in a greater Advance more poſitively made good, namely, That not only* Fortune, *but, what is more comprehenſive,* Happineſs, *in all Reſpects, does devoutly attend ſuch as whom either Nature or Diſtemper hath firſt Moulded, or afterward Corrupted, into* Fools *and* Madmen. *And certainly if the Abſence of Grief, the Reprieve from Care, the Unrelenting at Diſappointments, and ſuch like well-eſteem'd Accidents, do any Way pertain to (as perhaps in the Philoſophy of bare Nature they wholly make up) the* Notion *of* Happi-

neſs; *the eaſie Reſult of each Man's Experience, as well as the Induction of the following Particulars, which abundantly convince, that alway Anxiety and Forecaſt, and not ſeldom Diſcontent and Regret, being Handmaids to the* Wiſe, *while an immovable Complacency is a conſtant Gueſt to the* Fool, *this laſt is as much more happy as he is leſs harraſs'd, leſs perplex'd, leſs ſollicitous than the* other. *Beſide, if (what was formerly probable, and is of late ingeniouſly attempted to be improved to an higher Degree of Credibility,) a* Reality *of Happineſs during the Conceit equally reſults from an* Imaginary, *as a* Real, *Object, and what's Aiery and Phantaſtick in the* Apprehenſion, *may be Firm and Solid in the* Fruition; *I ſee no great Reaſon why a* Fool's *Bliſs ſhou'd not, without a Figure, be a* Paradiſe *in the Propriety of the Word, ſince it is a State wherein neither Deſire outſtrips Enjoyment, nor Fear of Deprivation damps the Comfort of a preſent Poſſeſſion.*

*BUT after all, there is a wide Difference betwixt what is ſtrictly* True, *and what's finely* Plauſible; *and therefore how ſmoothly ſoever it may ſound, that the being poſſeſs'd of all we do but ſuppoſe* Good, *is the commencing all we can imagine* Happy, *(which by the by were it unconditionately granted, would infer, that the degenerating into* Brutes *was an Approach to the becoming* Gods,)

*yet it is undeniably experienced that this Happineſs of* Fools *will never be made ſo much the* Opinion *of* others, *as it is the* Faith *of* themſelves. *This Paradox therefore we may well preſume was not the ſole Aim of the Author, who from Principles of Self-Intereſt was obliged not to be in Earneſt, when he declaims againſt his own Accompliſhments of Wit, Learning, and Wiſdom, and at the ſame time attributes the moſt attainable Perfection to what he himſelf was at the greateſt Diſtance from, Dotage and Folly. He might perhaps, like the* copious Orator, *give the World an hint, that if at any time he appear'd Patron on the juſter Side of any Controverſie, Men of Morals and Conſcience were beholden to him for his Choice of Argument, ſince he could Poliſh the roughеſt* Paradox *with as much Eaſe and Succeſs as he could* illuſtrate *the moſt received* Truth; *and with the Subtilizing* Cryſippus, *ſhould ſooner want* Opinions *to ſet Abroach, than upon the taking up any* Opinion *want Arguments to* defend *it. But otherwiſe it is apparent, that (like Perſons of Squinting Opticks, who roul their Eyes one Way, and yet direct their Looks another,) our Author, Archer like, ſhoots juſt contrary from where he pretends to aim, and makes a compleat Satyr againſt* Fools *of what he Entitles a* Panegyrick upon Folly. *Under this Covert*

he levels more ſecurely, wounds more inoffenſively, and leaves room for a ſafer Retreat, than if he fell too bluntly on, and made an open Aſſault inſtead of an ambuſcading Surprize. And indeed the Palate of each Man's Judgment being the ſame with that of his Taſte, is clogg'd and nauſeated with what's ſweet and luſcious, and repaired only by the whetting Particles of ſharp and corroding, yet again a too biting, Reproof, without ſome Intermixture of Wheedle, ſeldom making Converts of thoſe it is applied to: Subjects of this Nature are certainly then beſt handled, when the Perſons to be reflected on are in the ſame Periods laugh'd out of their Miſtakes, and yet flattered into Amendment. By this Artifice, in the following Tract, all the Scandals, Corruptions, groſſer Abſurdities, or more trivial Failures of a crazy World, are expoſed with as equal a Doſe of Inſinuation as Sarcaſm, as either the Oylineſs of a Sycophant could on the one Hand ſuggeſt, or the Gall of a Poet on the other expreſs. As he ſpared no one Degree of Age, Sex or Profeſſions, out of Cowardice or Partiality; ſo, to be moſt Corroſive, where the Sore was moſt Cankrous, he is leſs niggard'y of his Taunts and Strictures, upon the Botches and Excreſcences of the Roman Church, whoſe Marts of Indulgence, Trinkets of Superſtition, Blindneſs of the Laity, Impoſtures of the

Prieſt,

*Prieſt, and moſt other Appendages of Cheat and Deluſion, are ſo boldly ript up, and ſmartly animadverted on, as no Confidence could have* outbraved, *nor any the higheſt Reach of Wit can ever* go beyond. *Upon which Account Part of the Subject being ſo faſhionably grateful, I preſume the whole* Tranſlation *may be the more Welcome; eſpecially ſince ſeveral Dialogues of the ſame Author have been acceptably* done into Engliſh, *to repreſent the* LEVITIES *crept into the Church of* Rome, *by a* Perſon *that, maugre the Reproach of Malice, is no doubt as ſincere a Profeſſor of the* Proteſtant Religion, *as he is a zealous Patriot of* Chriſtian Loyalty; *and (if Circumſtances rendred it more neceſſary) could as freely expoſe the Impoſtures of* Popery, *as he does daily in unanſwerable Papers diſcover the Impudence and Hypocriſie of a* Phanatick Faction: *A Faction that has been the* Scandal *of Chriſtianity, and the meer* Burlesque *of Proteſtantiſm; that has forfeited an* Indulgence, *out-dared an* Oblivion, *and ſo long bid Defiance to Mercy, as well as Juſtice, till the Capital* Puniſhments *of* Treaſon *muſt diſcharge the leſſer* Penalties *of* Schiſm.

*But this is certain, the Papal* Policy, *which demands ſo ſtrait-lac'd a Submiſſion from all her Members, would never have ſuffered* Eraſmus *to have took ſo unbridled a Range*

*in the Reproof and Cenſures of her Extravagancies, if he had not nick'd the Opportunity of doing it at ſuch a Time, and under ſuch Circumſtances, as when the more profeſs'd Attack of* Luther, *and his Adherents in* Germany, *impos'd on her a Prudential Neceſſity of not diſobliging her* Friends, *that ſhe might have an undiſturbed Leiſure, and more united Strength, to oppoſe the common Enemy; ſo that under that Juncture ſhe was forc'd patiently to put up, what at any other Seaſon ſhe would have heinouſly reſented: As Princes engaged in a hazardous War are oblig'd to connive at ſome little* Encroachments *from their Subjects, or* Provocations *from their Allies, which in a more ſettled Poſture they would ſcorn to bear, or comply with; Thus (as the* Reaſons *of each are* parallel, *though the* Caſes *be as widely* different, *as the Confidence of ſpeaking* Truth, *and the Impudence of a* Lie,) *our Government can now find Courage enough to Sentence and Suppreſs ſuch Treaſonable and Seditious* Libels, *which not ſo long ſince perk'd up with undaunted Foreheads, and ſtared even Majeſty it ſelf out of Countenance.*

*Let however our Author was not queſtioned by Publick Authority, we are ſure that he hereby gall'd and chaſed ſeveral, not only of his Profeſſion in general, but of his more intimate Friends and Acquaintance: Among*

*which*

*which his* Beloved Dorpius *(with whom he had Contracted as near a Familiarity, as Perſonal Conference, and frequent Correſpondence, could either occaſion or improve,) was ſo nettled at the firſt Appearance of this Tract, that he ſends him a rattling* Reproof; *to which, though* Eraſmus *ſubjoined a very* Reconciling Reply, *yet we have good Grounds to preſume that they were never afterwards cordially* Friends. *And* Lifter *who, in* Eraſmus *his Life-time republiſhed this Treatiſe with his own* Notes, *or* Commentaries, *undertook this Task, not ſo much out of* Reſpect *to his Friend the Author, or* Care *for the Promotion of Learning, as he did to* Salve *and* Palliate *the ſeveral Reflections upon the then Faſhionable* Religion, *as will appear to any indifferent Obſerver, who cannot but ſee that the Obſcurities and Difficulties of the* Text *(which perhaps are too few and mean to need any Explication) are but ſlightly touch'd at, while great Pains and Caution is employed in either* perverting, *or at leaſt* mollifying, *thoſe Paſſages, which lay too heavy a Hand upon any of their hallowed Corruptions. Nay, the whole Catholick Party were ſo incenſed at his Liberty of Reflecting, that though for the forehinted Inducements they did not by any formal* Interdict *ſend him in Perſon to the* Devil *while* Alive, *yet ſince his* Death *they have diſpatch'd him half Way to* Hell *in* Effigie,

Effigie, *and few of their late Hiſtorians do any where occaſionally mention him without ſome little* Wiping Character, *as it were eaſie to find Materials for Inſtances in ſeveral Particulars. Yet (what was ſure to be the Conſequence, and indeed was but Juſt,) he impaired his Eſteem with the* Romaniſts *at no faſter a Rate than he advanced his Reputation with the* Reformed, *eſpecially here in* England, *where a* Tranſlation *of his* Paraphraſe on the New Teſtament *was in the Firſt of* Edward *the Sixth ordered to be placed in all Pariſh Churches, and in ſome of them to this Day remains: The Method whereof is very Profitable, and the Stile both Eaſie and Eloquent; yet on ſome Texts there is impoſed but a harſh Interpretation, as I am in one Particular more eſpecially engaged to take notice, becauſe the ſame Senſe is given of the ſame Paſſage toward the latter end of this following Piece, where Animadverting upon the Diſingenuity of Commentators, he ſingles out* Franciſcus de Lyra, *who treating on that Text of St.* Luke, c. 22. v. 36. [He that hath no Sword let him Sell his Garment, and Buy one,] *had without much Impropriety taken the whole* Literally, *tho' indeed with a very extravagant Inference for the Legitimacy of Private* Defence *in caſe of* Perſecution. *Our Author might reaſonably Arraign this Deduction of a*

*dange-*

*dangerous Influence; but not content with this, he proceeds, and as well here, as in his Paraphraſe, maintains, that the Sentence is ſuch a Sort of Metaphor, as by the Sword muſt be underſtood that only of the* Spirit. *It is true, a great many Commentators interpret the Senſe Figuratively, yet ſo as the Word* Sword *ſhall be taken for neither* Material *nor* Spiritual, *but only denote the foretelling of Perſecution, and caution the providing for Tribulation and Martyrdom. Yet ſome other* Expoſitors *do with more of* Naturalneſs, *and perhaps not leſs of* Truth, *apprehend the Words* Literally, *and conclude, that our Saviour hereby authorized his Diſciples to be furniſhed with Weapons for the Security againſt the Aſſaults of* private Robbers, *who at that time* Joſephus *obſerves were very numerous: Theſe ſame Arms, which might be employed for the preventing* private Pillage, or Aſſaſſination, *were to be laid down on all other the moſt urging Provocations at the Feet of* Publick *Authority; of which, when there appear'd but a bare Face, our Lord commands* Peter *to ſheath his Sword, and threatens, that whoever upon any ſuch Occaſion did hereafter* take it, *ſhou'd* periſh by it. *This may perhaps be thought too* ſerious, *and (as ſo) impertinent for the introducing ſo Light and Comical an Argument: But it ought to be ſuppoſed proper enough,*

*enough, since it has an immediate Relation to a Passage in the following Discourse, wherein, with Submission, I presume the Author was a litt'e too Bold in his Comment, and in some Measure incurrs the same guilt himself which he so smartly upbraided in others. His Misunderstanding of which may however be the more meriting an Excuse, because it may well be supposed to have been occasioned by an Honest Design of promoting Unity, Peace, and Charity, in the obviating that Pretence, which was by some drawn from this very Text of propagating Christianity by all the most enforcing Methods of Torture, War and Slaughter; as if the* teaching of Nations *were to be accompanied with the* Baptizing *them in Blood, and Converts must have their own* Wounds *to* bleed, *before they could become sensible of the Benefits of a* wounded *and* bleeding Saviour.

*There needs no Excuse for any other Failure through the following Discourse; so that to remove the* Guard *to that Place, which the* Enemy *may find easiest to* Attack, *I must divert the Apology for the* Author, *to one more requisite for the* Translator. *Against whom (beside all other Piques and Exceptions) there will no question be pointed this thrusting Objection, namely, That this same Piece of Wit's Pageantry has been Twice already cloath'd in our Mother Tongue, so that the* Republish-

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*That at leaſt of one of theſe Tranſlations might have ſuperſeded the Trouble of a new one. It may, I hope, be no Scandal to confeſs, that till after my firſt Onſet I had neither by Sight nor Report gather'd any Intimation of the Foreſtalment herein; of which I were yet the leſs inquiſitive, becauſe the Perſon who impoſed on me the Undertaking, took the Negative for granted, though he ſtood in better Circumſtances of being informed, and was more concerned in the Conſequence. But allowing the worſt,* Re-tranſlations *of late have been ſo ſucceſsfully performed, ſo much to the* Service *of the* preſent *Times, and* Juſtice *to the firſt Authors, that Attempts of like Nature can be no longer invidious, if they are grounded on the ſame Inducements, and do anſwer the ſame End and Deſign. How far I can Square my Apology by this Rule will in part appear by this following Obſervation:* Originals *of one Language are differently to be rendred into another, according to their reſpective Matter and Subject; In an Argument of* Hiſtory, *but more eſpecially in* Phyſicks, *and* Mathematicks, *ſo much depends on the Critical Genuine Senſe of the Author, that there can be no Latitude or Deviation allowed, but a* harſh Cadence *is far more preferable, than a* bold, *though* tunable Variation: *Whereas on the contrary,*

contrary, in Poesie, Oratory, Panegyrick, Satire, or such like loser Subjects, the Excellency resulting rather from the Stile and Fancy in general, than from the strictness of particular Periods, there may, nay, there must, be some such Judgment or Discretion tolerated, as shall within due Bounds new marshal the Words, and in some Measure plaister over the Abruptness and Incoherence of Sense. Accordingly the Design of Translations seems then best answered, when the respective Renderers square their Attempts by the foregoing Rule; the same Liberty being an unpardonable Extravagance in the one, which is no worse than a becoming Freedom in the other: As the Painter, who is employed to draw a Face to the Life, must confine his Pencil to an exact Transcript of the Natural Strokes, without any room to Fancy, or Flattery, Limning even Venus herself with a Blemishing Mole; whereas in the Copying after a Landskip, or other flourishing Draught, both Colours, and other Features for the Lustre of Prospect, may be so far altered, as the Judgment of the Artist shall with Liberty recommend. The Result of This, it is my Interest to have thus understood. Our Language hath been so much Polish'd and Refin'd since the first Appearance of this Declamation

*clamation in* English, * *that had it fallen into my Hands e'er I entred on this Work, the Peruſal of it would have ſcarcely diſcourag'd me from purſuing the Undertaking: For to have adventured abroad a Second Edition of this antiquated Verſion, would doubtleſs have been Interpreted as a Deſign rather of Exerciſing the Reader in the unpleaſant Task of laboriouſly picking out the Meaning of obſolete Words and Expreſſions, than of fairly leading him into the True and Genuine Senſe of the Original; although what is here aſſerted might be eaſily made out beyond all Poſſibility of Exception; yet the Learned Author acquitted himſelf ſo very well herein, that he comes fully up, even to the moſt commendable Way of Writing, which obtain'd in his Time. The Modern Tranſlator (to whom I intended the Rule, but now laid down, to be chiefly applied) tied himſelf ſo ſtrictly to a Literal Obſervance of the* Latin, *that to a bare* Engliſh *Reader, unacquainted with Alluſions to the Eloquence of the* Latin *Tongue, his Verſion is ſometimes puzzling and obſcure, at leaſt never ſo ſmooth and voluble, as the Gaiety of the Argument would better have diſpens'd with; whereas in this* Rehearſal *of mine, I have (more I confeſs to my own Eaſe, and more gratefully, I queſtion not, to the Palate of others) allowed my ſelf ſuch Elbow-room of Expreſſion, as the Humourſomeneſs of the Subject, and the Idiom of Language, did* invite, *if not*

* *Done by Sir* Thomas Chaloner, *and Printed at* London, 1549. *in* 4to.

command. *Yet I would not have it hereby ſuſpected that I have taken a ſtraying Friſk or Jaunt, beyond the Limits of a juſt* Decorum; *no, I have been ſo* free, *I hope, as not to be* licentious, *ſo* bold, *as not to be* immodeſt: *I conſidered, that Rambling Variations, as well as* Verbatim *Conſtructions, are both the Scandalous Tasks of* School-boys; *therefore I ſo far conſulted the avoiding each Extreme, that I have this* Disjunctive Plea *to gag the Men of* Teeth *with, where-ever the* Latin *appears to have been ſeemingly injured, and receded from, there I doubted a too cloſe Adherence would have been rough and jarring: Again, where the* Engliſh *wants any thing of Cadence or Coherence, there I check'd my Range, and was afraid of treading too wide from the Footſteps of the Original. For that the ſame Harangue, compleatly Eloquent in one Tongue, would be leſs winning and perſwaſive when cloſe interpreted in another, is as obvious, as that* Travellers, *if they adapt not their Garb to the Mode of the Country they reſide in, are rather an Object to* Stare *and* Gaze *at, than to* Bow *to,* Reverence, *or be any Way* Reſpected. *The Reaſon on which this is grounded being a* Propriety *in each Language to peculiar Tropes, Figures, Phraſes,* &c. *is ſo known a Topick, that to them who underſtand the Original* Latin *it is wholly* ſuperfluous, *and to thoſe that do not it is altogether as* needleſs.

*Oxon.* 1683.

Commen-

## Commendatory VERSES to the *Tranſlator* of *Moriæ Encomium*, &c.

### *To the* AUTHOR *of this* Tranſlation.

I've thought, *Sir*, hitherto without Succeſs,
On all *Expedients* for *Happineſs*:
This to deſire by Nature we're inclin'd,
Which we in our Reſearches ſeldom find.
It does, like Beauty, in the Fancy lye,
Or, as 'tis pleaſing to the Lover's Eye,
*Camelion*-like, from all Things takes a Dye.
One thinks it ſtill conſiſts in *ſanguine Mirth*,
When the Debauch to Wit muſt give a Birth:
Another's *happy* if *Corinna*'s *kind*;
The *Wiſe Man* calls it *Indolence of Mind*:
The *Miſer* to them all prefers his *Wealth*;
The *jolly Toper* ſays 'tis *florid Health*:
But theſe Miſtaken Wretches go aſtray,
*Eraſmus* only has found out the Way.
Like to *Fantaſtick Chymiſts* they preſume,
Till all their Projects break away in Fume:
To ſearch the Secret out they vainly try,
*For after all*, it does in FOLLY lye.
*This*, by its *Innocence* —— the beſt Eſtate,
Will with *Reſiſtance* blunt the Edge of Fate;
*One* with a *Genius*, *Nature* does *inſpire*,
Which *others* by *Philoſophy acquire*:

 All

*All Things content a Fool*, and nothing cloys,
Which they define the height of Human Joys:
He driv'ling on the Shore ſecure can be,
And view unmov'd the Tempeſts of the Sea.
No formidable News can him alarm;
*He is at Peace*, tho' all the World does Arm;
From all Misfortunes has a ſure Defence;
His *Skull*'s impregnable for want of *Senſe*;
His Paſſion's *quiet*, and his Mind *ſedate*;
Nothing provokes his *Envy* or his *Hate*:
He *unconcern'd* can ſtand with *Laughing Eyes*,
And ſee *unworthy Men* to *Honour* riſe.
*Fortune*, a ſordid Piece of Earth refines,
And from a Dunghil drawn the Meteor ſhines;
The *Upſtart's Inſolence* none will endure,
His Soul's as narrow, as his Birth's obſcure:
Under the Mask a *Fury's* Face does ſhow,
Tho' for the *Conſulate* bows humbly low:
His *Will* without his *Reaſon* does command;
*Thunder's too weighty* for a *Vulgar Hand*.
When he is freed from Books, laborious Toil!
He does not ſpend his Time, nor waſte his Oil,
Impair his Colour, or conſume his Strength,
Or grow too ſubtle for himſelf at length;
'E'er he has travel'd half the *Way* he's Dead,
The very *Fineneſs of it* breaks the *Thread*.
The *Turks* allow all *Idiots* a Shrine;
They think in FOLLY *ſomething* is *Divine*?
Their Actions ſtill an equal Tenor keep,
No frightful Images afflict their Sleep.
Their Guardian-Angels ſtill ſuch care do take,
Their Innocence preſerves them when Awake.
This great Advantage they are happy in,
They want the brisk Capacity to ſin.

Some-

or acted anew the Lucian again with a Peevish Snarling at all Things. But those who are offended at the Lightness and Pedantry of this Subject, I would have them consider that I do not set my self for the First Example of this Kind, but that the same has been oft done by many Considerable Authors. For thus several Ages since, Homer wrote of no more weighty a Subject than of a War between the Frogs and Mice, Virgil of a Gnat and a Pudding-Cake, and Ovid of a Nut. Polycrates commended the Cruelty of Busiris, and Isocrates, that corrects him for this, did as much for the Injustice of Glaucus. Favorinus extoll'd Thirsites, and wrote in Praise of a Quartan Ague. Synesius pleaded in behalf of Baldness: And Lucian defended a Skipping-Fly. Seneca drollingly related the Deifying of Claudius; Plutarch the Dialogue betwixt Gryllus and Ulysses; Lucian and Apuleius the Story of an Ass; and Somebody else Records the last Will of a Hog, of which St. Hierom makes Mention. So that if they please, let themselves think the Worst of me, and fancy to themselves that I were all this while a playing at Push-pin, or rideing Astride on a Hobby-Horse. For how unjust is it, if when we allow different Recreations to each Particular Course of Life, we afford no Diversion to Studies; Especially when Trifles may be a Whet to more serious Thoughts, and Comical Matters may be so treated of, as that a Reader of Ordinary Sense may possibly thence reap more Advantage than from some more Big and Stately Argument.

ment: As while One in a Long-winded Oration descants in Commendation of Rhetorick or Philosophy, Another in a Fulsome Harangue sets forth the Praise of his Nation, a Third makes a Zealous Invitation to a Holy War with the Turks, another confidently sets up for a Fortune-teller, and a Fifth states Questions upon meer Impertinences. But as nothing is more Childish than to handle a serious Subject in a Loose, Wanton Stile, so is there nothing more pleasant than so to treat of Trifles, as to make them seem nothing less than what their Name imports. As to what relates to my self, I must be forc'd to Submit to the Judgment of others; yet except I am too partial to be Judge in my own Case, I am apt to believe I have praised Folly in such a Manner as not to have deserved the Name of a Fool for my Pains. To reply now to the Objection of Satyricalness, Wits have been always allowed this Priviledge, that they might be smart upon any Transactions of Life, if so be their Liberty did not extend to Railing; which makes me wonder at the Tender-ear'd Humour of this Age, which will admit of no Address without the Prefatory Repetition of all Formal Titles; nay, you may find some so preposterously devout, that they will sooner wink at the Greatest Affronts against our Saviour, than be content that a Prince, or a Pope, should be nettled with the least Joque or Gird; especially in what relates to their Ordinary Customs. But he who so blames Mens Irregularities, as to lash at no one particular Person

*Person by Name, does he (I say) seem to carp so properly as to teach and instruct? And if so, how am I concerned to make any further Excuse? Beside, he who in his Strictures points indifferently at all, he seems not angry at one Man, but all Vices.*

*Therefore if any singly Complain they are particularly reflected upon, they do but betray their own Guilt, at least their Cowardice. St.* Hierom *dealt in the same Argument at a much Freer and Sharper Rate; nay, and he did not sometime refrain from naming the Persons: Whereas I have not only stifled the Mentioning any one Person, but have so tempered my Stile, as the Ingenious Reader will easily perceive I aimed at Diversion rather than Satire. Neither did I so far imitate* Juvenal, *as to rake into the Sink of Vices to procure a Laughter, rather than create a hearty Abhorrence. If there be any one that after all remains yet unsatisfied, let him at least consider that there may be Good Use made of being reprehended by* Folly, *which since we have feigned as speaking, we must keep up that Character which is suitable to the Person introduced.*

*But why do I trouble you (Sir) with this Needless Apology, you that are so peculiar a Patron, as though the Cause itself be none of the best, you can at the least give it the best Protection.* Farewel.

# A PANEGYRICK UPON FOLLY, DECLAMATION-WISE.

*FOLLY Speaks,*

HOW ſlightly ſoever I am eſteemed in the Common Vogue of the World, (for I well know how diſingenuouſly Folly is decried even by thoſe who are themſelves the greateſt Fools) yet it is from my Influence alone that the whole Univerſe receives her Ferment of Mirth and Jollity: Of which this may be urged as a Convincing Argument, in that as ſoon as I appeared to ſpeak before this Numerous Aſſembly, all their Countenances were gilded o'er with a lively ſparkling Pleaſantneſs: You ſoon welcomed me with ſo encouraging a

Look, you ſpurr'd me on with ſo cheerful a Hum, that truly in all Appearance you ſeem now fluſh'd with a good Doſe of Reviving Nectar, when as juſt before you ſate Drowſie and Melancholly, as if you were lately come out of ſome Hermit's Cell. But as it is uſual, that as ſoon as the Sun peeps from her Eaſtern Bed, and draws back the Curtains of the darkſome Night; or as when after a hard Winter the Reſtorative Spring breathes a more enlivening Air, Nature forthwith changes her Apparel, and all things ſeem to renew their Age; ſo at the firſt Sight of me you all Unmask, and appear in more lively Colours. That therefore which expert Orators can ſcarce effect by all their little Artifice of Eloquence, to wit, a raiſing the Attentions of their Auditors to a Compoſedneſs of Thought, this a bare Look from me has commanded. The Reaſon why I appear in this odd kind of Garb you ſhall ſoon be informed of, if for ſo ſhort a while you will have but the Patience to lend me an Ear; yet not ſuch an one as you are wont to hearken with to your Reverend Preachers, but as you liſten withal to Mountebanks, Buffoons, and *Merry-Andrews*; in ſhort, ſuch as were formerly faſtned to *Midas*, as a Puniſhment for his Affront to the God *Pan*. For I am now in a Humour to act a while the *Sophiſt*, yet not of that Sort who undertake the Drudgery of tyrannizing over School-Boys, and teach a more than Womaniſh Knack of Brawling; but in Imitation of thoſe Ancient Ones, who to avoid the Scandalous Epithet of *Wiſe*, preferr'd this

Title

Title of *Sophiſts*; the Task of theſe was to Celebrate the Worth of Gods and Heroes. Prepare therefore to be entertained with a *Panegyrick*, yet not upon *Hercules*, *Solon*, or any other Grandee, but on my ſelf, that is, upon *Folly*.

AND here I value not their Cenſure that pretend it is foppiſh and affected for any Perſon to praiſe himſelf: Yet let it be as ſilly as they pleaſe, if they will but allow it needful: And indeed what is more befitting than that *Folly* ſhould be the Trumpet of her own Praiſe, and Dance after her own Pipe? For who can ſet me forth better than my ſelf? Or who can pretend to be ſo well acquainted with my Condition?

AND yet farther I may ſafely urge, that all this is no more than the ſame with what is done by ſeveral ſeemingly Great and Wiſe Men, who with a new faſhion'd Modeſty employ ſome paltry Orator or ſcribbling Poet, whom they Bribe to flatter them with ſome Highflown Character, that ſhall conſiſt of meer Lies and Shams: And yet the Perſons thus extoll'd ſhall briſtle up, and Peacock-like beſpread their Plumes, while the impudent Paraſite magnifies the poor Wretch to the Skies, and propoſes him as a compleat Pattern of all Virtues, from each of which he is yet as far diſtant as Heaven itſelf from Hell: What's all this in the mean while, but the tricking up a *Daw* in ſtoln Feathers, a labouring to change the *Black-moor*'s Hue, and the drawing on a *Pigmy*'s Frock over the Shoulders of a *Giant*.

LASTLY, I verifie the old Obſervation, that allows him a Right of praiſing himſelf who has no body elſe to do it for him: For really I cannot but admire at that Ingratitude, ſhall I term it, or Blockiſhneſs of Mankind, who when they all willingly pay to me their utmoſt Devoir, and freely acknowledge their reſpective Obligations; that notwithſtanding this, there ſhould have been none ſo grateful or complaiſant as to have beſtowed on me a Commendatory Oration, eſpecially when there have not been wanting ſuch as at a great Expence of Sweat, and loſs of Sleep, have in Elaborate Speeches given high Encomiums to Tyrants, Agues, Flies, Baldneſs, and ſuch like Trumperies.

I ſhall entertain you with a haſty and unpremeditated, but ſo much the more natural, Diſcourſe. My venting it *ex tempore* I would not have you think proceeds from any Principles of Vain-Glory, by which ordinary Orators ſquare their Attempts, who (as it is eaſie to obſerve) when they are delivered of a Speech that has been Thirty Years a conceiving, nay, perhaps at laſt none of their own, yet they'll ſwear they wrote it in a great Hurry, and upon very ſhort Warning: Whereas the Reaſon of my not being provided beforehand is only becauſe it was always my Humour conſtantly to *ſpeak* that which lyes *Uppermoſt*. Next, let no one be ſo fond as to imagine that I ſhould ſo far ſtint my Invention to the Method of other Pleaders, as firſt to *define*, and then *divide*, my Subject, *i. e.* myſelf. For it is equally hazardous to attempt the crowding her

Fig. 2 p. 5.

her within the narrow Limits of a Definition, whoſe Nature is of ſo diffuſive an Extent, or to mangle and disjoin that, to the Adoration whereof all Nations unitedly concur. Beſide, to what Purpoſe is it to lay down a Definition for a faint Reſemblance, and meer Shadow of me, while appearing here Perſonally you may view me at a more certain Light? And if your Eyeſight fail not, you may at firſt Bluſh diſcern me to be her whom the Greeks term Μωρία the Latins *Stultitia*.

BUT why need I have been ſo Impertinent as to have told you this, as if my very Looks did not ſufficiently betray what I am; or ſuppoſing any be ſo credulous as to take me for ſome Sage Matron or Goddeſs of Wiſdom, [FIG. II.] as if a ſingle glance from me would not immediately correct their Miſtake, while my Viſage, the exact reflex of my Soul, would ſupply and ſuperſede the Trouble of any other Confeſſions: For I appear alway in my Natural Colours, and an Unartificial Dreſs, and never let my Face pretend one thing, and my Heart conceal another: Nay, and in all Things I am ſo true to my Principles, that I cannot be ſo much as counterfeited, even by thoſe who challenge the Name of *Wits*, yet indeed are no better than Jack-anapes's, trick'd up in gawdy Cloaths, and *Aſſes* ſtrutting in *Lions Skins*; and how cunningly ſoe'er they carry it, their long *Ears* [FIG. III.] appear, and betray what they are. Theſe in troth are very Rude and Diſingenuous, for while they apparently belong to my Party, yet among the Vulgar they are ſo aſha-

med

med of my Relation, as to caſt it in others Diſh for a Shame and Reproach: Wherefore ſince they are ſo eager to be accounted *Wiſe*, when in truth they are extreamly *Silly*, what, if to give them their due, I dub them with the Title of *Wiſe Fools*: And herein they Copy after the Example of ſome Modern Orators, who ſwell to that Proportion of Conceitedneſs, as to vaunt themſelves for ſo many Giants of Eloquence, if with a Double-tongu'd Fluency they can plead indifferently for either Side, and deem it a very doughty Exploit if they can but Interlard a *Latin* Sentence with ſome *Greek* Word, which for ſeeming Garniſh they croud in at a Venture; and rather than be at a Stand for ſome cramp Words, they'll furniſh up a long Scroul of old obſolete Terms out of ſome muſty Author, and foiſt them in, to amuſe the Reader with, that thoſe who underſtand them may be tickled with the Happineſs of being acquainted with them, and thoſe who underſtand them not, the leſs they know the more they may admire: Whereas it has been always a Cuſtom to thoſe of our Side to contemn and undervalue whatever is ſtrange and unuſual, while thoſe that are better Conceited of themſelves will Nod and Smile, and prick up their Ears, that they may be thought eaſily to apprehend that, of which perhaps they do not underſtand one Word. And ſo much for this; pardon the Digreſſion, now I return.

Of my Name I have informed you, *Sirs*, what Additional Epithet to give you I know not, except you'll be content with that of *Moſt Fooliſh*;

*Fooliſh*; for under what more proper Appellation can the Goddeſs *Folly* greet her *Devotes*? But ſince there are few acquainted with my Family and Original, I'll now give you ſome Account of my *Extraction*.

FIRST then, my *Father* was neither the Chaos, nor Hell, nor *Saturn*, nor *Jupiter*, nor any of thoſe old, worn out, Grandſire Gods, but *Plutus*, the very ſame that, Maugre *Homer*, *Heſiod*, nay, in ſpight of *Jove* himſelf, was the primary Father of the Univerſe: At whoſe alone Beck, for all Ages, Religion and Civil Policy, have been ſucceſſively Undermined and Re-eſtabliſhed; by whoſe powerful Influence War, Peace, Empire, Debates, Juſtice, Magiſtracy, Marriage, Leagues, Compacts, Laws, Arts, (I've almoſt run myſelf out of Breath, but) in a Word, all Affairs of Church and State, and Buſineſs of private Concern, are ſeverally Ordered and Adminiſtred; without whoſe Aſſiſtance all the Poets Gang of Deities, nay, I may be ſo bold as to ſay the very *Major-domo's* of Heaven, would either dwindle into nothing, or at leaſt be confined to their reſpective Homes, without any Ceremonies of Devotional Addreſs: Whom he combats with as an Enemy nothing can be Armour-proof againſt his Aſſaults; and whoſoever he ſides with as a Friend, may grapple at even Hand with *Jove*, and all his Bolts. Of ſuch a Father I may well brag; and he begot me, not of his Brain, as *Jupiter* did the Hag *Pallas*, but of a pretty young Nymph, fam'd for Wit no leſs than Beauty: And this Feat was not done amidſt

amidſt the Embraces of dull nauſeous Wedlock, but what gave a greater Guſt to the Pleaſure, it was done at a *ſtol'n Bout*, as we may modeſtly Phraſe it. But to prevent your miſtaking me, I would have you underſtand that my Father was not that *Plutus* in *Ariſtophanes*, Old, Dry, Withered, Sapleſs and Blind; but the ſame in his Younger and Brisker Days, and when his Veins were more impregnated, and the Heat of his Youth ſomewhat higher inflamed by a chirping Cup of Nectar, which for a whet to his Luſt he had juſt before drank very freely of at a Merry-meeting of the Gods. And now preſuming you may be inquiſitive after my *Birth-place*, (the Quality of the Place we are Born in, being now look'd upon as a main Ingredient of Gentility,) I were Born neither in the floating *Delo*'s, nor on the frothy Sea, nor in any of theſe Privacies, where too forward Mothers are wont to retire for an undiſcovered Delivery; but in the Fortune Iſlands, where all Things grow without the Toil of Husbandry, wherein there is no Drudgery, no Diſtempers, no Old Age, where in the Fields grow no Daffadillies, Mallows, Onions, Peaſe, Beans, or ſuch kind of Traſh, but there give equal Divertiſement to our Sight and Smelling, Rue, All-heal, Bugloſs, Marjoram, Herb of Life, Roſes, Violets, Hyacinth, and ſuch like Fragrances as perfume the Gardens of *Adonis*. And being Born amongſt theſe Delights, I did not, like other Infants, come crying into the World, but perk'd up, and laugh'd immediately in my Mother's Face.

And

And there is no Reaſon I ſhould Envy *Jove* for having a [FIG. IV.] She-Goat to his *Nurſe*, ſince I were more creditably *ſuckled* by Two jolly Nymphs; the Name of the firſt

*Drunkenneſs*, one of *Bacchus*'s Off-ſpring, the other, *Ignorance*, the Daughter of *Pan*; both which you may here behold among ſeveral others of my Train and Attendants, whoſe particular Names, if you would fain know, I'll

I'll give you in ſhort. This, who goes with a mincing Gate, and holds up her Head ſo high, is *Self-Love*. She that looks ſo Spruce, and makes ſuch a Noiſe and Buſtle, is *Flattery*. That other, which ſits hum-drum, as if ſhe were half aſleep, is call'd *Forgetfulneſs*. She that leans on her Elbow, and ſometimes yawningly ſtretches out her Arms, is *Lazineſs*. This that wears a plighted Garland of Flowers, and ſmells ſo Perfumed, is *Pleaſure*. The other, which appears in ſo ſmooth a Skin, and pampered-up Fleſh, is *Senſuality*. She that ſtares ſo wildly, and rouls about her Eyes, is *Madneſs*. As to thoſe Two Gods whom you ſee playing among the Laſſes the Name of the one is *Intemperance*, the other *Sound Sleep*. By the Help and Service of this Retinue I bring all Things under the Verge of my Power, lording it over the greateſt Kings and Potentates.

You have now heard of my Deſcent, my Education, and my Attendance; that I may not be taxed as preſumptuous in borrowing the Title of a *Goddeſs*, I come now in the next Place to acquaint you what obliging Favours I every where beſtow, and how largely my Juriſdiction extends: For if, as one has ingenuouſly noted, to be a *God* is no other than to be a *Benefactor* to Mankind; and if they have been thought deſervedly Deified who have Invented the Uſe of Wine, Corn, or any other Convenience for the Well-being of Mortals, why may not I juſtly bear the Van among the whole Troop of Gods, who

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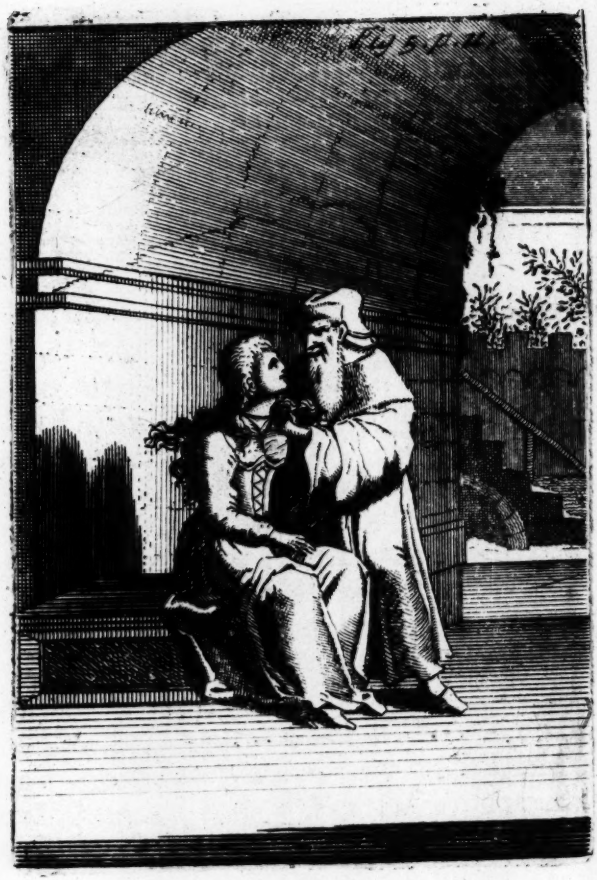

in all, and toward all, exert an unparallel'd Bounty and Beneficence?

FOR Inſtance, in the firſt Place, what can be more Dear and Precious than Life itſelf? And yet for this are none beholden, ſave to me alone. For it is neither the Spear of throughly-begotten *Pallas*, nor the Buckler of Cloud-gathering *Jove*, that multiplies and propagates Mankind: But that Prime Father of the Univerſe, who at a diſpleaſing Nod makes Heaven itſelf to tremble, he (I ſay) muſt lay aſide his frightful Enſigns of Majeſty, and put away that grim Aſpect wherewith he makes the other Gods to quake, and Stage-player-like, muſt alter his uſual Character, if he would do that, the doing whereof he cannot refrain from, *i. e.* Getting of Children. The next Place to the Gods is challenged by the *Stoicks*; but give me one as Stoical as Ill-nature can make him, and if I do not prevail on him to part with his Beard, that Buſh of Wiſdom, (though no other Ornament than what Nature in more ample manner has given to Goats,) yet at leaſt he ſhall lay by his Gravity, ſmooth up his Brow, relinquiſh his rigid Tenets, [FIG. V.] and in Deſpite of Prejudice become ſenſible of ſome Paſſion in wanton Sport and Dallying. In a Word, this Dictator of Wiſdom ſhall be glad to take Folly for his Diverſion, if ever he would arrive to the Honour of a Father. And why ſhould I not tell my Story out? To proceed then: Is it the Head, the Face, the Breaſts, the Hands, the Ears, or other more comely Parts, that ſerve for Inſtruments of Generation? I trow not,

not, but it is that Member of our Body which is ſo odd and uncouth as can ſcarce be mentioned without a Smile. This Part, I ſay, is that Fountain of Life, from which originally ſpring all Things in a truer Senſe than from the Elemental Seminary. Add to this, what Man would be ſo ſilly as to run his Head into the Collar of a *Matrimonial Nooſe*, if (as wiſe Men are wont to do) he had beforehand duly conſider'd the Inconveniences of a Wedded Life? Or indeed what Woman would open her Arms to receive the Embraces of a *Husband*, if ſhe did but forecaſt the Pangs of Child-birth, and the Plague of being a Nurſe? Since then you owe your Birth to the Bride-bed, and (what was Preparatory to that) the Solemnizing of Marriage to my Waiting-woman *Madneſs*, you cannot but acknowledge how much you are indebted to me. Beſide, thoſe who had once dearly bought the Experience of their Folly, would never reengage themſelves in the ſame Intanglement by a *Second Match*, if it were not occaſion'd by the Forgetfulneſs of paſt Dangers. And *Venus* herſelf (whatever *Lucretius* pretends to the contrary) cannot deny, but that, without my Aſſiſtance, her Procreative Power would prove weak and ineffectual. It was from my ſportive and tickling Recreation that proceeded the Old Crabbed Philoſophers, and thoſe who now ſupply their Stead, the mortified Monks and Friars; as alſo Kings, Prieſts, and Popes, nay, the whole Tribe of Poetick Gods, who are at laſt grown ſo numerous, as in the Camp of Heaven (though ne'er

ne'er ſo ſpacious) to *juſtle* for Elbow-room. But it is not ſufficient to have made it appear, that I am the Source and Original of all Life, except I likewiſe ſhew that all the Benefits of Life are equally at my Diſpoſal. And what are ſuch? Why, can any one be ſaid properly to live to whom Pleaſure is denied? You'll give me your Aſſent; for there is none I know among you ſo wiſe ſhall I ſay, or ſo ſilly, as to be of a contrary Opinion. The Stoicks indeed contemn, and pretend to baniſh Pleaſure; but this is only a diſſembling Trick, and a putting the Vulgar out of Conceit with it, that they may more quietly engroſs it to themſelves: But I dare them now to confeſs what one Stage of Life is not Melancholly, Dull, Tireſome, Tedious and Uneaſie, unleſs we ſpice it with *Pleaſure*, that Hautgouſt of FOLLY. Of the Truth whereof the never enough to be commended *Sophocles* is ſufficient Authority, who gives me the higheſt Character in that Sentence of his,

*To know nothing is the ſweeteſt Life.*

YET abating from this, let us examine the Caſe more narrowly. Who knows not that the firſt Scene of *Infancy* is far the moſt pleaſant and delightſome? What then is it in Children that makes us ſo kiſs, hug and play with them, and that the Bloodieſt Enemy can ſcarce have the Heart to hurt them, but their Ingredience of Innocence and Folly, of which Nature out of Providence did purpoſely compound and blend their tender Infancy,

[FIG. VI.] that by a frank Return of Pleaſure

they might make ſome Sort of Amends for their Parents Trouble, and give in Caution as it were for the Diſcharge of a future Education? The next Advance from Childhood is *Youth*, and how favourably is this dealt with? How kind, courteous and reſpectful are all to it? And how ready to become ſerviceable upon all Occaſions? And whence reaps it this Happineſs? Whence indeed but from me only,

only, by whoſe Procurement it is furniſh'd with little of Wiſdom, and ſo with the leſs of Diſquiet? And when once Lads begin to grow up, and attempt to write *Man*, their Prettineſs does then ſoon decay, their Briskneſs flags, their Humours ſtagnate, their Jollity ceaſes, and their Blood grows cold; and the farther they proceed in Years, the more they go backward in the Enjoyment of themſelves, till waſpiſh Old Age comes on, a Burthen to itſelf as well as others, and that ſo heavy and oppreſſive, as none would bear the Weight of, unleſs out of Pity to their Sufferings. I again intervene, and lend a Helping-hand, aſſiſting them at a dead Lift, in the ſame Method the Poets feign their Gods to ſuccour dying Men, by transforming them into New Creatures, which I do by bringing them back, after they have one Foot in the Grave, to their Infancy again; ſo as there is a great deal of Truth couch'd in that Old Proverb, *Once an Old Man, and Twice a Child.* Now if any one be curious to underſtand what Courſe I take to effect this Alteration, my Method is this: I bring them to my Well of *Forgetfulneſs*, (the Fountain whereof is in the *Fortunate Iſlands*, and the River *Lethe* in Hell but a ſmall Stream of it,) and when they have there fill'd their Bellies full, and waſh'd down Care, by the Virtue and Operation whereof they become Young again: Ay, but (ſay you) they meerly *dote*, and play the *Fool*: Why yes, this is what I mean by growing Young again: For what elſe is it to be a Child than to be a Fool and an Idiot? It is the being ſuch that makes that Age ſo acceptable: For who does not eſteem it ſome-

what Ominous to ſee a Boy endow'd with the Diſcretion of a Man, and therefore for the Curbing of too forward Parts we have a diſparaging Proverb, *Soon ripe, ſoon rotten*? And farther, who would keep Company, or have any thing to do with ſuch an Old Blade, as, after the Wear and Harrowing of ſo many Years, ſhould yet continue of as clear a Head and ſound a Judgment as he had at any time been in his Middle-Age; and therefore it is a great Kindneſs of me that Old Men grow *Fools*, ſince it is hereby only that they are freed from ſuch Vexations as would torment them if they were more *Wiſe*: They can drink briskly, bear up ſtoutly, and lightly paſs over ſuch Infirmities, as a far ſtronger Conſtitution could ſcarce maſter. Sometime, with the Old Fellow in *Plautus*, they are brought back to their *Horn-book* again, to learn to ſpell their Fortune in Love. Moſt wretched would they needs be if they had but Wit enough to be ſenſible of their hard Condition; but, by my Aſſiſtance, they carry off all well, and to their reſpective Friends approve themſelves good, ſociable, jolly Companions. Thus *Homer* makes Aged *Neſtor* fam'd for a ſmooth oily-tongu'd Orator, while the Delivery of *Achilles* was but rough, harſh and heſitant; and the ſame *Poet* elſewhere tells us of Old Men that ſate on the Walls, and ſpake with a great deal of Flouriſh and Elegance. And in this Point indeed they ſurpaſs and outgo Children, who are pretty forward in a ſoftly innocent *Prattle*, but otherwiſe are too much Tongue-ty'd, and want the other's moſt acceptable

ceptable Embelliſhment of a perpetual *Talkativeneſs*. Add to this, that Old Men love to be playing with Children, and Children delight as much in them, to verifie the Proverb, that *Birds of a Feather flock together*. And indeed what difference can be diſcern'd between 'em, but that the one is more furrow'd with Wrinkles, and has ſeen a little more of the World than the other? For otherwiſe their Whitiſh Hair, their Want of Teeth, their Smalneſs of Stature, their Milk Diet, their Bald Crowns, their Pratling, their Playing, their ſhort Memory, their Heedleſneſs, and all their other Endowments, exactly agree; and the more they advance in Years, the nearer they come back to their Cradle, till, like Children indeed, at laſt they depart the World, without any Remorſe at the Loſs of Life, or Senſe of the Pangs of Death.

AND now let any one compare the Excellency of my Metamorphoſing Power to that which *Ovid* attributes to the Gods; their ſtrange Feats in ſome drunken Paſſions we will omit for their Credit ſake, and inſtance only in ſuch Perſons as they pretend great Kindneſſes for: Theſe are transform'd into Trees, Birds, Inſects, and ſometimes Serpents; but alas, their very Change into ſomewhat elſe argues the Deſtruction of what they were before; whereas I can reſtore the ſame numerical Man to his priſtine State of Youth, Health and Strength. Yea, what is more, if Men would but ſo far conſult their own Intereſt, as to diſcard all Thoughts of Wiſdom, and entirely reſign themſelves to my Guidance and Conduct,

Old Age ſhould be a Paradox, and each Man's Years a perpetual Spring. For look how your hard plodding *Students*, by a cloſe ſedentary Confinement to their Books, grow mopiſh, pale and meagre, as if, by a continual Wrack of Brains, and Torture of Invention, their Veins were pump'd dry, and their whole Body ſqueez'd ſapleſs; whereas my Followers are ſmooth, plump and buckſome, and altogether as luſty as ſo many Bacon-Hogs, or Sucking Calves; never in their Career of Pleaſure to be arreſted with Old Age, if they could but keep themſelves untainted from the Contageouſneſs of Wiſdom, with the Leproſie whereof if at any time they are infected it is only for Prevention, leſt they ſhould otherwiſe have been too happy.

For a more ample Confirmation of the Truth of what foregoes, it is on all Sides confeſs'd, that Folly is the beſt Preſervative of Youth, and the moſt effectual Antidote againſt Age. And it is a Never-failing Obſervation made of the People of *Brabant*, that, contrary to the Proverb of *Older and Wiſer*, the more Ancient they grow, the more Fools they are; and there is not any one Country whoſe Inhabitants enjoy themſelves Better, and rub through the World with more Eaſe and Quiet. To theſe are nearly related, as well by Affinity of Cuſtoms, as of Neighbourhood, my Friends the *Hollanders*: *Mine* I may well call them, for they ſtick ſo cloſe and loving to me, that they are ſtiled *Fools* to a Proverb, and yet ſcorn to be aſham'd of their Name. Well, let fond Mortals go now in a needleſs Queſt of

ſome

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Fig. 1. page 19.

ſome *Medea*, *Circe*, *Venus*, or ſome enchanted Fountain, for a Reſtorative of Age, whereas the Accurate Performance of this Feat lyes only within the Ability of my Art and Skill.

IT is I only who have the Receipt of making that Liquor wherewith *Memnon's* Daughter lengthen'd out her Grandfather's declining Days: It is I that am that *Venus*, who ſo far reſtor'd the languiſhing *Phaon*, as to make *Sapho* fall deeply in Love with his Beauty. Mine are thoſe Herbs, mine thoſe Charms, that not only lure back ſwift Time, when paſt and gone, but (what is more to be admired) clip its Wings, and prevent all farther Flight. So then, if you will all agree to my Verdict, that nothing is more deſirable than the being Young, nor any thing more loathed than contemptible Old Age, you muſt needs acknowledge it is an unrequitable Obligation from me, for fencing off the One, and perpetuating the Other.

BUT why ſhould I confine my Diſcourſe to the narrow Subject of Mankind only? View the whole Heaven itſelf, and there tell me what one of that Divine Tribe would not be mean and deſpicable if my Name did not lend him ſome Reſpect and Authority. Why is *Bacchus* always painted as a *Young Man*, [FIG. VII.] but only becauſe he is Freakiſh, Drunk and Mad, and ſpending his Time in Toping, Dancing, Masking and Revelling, ſeems to have nothing in the leaſt to do with Wiſdom? Nay, ſo far is he from the Affectation of being accounted Wiſe, that he is content all the Rites of Devotion which are paid unto

to him ſhould conſiſt of Apiſhneſs and Drollery. Farther, what Scoffs and Jeers did not the Old Comedians throw upon him? *O ſwiniſh Paunch-gut God*, (ſay they) *that ſmells rank of the Sty he was ſow'd up in*, and ſo on. But prethee who in his Caſe, alway Merry, Youthful, ſoak'd in Wine, and drown'd in Pleaſures, who (I ſay) in ſuch a Caſe would change Conditions either with the lofty menace-looking *Jove*, the grave, yet timorous *Pan*, the ſtately *Pallas*, or indeed any one other of Heaven's Landlords? Why is *Cupid* feign'd as a Boy, but only becauſe he is an Under-witted Whipſter, that neither acts nor thinks any thing with Diſcretion? Why is *Venus* ador'd for the Mirrour of Beauty, but only becauſe ſhe and I claim Kindred, ſhe being of the ſame Complexion with my Father *Plutus*, and therefore call'd by *Homer* the *Golden Goddeſs*? Beſide, ſhe imitates me in being alway a laughing, if either we believe the *Poets*, or their near Kinſmen the *Painters*, the firſt *Mentioning*, the other *Drawing* her conſtantly in that Poſture. Add farther, to what Deity did the *Romans* pay a more Ceremonial Reſpect than to *Flora*, that Bawd of Obſcenity? And if any one ſearch the Poets for an Hiſtorical Account of the Gods, he ſhall find them all Famous for Lewd Pranks and Debaucheries. It is needleſs to inſiſt upon the Miſcarriages of others, when the Leacherous Intrigues of *Jove* himſelf are ſo notorious, and when the pretendedly chaſte *Diana* ſo oft uncloak'd her Modeſty to run a Hunting after her Beloved *Endimion*. But I'll ſay no more,

fig. 8. p. 21.

more, for I had rather they ſhould be told of their Faults by *Momus*, who was wont formerly to ſting them with cloſe Reflections, till nettled by his Abuſive Raillery, they kick'd him out of Heaven for his Sawcineſs of daring to reprove ſuch as were beyond Correction: And now in his Baniſhment from Heaven he finds but cold Entertainment here on Earth, nay, is denied all Admittance into the Court of Princes, where notwithſtanding my Handmaid *Flattery* finds a moſt encouraging Welcome: But this petulant Monitor being thruſt out of Doors, the Gods can now more freely Rant and Revel, and take their whole Swinge of Pleaſure. Now the beaſtly *Priapus* may recreate himſelf without Contradiction in Luſt and Filthineſs; now the ſly *Mercury* may, without Diſcovery, go on in his Thieveries, and nimble-finger'd Juggles; the ſooty *Vulcan* may now renew his wonted Cuſtom of making the other Gods laugh by his Hopping ſo limpingly, and coming off with ſo many dry Jokes, and biting Repartees. *Silenus*, the Old doting Lover, to ſhew his Activity, may now Dance a Friſking Jig, and the Nymphs be at the ſame Sport *Naked*. The Goatiſh *Satyrs* [FIG. VIII.] may make up a merry Ball, and *Pan*, the Blind Harper, may put up his Bagpipes, and ſing Bawdy Catches, to which the Gods, eſpecially when they are almoſt Drunk, ſhall give a moſt profound Attention. But why ſhould I any farther rip open and expoſe the Weakneſs of the Gods? A Weakneſs ſo Childiſh and Abſurd, that no Man can at the ſame time keep his Countenance, and make a Relation

Relation of it. Now therefore, like *Homer's* wandring *Muſe*, I'll take my Leave of Heaven, and come down again here Below, where we ſhall find nothing happy, nay, nothing tolerable, without my Preſence and Aſſiſtance. And in the firſt place conſider how providently Nature has took Care that in all her Works there ſhould be ſome piquant Smack and Reliſh of *Folly:* For ſince the *Stoicks* define Wiſdom to be conducted by *Reaſon*, and *Folly* nothing elſe but the being hurried by *Paſſion*, leſt our Life ſhould otherwiſe have been too dull and unactive, that Creator, who out of Clay firſt tempered and made us up, put into the Compoſition of our Humanity more than a Pound of Paſſions to an Ounce of Reaſon; and Reaſon he confined within the narrow Cells of the *Brain*, whereas he left Paſſions the *whole Body* to range in. Farther, he ſet up Two ſturdy Champions to ſtand perpetually on the Guard, that Reaſon might make no Aſſault, Surprize, nor Inroad: *Anger*, which keeps its Station in the Fortreſs of the *Heart*; and *Luſt*, which like the Signs *Virgo* and *Scorpio*, rules the *Belly* and *Secret Members*. Againſt the Forces of theſe Two Warriors how unable is Reaſon to bear up and withſtand every Day's Experience does abundantly witneſs; while, let Reaſon be never ſo importunate in urging and reinforcing her Admonitions to Virtue, yet the Paſſions bear all before them, and by the leaſt Offer of Curb or Reſtraint grow but more imperious, till Reaſon itſelf, for Quietneſs ſake, is forced to deſiſt from all farther Remonſtrance. But becauſe it ſeem'd expe-

dient

dient that Man, who was Born for the Tranſaction of Buſineſs, ſhould have ſo much Wiſdom as ſhould fit and capacitate him for the Diſcharge of his Duty herein, and yet leſt ſuch a Meaſure as is requiſite for this Purpoſe might prove too dangerous and fatal, I were adviſed with for an Antidote, who preſcrib'd this Infallible Receipt of *taking a Wife*, a Creature ſo harmleſs and ſilly, and yet ſo uſeful and convenient, as might molliſie and make pliable the Stiffneſs and moroſe Humour of Man. Now that which made *Plato* doubt under what *Genus* to rank *Woman*, whether among Brutes or Rational Creatures, was only meant to denote the extream Stupidneſs and Folly of that Sex; a Sex ſo unalterably Simple, that for any of them to thruſt forward, and reach at the Name of *Wiſe*, is but to make themſelves the more remarkable *Fools*, ſuch an Endeavour, being but a ſwimming againſt the Stream, nay, a turning the Courſe of Nature, the bare Attempting whereof is as extravagant as the effecting of it is impoſſible: For as it is a trite Proverb, *That an Ape will be an Ape, tho' clad in Purple*; ſo a Woman will be a Woman *i. e.* a Fool, whatever Diſguiſe ſhe takes up. And yet there is no Reaſon Women ſhould take it amiſs to be thus charged; for if they do but rightly conſider they'll find that it is to Folly they are beholden for thoſe Endowments wherein they ſo far ſurpaſs and excel Man, as firſt, for their unparallell'd Beauty, by the Charm whereof they tyrannize over the greateſt Tyrants: For what is it but too great a Smatch

of

of Wiſdom that makes Men ſo tawny and thick-skinn'd, ſo rough and prickly-bearded, like an Emblem of Winter, or Old Age, while Women have ſuch dainty ſmooth Cheeks, ſuch a low gentle Voice, and ſo pure a Complexion, as if Nature had drawn them for a ſtanding Pattern of all Symetry and Comelineſs; Beſide, what greater or juſter Aim and Ambition have they than to pleaſe their Husbands? In order whereunto they garniſh themſelves with Paint, Waſhes, Curls, Perfumes, and all other Myſteries of Ornament; yet after all they become acceptable to them only for their Folly. Wives are always allow'd their Humour, yet it is only in Exchange for Titillation and Pleaſure, which indeed are but other Names for Folly; as none can deny, who conſiders how a Man muſt hug, and dandle, and kittle, and play a Hundred little Tricks with his Bedfellow, [FIG. IX.] when he is diſpoſed to make that *Uſe* of her that Nature deſign'd her for. Well then, you ſee whence that *greateſt Pleaſure* (to which Modeſty ſcarce allows a Name) ſprings and proceeds.

BUT now ſome blood-chill'd Old Men, that are more for *Wine* than *Wenching*, will pretend that in their Opinion the greateſt Happineſs conſiſts in Feaſting and Drinking. Grant it be ſo; yet certainly in the moſt luxurious Entertainments it is Folly muſt give the Sauce and Reliſh to the daintieſt Cates and Delicacies; ſo that if there be no one of the Gueſts naturally Fool enough to be play'd upon by the reſt, they muſt procure ſome comical

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comical Buffoon, that by his Jokes, and Flouts, and Blunders, ſhall make the whole Company ſplit themſelves with Laughing: For to what Purpoſe were it to be ſtuff'd and cramm'd with ſo many dainty Bits, ſavoury Diſhes, and toothſome Rarities, if after all this Epicuriſm of the Belly, the Eyes, the Ears, and the whole Mind of Man, were not as well foſter'd and relieved with Laughing, Jeſting, and ſuch like Divertiſements, which like Second Courſes ſerve for the promoting of Digeſtion? And as to all thoſe Shooing-horns of Drunkenneſs, the keeping every one his Man, the throwing Hey-jinks, the filling of Bumpers, the drinking Two in a Hand, the beginning of Miſtreſſes Healths; and then the roaring out of drunken Catches, the calling in a Fiddler, the leading out every one his Lady to Dance, and ſuch like Riotous Paſtimes, theſe were not Taught or Dictated by any of the Wiſe Men of *Greece*, but of *Gotham* rather, being *my* Invention, and by *me* preſcribed as the beſt Preſervative of Health: Each of which, the more Ridiculous it is, the more Welcome it finds. And indeed to jog ſleepingly through the World in a dumpiſh Melancholly Poſture cannot properly be ſaid to *Live*, but to be wound up as it were in a *Winding-Sheet* before we are Dead, and ſo to be ſhuffled Quick into a Grave, and Buried *Alive*.

But there are yet others perhaps that have no Guſt in this Sort of Pleaſure, but place their greateſt Content in the Enjoyment of *Friends*, telling us that true *Friendſhip* is to be preferr'd before all other Acquirements;

that it is a Thing ſo *uſeful* and *neceſſary* as the very Elements could not long ſubſiſt without a natural Combination; ſo *pleaſant*, that it affords as warm an Influence as the Sun itſelf; ſo *honeſt*, (if Honeſty in this Caſe deſerve any Conſideration,) that the very Philoſophers have not ſtuck to place this as one among the reſt of their different Sentiments of the chiefeſt Good. But what if I make it appear that I alſo am the main Spring and Original of this Endearment? Yes, I can eaſily demonſtrate it, and that not by crabbed Syllogiſms, or a crooked and unintelligible Way of Arguing, but can make it (as the Proverb goes) *as plain as the Noſe in your Face.* Well then, to ſcratch and curry one another, to wink at a Friends Faults; nay, to cry up ſome Failings for virtuous and commendable, is not this the next Door to the being a Fool? When One looking ſtedfaſtly in his Miſtreſs's Face admires a Mole as much as a Beauty-Spot; when another ſwears his Lady's Stinking Breath is moſt redolent Perfume; and at another time the fond Parent hugs the Squint-eyed Child, and pretends it is rather a Becoming Glance and Winning Aſpect than any Blemiſh of the Eye-Sight, what is all this but the very Height of Folly? Folly (I ſay) that both makes Friends, and keeps them ſo. I ſpeak of Mortal Men only, among whom there are none but have ſome ſmall Faults; he is moſt happy that has feweſt. If we paſs to the *Gods*, we ſhall find that they have ſo much of Wiſdom, as they have very little of Friendſhip; nay, nothing of that which is true and hearty. The Reaſon

why

why *Men* make a greater Improvement in this Virtue, is only becauſe they are more Credulous and Eaſie-natur'd; for Friends muſt be of the ſame Humour and Inclinations too, or elſe the League of Amity, though made with never ſo many Proteſtations, will be ſoon broke. Thus grave and moroſe Men ſeldom prove faſt Friends; they are too captious and cenſorious, and will not bear with one another's Infirmities; they are as Eagle-ſighted as may be in the Eſpial of others Fauits, while they wink upon themſelves, and never mind the Beam in their own Eyes. In ſhort, Man being by Nature ſo prone to Frailties, ſo Humourſome and Croſs-grain'd, and ſo guilty of ſo many Slips and Miſcarriages, there could be no firm Friendſhip contracted, except there be ſuch an Allowance made for each other's Defaults, which the *Greeks* term Εὐήθειαν, and we may conſtrue Good Nature, which is but another Word for Folly. And what? Is not *Cupid*, that firſt Father of all Relation, is not he ſtark Blind; that as he cannot himſelf diſtinguiſh of Colours, ſo he would make us as Mope-eyed in judging falſly of all Love-Concerns, and wheedle us into a Thinking that we are alway in the Right? Thus every Jack ſticks to his own Jill, every Tinker eſteems his own Trull, and the Hob-nailed Suitor prefers *Joan* the Milk-maid before any of my Lady's Daughters. Theſe Things are true, and are ordinarily laugh'd at, and yet however ridiculous they ſeem, it is hence only that all Societies receive their Cement and Conſolidation.

THE fame which has been ſaid of Friendſhip is much more applicable to a *State of Marriage*, which is but the higheſt Advance and Improvement of Friendſhip in the cloſeſt Bond of Union. Good God! What frequent Divorces, or worſe Miſchief, would oft ſadly happen, except Man and Wife were ſo Diſcreet as to paſs over light Occaſions of Quarrel with Laughing, Jeſting, Diſſembling, and ſuch like Playing the Fool? Nay, how few Matches would go forward, if the haſty Lover did but firſt know how many little Tricks of Luſt and Wantonneſs (and perhaps more groſs Failings) his Coy and ſeemingly Baſhful Miſtreſs had oft before been guilty of? And how fewer Marriages, when conſummated, would continue happy, if the Husband were not either ſottiſhly inſenſible of, or did not purpoſely wink at and paſs over the Lightneſs and Forwardneſs of his Good-natur'd Wife? This Peace and Quietneſs is owing to my Management, for there would otherwiſe be continual Jarrs, and Broils, and Mad Doings, if want of Wit only did not at the ſame time make a contented Cuckold and a ſtill Houſe; if the *Cuckow* Sing at the Back-door, the unthinking Cornute takes notice of the unlucky *Omen of other Eggs being laid in his own Neſt*, but laughs it over, [FIG. X.] kiſſes his Dear Spouſe, and all is well. And indeed it is much better patiently to be ſuch a hen-peck'd Frigot, than alway to be wrack'd and tortur'd with the grating Surmiſes of Suſpicion and Jealouſie. In fine, there is no one Society, no one Relation Men ſtand in, would be comfortable,

a Fool & Cuckow.

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fortable, or indeed tolerable, without my Aſſiſtance; there could be no right Underſtanding betwixt Prince and People, Lord and Servant, Tutor and Pupil, Friend and Friend, Man and Wife, Buyer and Seller, or any Perſon however otherwiſe related, if they did not cowardly put up ſmall Abuſes, ſneakingly Cringe and Submit, or after all fawningly Scratch and Flatter each other. This you'll ſay is much, but you ſhall yet hear what is more; tell me then, can any one love another that firſt hates himſelf? Is it likely any one ſhould agree with a Friend that is firſt fallen out with his own Judgment? Or is it probable he ſhould be any Way pleaſing to another, who is a perpetual Plague and Trouble to himſelf? This is ſuch a Paradox that none can be ſo mad as to maintain. Well, but if I am excluded and barr'd out, every Man would be ſo far from being able to bear with others, that he would be Burdenſome to himſelf, and conſequently uncapable of any Eaſe or Satisfaction. Nature, that toward ſome of her Products plays the Stepmother rather than the indulgent Parent, has endowed ſome Men with that unhappy Peeviſhneſs of Diſpoſition, as to nauſeate and diſlike whatever is their own, and much admire what belongs to other Perſons, ſo as they cannot in any wiſe enjoy what their Birth or Fortunes has beſtowed upon them: For what Grace is there in the greateſt Beauty, if it be alway clouded with Frowns and Sullenneſs? Or what Vigour in Youth, if it be harraſſed with a pettiſh, dogged, wilpiſh, ill Humour? None ſure. Nor indeed

can there be any creditable Acquitment of our ſelves in any one Station of Life, but we ſhould ſink without Reſcue into Miſery and Deſpair, if we were not buoyed up and ſupported by *Self-Love*, which is but the Eldeſt Siſter (as it were) of Folly, and her own conſtant Friend and Aſſiſtant. For what is or can be more Silly than to be Lovers and Admirers of our ſelves? And yet if it were not ſo there will be no reliſh to any Words or Actions. Take away this one Property of a Fool, and the Orator ſhall become as Dumb and Silent as the Pulpit he ſtands in; the Muſician ſhall hang up his untoucht Inſtruments on the Wall; the compleateſt Actors ſhall be hiſs'd off the Stage; the Poet ſhall be burleſqu'd upon with his own doggrel Rhimes; the Painter ſhall himſelf vaniſh into an imaginary Landskip; and the Phyſician ſhall want Food more than his Patients do Phyſick. In ſhort, without *Self-Love*, inſtead of Beautiful, you ſhall think your ſelf an Old Beldam of Fourſcore; inſtead of Youthful, you ſhall ſeem juſt dropping into the Grave; inſtead of Eloquent, a meer Stammerer; and in lieu of Gentile and Complaiſant, you ſhall appear like a downright Country-Clown; it being ſo neceſſary that every one ſhould think well of himſelf before he can expect the Good Opinion of others. Finally, when it is the main and eſſential Part of Happineſs to deſire to be no other than what we already are; this Expedient is again wholly owing to *Self-Love*, which ſo flushes Men with a good Conceit of their own, that no one repents of his Shape, of his Wit, of his

his Education, or of his Country; ſo as the dirty half-drown'd *Hollander* would not remove into the Pleaſant Plains of *Italy*, the rude *Thracian* would not change his Boggy Soil for the beſt Seat in *Athens*, nor the brutiſh *Scythian* quit his Thorny Deſarts to become an Inhabitant of the *Fortunate Iſlands*. And Oh the incomparable Contrivance of Nature, who has ordered all Things in ſo even a Method, that where-ever ſhe has been leſs Bountiful in her Gifts, there ſhe makes it up with a larger Doſe of *Self-Love*, which ſupplies the former Defects, and makes all even. To enlarge farther, I may well preſume to aver, that there are no conſiderable Exploits performed, no uſeful Arts invented, but what I am the reſpective Author and Manager of: As firſt, what is more Lofty and Heroical than *War*? And yet, what is more Fooliſh than for ſome petty, trivial Affront to take ſuch a Revenge as both Sides ſhall be ſure to be Looſers, and where the Quarrel muſt be decided at the Price of ſo many Limbs and Lives? And when they come to an Engagement, what Service can be done by ſuch Pale-fac'd Students, as by Drudging at the Oars of Wiſdom, have ſpent all their Strength and Activity? No, the only Uſe is of blunt ſturdy Fellows that have little of Wit, and ſo the more of Reſolution; except you would make a Soldier of ſuch another *Demoſthenes* as threw down his Arms as ſoon as he came within Sight of the Enemy, and loſt that Credit in the *Camp* which he gained in the *Pulpit*. But Counſel, Deliberation and Advice, (ſay you,)

you,) are very neceſſary for the Management of War: Very true, but not ſuch Counſel as ſhall be preſcribed by the ſtrict Rules of Wiſdom and Juſtice; for a Battel ſhall be more ſucceſsfully fought by Serving-men, Porters, Bailiffs, Padders, Rogues, Goal-birds, and ſuch like Tag-rags of Mankind, than by the moſt Accompliſh'd Philoſophers; which laſt, how unhappy they are in the Management of ſuch Concerns, *Socrates* (by the Oracle adjudg'd to be the Wiſeſt of Mortals) is a notable Example; who when he appeared in the Attempt of ſome publick Performance before the People, he faultered in the firſt Onſet, and could never recover himſelf, but was houted and hiſſed Home again: Yet this Philoſopher was the leſs a Fool for refuſing the Appellation of Wiſe, and not accepting the Oracles Complement; as alſo for adviſing that no Philoſophers ſhould have any Hand in the Government of the Commonwealth; he ſhould have likewiſe at the ſame time added that they ſhould be baniſhed all Human Society. And what made this great Man poiſon himſelf to prevent the Malice of his Accuſers? What made him the Inſtrument of his own Death, but only his Exceſſiveneſs of Wiſdom? Whereby, while he was ſearching into the Nature of Clouds, while he was plodding and contemplating upon Idea's, while he was exerciſing his Geometry upon the Meaſure of a Flea, and diving into the Receſſes of Nature for an Account how little Inſects, when they were ſo ſmall, could make ſo great a Buz and Hum; while he was intent upon

theſe

theſe Fooleries he minded nothing of the World, or its ordinary Concerns.

NEXT to *Socrates* comes his Scholar *Plato*, a Famous Orator indeed, that could be ſo daſh'd out of Countenance by an Illiterate Rabble, as to Demur, and Hawk, and Heſitate, before he could get to the end of one ſhort Sentence. *Theophraſtus* was ſuch another Coward, who beginning to make an Oration was preſently ſtruck down with Fear, as if he had ſeen ſome Ghoſt, or Hobgoblin. *Iſocrates* was ſo Baſhful and Timerous, that though he Taught Rhetorick, yet he could never have the Confidence to ſpeak in Publick. *Cicero*, that Maſter of *Roman* Eloquence, was wont to begin his Speeches with a low quivering Voice, juſt like a *School-Boy*, afraid of not ſaying his Leſſon perfect enough to eſcape *Whipping*: And yet *Fabius* commends this Property of *Tully* as an Argument of a conſiderate Orator, ſenſible of the Difficulty of acquitting himſelf with Credit: But what hereby does he more, than plainly confeſs that Wiſdom is but a Rub and Impediment to the well Management of any Affair? How would theſe *Heroes* crouch, and ſhrink into nothing, at the Sight of *drawn Swords*, that are thus quaſh'd and ſtunn'd at the Delivery of *bare Words*?

NOW then let *Plato*'s fine Sentence be cried up, that *Happy are thoſe Commonwealths where either Philoſophers are elected Kings, or Kings turn Philoſophers*. Alas, this is ſo far from being true, that if we conſult all Hiſtorians

Hiſtorians for an Account of paſt Ages, we ſhall find no Princes more Weak, nor any People more Slaviſh and Wretched, than where the Adminiſtration of Affairs fell on the Shoulders of ſome Learned Bookiſh Governour. Of the Truth whereof the Two *Cato*'s are Exemplary Inſtances: The firſt of which Embroiled the City, and tired out the Senate by his tedious Harangues of defending himſelf, and accuſing others; the *younger* was an unhappy Occaſion of the Loſs of the Peoples Liberty, while by improper Methods he pretended to maintain it. To theſe may be added *Brutus*, *Caſſius*, the Two *Gracchi*, and *Cicero* himſelf, who was no leſs Fatal to *Rome*, than his Parallel *Demoſthenes* was to *Athens*: As likewiſe *Marcus Antoninus*, whom we may allow to have been a Good *Emperor*, yet the leſs ſuch for his being a *Philoſopher*; and certainly he did not do half that Kindneſs to his Empire by his own prudent Management of Affairs, as he did Miſchief by leaving ſuch a Degenerate Succeſſor as his Son *Commodus* proved to be. But it is a common Obſervation, that *A Wiſe Father has many times a Fooliſh Son*, Nature ſo contriving it, leſt the Taint of Wiſdom, like Hereditary Diſtempers, ſhould otherwiſe deſcend by Propagation. Thus *Tully's* Son *Marcus*, though Bred at *Athens*, proved but a dull, inſipid Soul; and *Socrates* his Children had (as one ingeniouſly expreſſes it) *more of the Mother than the Father*, [FIG. XI.] a Phraſe for their being Fools. However it were the more excuſable, tho' Wiſe Men are ſo Aukward and Unhandy in the ordering of Publick

Socrates & his Son.

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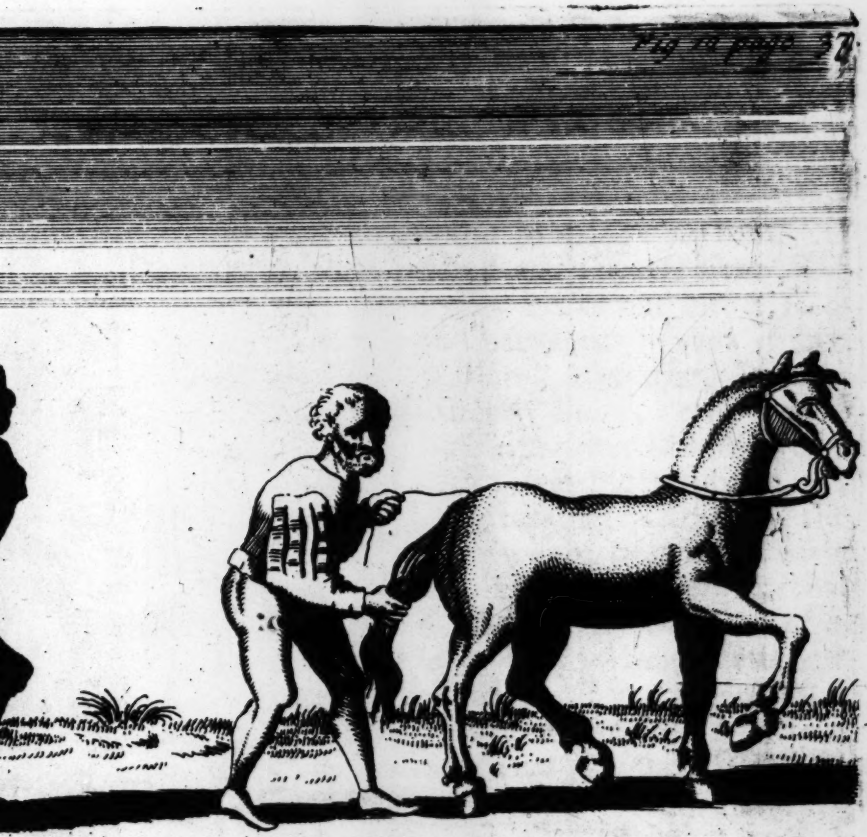
Publick *Affairs*, if they were not as bad or worſe in the Management of their Ordinary and Domeſtick *Concerns*; but alas, here they are much to ſeek: For place a formal Wiſe Man at a *Feaſt*, and he ſhall, either by his moroſe Silence put the whole Table out of Humour, or by his frivolous Queſtions diſoblige and tire out all that ſit near him. Call him out to *Dance*, and he ſhall move no more nimbly than a Camel: Invite him to any Publick Performance, and by his very Looks he ſhall damp the Mirth of all the Spectators, and at laſt be forced, like *Cato*, to leave the *Theatre*, becauſe he cannot unſtarch his Gravity, nor put on a more pleaſant Countenance. If he be engaged in any Diſcourſe, he either breaks off abruptly, or tires out the Patience of the whole Company if he goes on: If he have any Contract, Sale, or Purchaſe to make, or any other Worldly Buſineſs to tranſact, he behaves himſelf more like a Senſeleſs Stock than a Rational Man; ſo as he can be of no Uſe nor Advantage to himſelf, to his Friends, or to his Country, becauſe he knows nothing how the World goes, and is wholly unacquainted with the Humour of the Vulgar, who cannot but hate a Perſon ſo diſagreeing in Temper from themſelves.

And indeed the whole Proceedings of the World are nothing but one continued *Scene of Folly*, all the *Actors* being equally Fools and Mad-men; and therefore if any be ſo Pragmatically Wiſe as to be Singular, he muſt e'en turn a Second *Timon*, or Man-hater, and by retiring

retiring into ſome unfrequented Deſart, become a *Recluſe* from all Mankind.

BUT to return to what I firſt propoſed, what was it in the Infancy of the World that made Men naturally Savage, Unite into Civil Societies, but only *Flattery*, one of the chiefeſt Virtues? For there is nothing elſe meant by the Fables of *Amphion* and *Orpheus* with their Harps; the firſt making the *Stones* jump into a well-built Wall, the other inducing the *Trees* to pull their Legs out of the Ground, and Dance the Morrice after him. What was it that quieted and appeaſed the *Roman* People, when they brake out into a Riot for the Redreſs of Grievances? Was it any ſinewy, ſtarch'd Oration? No, alas, it was only a ſilly, ridiculous Story, told by *Menenius Agrippa*, how the other Members of the Body quarell'd with the Belly, reſolving no longer to continue her drudging Caterers, till by the Penance they thought thus in Revenge to impoſe they ſoon found their own Strength ſo far diminiſhed, that paying the Coſt of experiencing a Miſtake, they willingly returned to their reſpective Duties. Thus when the Rabble of *Athens* murmured at the Exaction of the Magiſtrates, *Themiſtocles* ſatisfied them with ſuch another Tale of the *Fox*, and the *Hedge-Hog*; the firſt whereof being ſtuck faſt in a Miry Bog, the Flies came ſwarming about him, and almoſt ſuck'd out all his Blood, the latter officiouſly offers his Service to drive them away? no, ſays the Fox, if theſe which are almoſt glutted be frighted off, there will come a new hungry Sett that will be Ten times more Greedy and Devouring:

*Sertorius' Exp*



Experiment

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Fig. 15. p. 48.

Devouring: The Moral of this he meant applicable to the People who if they had ſuch Magiſtrates removed as they complained of for Extortion, yet their Succeſſors would certainly be worſe.

WITH what higheſt Advances of Policy could *Sertorius* have kept the *Barbarians* ſo well in Awe, as by a White *Hart*, which he pretended was preſented to him by *Diana*, and brought him Intelligence of all his Enemies Deſigns? What was *Lycurgus* his Grand Argument for demonſtrating the Force of Education, but only the bringing out Two Whelps of the ſame Bitch, differently brought up, and placing before them a diſh, and a live Hare; the *one*, that had been bred to Hunting, ran after the *Game*; while the *other*, whoſe Kennel had been a Kitchen, preſently fell a licking the *Platter*. Thus the before-mentioned *Sertorius* made his Soldiers ſenſible that Wit and Contrivance would do more than bare Strength, by ſetting a couple of Men to the plucking off Two Horſes Tails; the firſt pulling at all in one Handful, tugged in vain, while the other, though much the weaker, ſnatching off one by one, ſoon performed his appointed Task. [FIG. XII.]

INSTANCES of like Nature are *Minos*, King *Numa*, both which fooled the People into Obedience by a meer Cheat and Juggle; the firſt pretending he was adviſed by *Jupiter*, the latter by making the Vulgar believe he had the *Goddeſs Ægeria* aſſiſtant to him in all Debates and Tranſactions. And indeed it is by ſuch Wheedles that the Common

People are beſt gull'd and impoſed upon.

FOR farther, what City would ever ſubmit to the rigorous Laws of *Plato*, to the ſevere Injunctions of *Ariſtotle*? Or the more unpracticable Tenets of *Socrates*? No, theſe would have been too ſtreight and gauling, there not being Allowance enough made for the Infirmities of the People.

TO paſs to another Head, what was it made the *Decii* ſoforward to offer themſelves up as a Sacrifice for an Atonement to the Angry Gods, to reſcue and ſtipulate for their indebted Country?

WHAT made *Curtius*, on a like Occaſion deſperately to throw away his Life, but only *Vain-glory*, that is condemn'd, and unanimouſly voted for a main Branch of Folly by all Wiſe Men? What is more unreaſonable and foppiſh, (ſay they) than for any Man, out of Ambition to ſome Office, to bow, and ſcrape, and cringe to the gaping Rabble, to purchaſe their Favour by Bribes and Donatives, to have their Names cry'd up in the Streets, to be carry'd about as it were for a fine Sight upon the Shoulders of the Crowd, to have their *Effigies* carved in Braſs, and put up in the Market-place for a Monument of their Popularity? Add to this the Affectation of new Titles and Diſtinctive Badges of Honour; nay, the very Deifying of ſuch as were the moſt Bloody Tyrants. Theſe are ſo extreamly ridiculous, that there is need of more than one *Democritus* to *laugh* at 'em. And yet hence only have been occaſion'd thoſe Memorable Atchievements of Heroes, that have ſo much employ'd the Pens of many Laborious Writers.

IT

IT is *Folly* that, in a ſeveral Dreſs, governs Cities, appoints Magiſtrates, and ſupports Judicatures; and, in ſhort, makes the whole Courſe of a Man's Life a meer Childrens Play, and a worſe than Puſh-pin Diverſion. The Invention of all *Arts* and *Sciences* are likewiſe owing to the ſame Cauſe: For what ſedentary, thoughtful Men would have beat their Brains in the Search of new and unheard-of Myſteries, if not egg'd on by the bubbling Hopes of Credit and Reputation? They think a little glittering Flaſh of Vain-glory is a ſufficient Reward for all their Sweat, and Toil, and tedious Drudgery, while they that are ſuppoſedly more fooliſh reap Advantage of the others Labours.

AND now ſince I have made good my Title to *Valour* and *Induſtry*, what if I challenge an equal Share of *Wiſdom*? How! This (you'll ſay) is abſurd and contradictory; the Eaſt and Weſt may as ſoon ſhake Hands as *Folly* and *Wiſdom* be reconciled. Well, but have a little Patience, and I'll warrant you I'll make out my Claim. Firſt then, if Wiſdom (as muſt be confeſs'd) is no more than a Readineſs of doing Good, and an expedite Method of becoming ſerviceable to the World, to whom does this Vertue more properly belong? To the Wiſe Man, who partly out of Modeſty, partly out of Cowardice, can proceed reſolutely in no Attempt; or to the Fool, that goes Hand over Head, Leaps before he Looks; and ſo ventures thro' the moſt hazardous Undertaking without any Senſe or Proſpect of Danger. In the Undertaking any Enterprize

the Wiſe Man ſhall run to conſult with his Books, and doze himſelf with poring upon muſty Authors, while the diſpatchful Fool ſhall ruſh bluntly on, and have done the Buſineſs, while the other is thinking of it. For the Two greateſt Letts and Impediments to the Iſſue of any Performance are *Modeſty*, which caſts a Miſt before Mens Eyes, and *Fear*, which makes them ſhrink back, and recede from any Propoſal: Both theſe are Baniſh'd and Caſhier'd by *Folly*, and in their ſtead ſuch a Habit of *Fool-hardineſs* introduc'd, as mightily contributes to the Succeſs of all Enterprizes.

FARTHER, if you will have Wiſdom taken in the other Senſe, of being *A right Judgment of Things*, you ſhall ſee how ſhort Wiſe Men fall of it in this Acceptation.

FIRST then, it is certain that all Things, like ſo many *Janus*'s, carry a double Face, or rather bear a falſe Aſpect, moſt Things being *really* in themſelves far different from what they are in Appearance to others: So as that which at firſt Bluſh proves Alive, is in truth Dead; and that again which appears as Dead, at a nearer Review proves to be Alive: Beautiful ſeems Ugly, Wealthy, Poor, Scandalous is thought Creditable, Proſperous paſſes for Unlucky, Friendly for what is moſt Oppoſite, and Innocent for what is Hurtful and Pernicious. In ſhort, if we change the Tables, all Things are found placed in a quite different Poſture from what juſt before they appear'd to ſtand in.

IF this ſeem too darkly and unintelligibly expreſs'd, I'll explain it by the familiar Inſtance

ſtance of ſome Great King or Prince, whom every one ſhall ſuppoſe to ſwim in the Luxury of Wealth, and to be a Powerful Lord and Maſter, when, alas, on the one Hand he has Poverty of Spirit enough to make him a meer Beggar, and on the other Side he is worſe than a Galley-ſlave to his own Luſts and Paſſions.

IF I had a mind farther to expatiate I could enlarge upon ſeveral Inſtances of like Nature; but this one may at preſent ſuffice.

WELL, but what's the Meaning (will ſome ſay) of all this? Why, obſerve the Application. If any one in a Play-houſe be ſo impertinent and rude as to riſle the Actors of their borrow'd Cloaths, make them lay down the Character aſſum'd, and force them to return to their Naked Selves, would not ſuch a one wholly diſcompoſe and Spoil the Entertainment? And wou'd he not deſerve to be hiſs'd and thrown Stones at till the Pragmatical Fool could learn better Manners? For by ſuch a Diſturbance the whole Scene will be alter'd: Such as acted the *Men* will perhaps appear to be *Women*: He that was dreſs'd up for a *Young* Brisk *Lover*, will be found a rough *Old Fellow*; and he that repreſented a *King*, will remain but a mean ordinary *Serving-Man*. The laying Things thus open is Marring all the Sport, which conſiſts only in Counterfeit and Diſguiſe. Now the World is nothing elſe but ſuch another *Comedy*, where every one in the Tire-room is firſt Habited ſuitably to the Part he is to act; and as it is ſucceſſively their Turn, out they come on the Stage, where he that now Perſonates a

*Prince*, [FIG. XIII.] ſhall in another Part

of the ſame Play alter his Dreſs, and become a *Beggar*, all Things being in a Mask and particular Diſguiſe, or otherwiſe the *Play* could never be preſented. Now if there ſhould ariſe any Starch'd Formal *Don*, that would point at the ſeveral Actors, and tell how this, that ſeems a Petty God, is in truth worſe than a Brute,

Brute, being made Captive to the Tyranny of Paſſion; that the Other, who bears the Character of a King, is indeed the moſt ſlaviſh of Serving-men, in being ſubject to the Maſterſhip of Luſt and Senſuality; that a Third, who vaunts ſo much of his Pedigree, is no better than a Baſtard for degenerating from Virtue, which ought to be of greateſt Conſideration in Heraldry, and ſo ſhall go on in Expoſing all the reſt; would not any one think ſuch a Perſon quite Frantick, and ripe for Bedlam? For as nothing is more ſilly than Prepoſterous Wiſdom, ſo is there nothing more indiſcreet than an Unreaſonable Reproof. And therefore he is to be houted out of all Society that will not be pliable, conformable, and willing to ſuit his Humour with other Mens, remembring the Law of Clubs and Meetings, That he who will not do as the reſt muſt get him out of the Company. And it is certainly one great Degree of Wiſdom for every one to conſider that he is but a *Man*, and therefore he ſhould not pitch his ſoaring Thoughts beyond the Level of *Mortality*, but imp the Wings of his tow'ring Ambition and obligingly ſubmit and condeſcend to the Weakneſs of others, it being many times a Piece of Complaiſance to go out of the Road for Company's Sake. No, (ſay you) this is a grand Piece of *Folly*: True, but yet all our Living is no more than ſuch kind of Fooling: Which though it may ſeem harſh to aſſert, yet it is not ſo ſtrange as true.

FOR the better making it out it might perhaps be requiſite to Invoke the Aid of the *Muſes*, to whom the Poets devoutly apply themſelves upon far more ſlender Occaſions. Come then and aſſiſt, ye *Heliconian* Laſſes, while I attempt to prove that there is no Method for an Arrival to Wiſdom, and conſequently no Track to the Goal of Happineſs, without the Inſtructions and Directions of *Folly*.

AND here, in the firſt place, it has been already acknowledged, that all the Paſſions are Liſted under my Regiment, ſince This is reſolved to be the only Diſtinction betwixt a Wiſe Man and a Fool, that this latter is govern'd by Paſſion, the other guided by Reaſon: And therefore the Stoicks look upon Paſſions no other than the Infection and Malady of the Soul, that diſorders the Conſtitution of the whole Man, and by putting the Spirits into a Feavouriſh Ferment, many times occaſion ſome Mortal Diſtemper. And yet theſe, however decried, are not only our Tutors to inſtruct us toward the Attainment of Wiſdom, but e'en bolden us likewiſe, and ſpur us on to a quicker Diſpatch of all our Undertakings. This, I ſuppoſe, will be ſtomach'd by the Stoical *Seneca*, who pretends, that the only Emblem of Wiſdom is *the Man without Paſſion*; whereas the ſuppoſing any Perſon to be ſo, is perfectly to Unman him, or elſe Transforming him into ſome fabulous Deity that never was, nor ever will be; nay, to ſpeak more plain, it is but the making him a meer *Statue*, immoveable, ſenſleſs, and altogether unactive. And if this be their Wiſe-

Man,

Man, let them take him to themſelves, and remove him into *Plato's Commonwealth*, the new *Atlantis*, or ſome other-like Fairy-land. For who would not hate and avoid ſuch a Perſon as ſhould be deaf to all the Dictates of common Senſe? That ſhould have no more of Love or Pity than a Block or Stone, that remains heedleſs of all Dangers? That thinks he can never Miſtake, but can foreſee all Contingencies at the greateſt Diſtance, and make Proviſion for the worſt Preſages? that feeds upon himſelf, and his own Thoughts? That Monopolizes Health, Wealth, Power, Dignity, and all to himſelf? That loves no Man, nor is beloved of any? That has the Impudence to Tax even Divine Providence of ill Contrivance, and proudly grudges, nay, tramples under Foot all other Men's Reputation? And this is he that is the Stoick's compleat Wiſe Man. But prithee what City would chuſe ſuch a Magiſtrate? What Army would be willing to ſerve under ſuch a Commander? Or what Woman would be Content with ſuch a Do-little Husband? Who would invite ſuch a Gueſt? Or what Servant would be retained by ſuch a Maſter? The moſt illiterate Mechanick would in all reſpects be a more acceptable Man, who would be frolickſome with his Wife, free with his Friends, jovial at a Feaſt, pliable in Converſe, and obliging to all Company. But I am tired out with this Part of my Subject, and ſo muſt paſs to ſome *other Topicks*.

AND now were any one plac'd on that Tower, from whence *Jove* is fancied by the Poets

to

to Survey the World, he would all around diſcern how many Grievances and Calamities our whole Life is on every Side encompaſſed with: How Unclean our Birth, how Troubleſome our Tendance in the Cradle, how liable our Childhood is to a Thouſand Misfortunes, how Toilſome and full of Drudgery our Riper Years, how Heavy and Uncomfortable our Old Age, and laſtly, how Unwelcome the Unavoidableneſs of Death. Farther, in every Courſe of Life how many Wracks there may be of torturing Diſeaſes, how many unhappy Accidents may caſually occur, how many unexpected Diſaſters may ariſe, and what ſtrange Alterations may one Moment produce? Not to mention ſuch Miſeries as Men are mutually the Cauſe of, as Poverty, Impriſonment, Slander, Reproach, Revenge, Treachery, Malice, Couſenage, Deceit, and ſo many more, as to reckon them all would be as puzz'ling Arithmetick as the numbring of the Sands.

How Mankind became environed with ſuch hard Circumſtances, or what Deity impoſed theſe Plagues, as a Penance on rebellious Mortals, I am not now at Leiſure to enquire: But whoſoever ſeriouſly takes them into Conſideration, he muſt needs commend the Valour of the *Mileſian Virgins*, who voluntarily kill'd themſelves to get rid of a troubleſome World: And how many Wiſe Men have took the ſame Courſe of Becomeing their own Executioners; among whom, not to mention *Diogenes*, *Xenocrates*, *Cato*, *Caſſius*, *Brutus*, and

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and other Heroes, the Self-denying *Chiron* is never enough to be commended; who when he was offered by *Apollo* the Priviledge of being exempted from Death, and living on to the World's End, he refuſed the Enticing Propoſal, as deſervedly, thinking it a Puniſhment rather than a Reward.

But if all were thus Wiſe you ſee how ſoon the World would be Unpeopled, and what need there would be of a Second *Prometheus*, to Plaiſter up the Decayed Image of Mankind. I therefore come and ſtand in this Gap of Danger, and prevent farther Miſchief; partly by Ignorance, partly by Inadvertence; by the Oblivion of whatever would be grating to remember, and the Hopes of whatever may be grateful to expect, together palliating all griefs with an Intermixture of Pleaſure; whereby I make Men ſo far from being weary of their Lives, that when their Thread is ſpun to its full length, they are yet unwilling to die, and mighty hardly brought to take their laſt farewell of their Friends. Thus ſome Decrepit Old Fellows, that look as hollow as the *Grave* into which they are falling, that rattle in the Throat at every Word they ſpeak, that can eat no Meat but what is tender enough to *ſuck*, that have more Hair on their *Beard* than they have on their *Head*, [Fig. XIV.] and go ſtooping toward the *Duſt* they muſt ſhortly return to, whoſe Skin ſeems already dreſt into *Parchment*, and their Bones already dried to a *Skeleton*; theſe Shadows of Men ſhall be wonderful Ambitious of living longer, and therefore fence off the

Attacks

Attacks of Death with all imaginable Slights and Impoſtures: One ſhall *new Dye* his Grey Hairs for fear the Colour ſhould betray his Age; another ſhall ſpruce himſelf up in a light *Periwig*; a Third ſhall repair the Loſs of his Teeth with an *Ivory Sett*; and a Fourth perhaps ſhall fall deeply in *Love* with a Young Girl, and accordingly Court her with as much of Gaiety and Briskneſs as the liveſieſt Spark in the whole Town: And we can't but know, that for an Old Man to Marry a Young Wife without a Portion, to be a *Cooler* to other Men's Luſt, is grown ſo common, that it is become an *Alamode* of the Times. And what's yet more Comical, you ſhall have ſome wrinkled Old Women, [FIG. XV.] whoſe very Looks are a ſufficient Antidote to Leachery, that ſhall be canting out, *Ah, Life is a ſweet Thing*, and ſo run a Catterwawling, and hire ſome ſtrong back'd Stallions to recover their almoſt loſt Senſe of Feeling; and to ſet themſelves off the better, they ſhall paint and dawb their Faces, alway ſtand a tricking up themſelves at their Looking-glaſs, go naked-neck'd, bare-breaſted, be tickled at a ſmutty Jeſt, dance among the Young Girls, write Love-Letters, and do all other little Knacks of decoying Hot-blooded Suitors; and in the mean while, however they are laught at, they enjoy themſelves to the full, live up to their Hearts Deſire, and want for nothing that may compleat their Happineſs. As for thoſe that think them herein ſo ridiculous, I would have them give an Ingenuous Anſwer to this One Query, whether if Folly or Hanging were left

to

to their Choice, they had not much rather live like *Fools*, than die like *Dogs*? But what Matter is it if theſe Things are reſented by the Vulgar? Their ill Word is no Injury to Fools, who are either altogether inſenſible of any Affront, or at leaſt lay it not much to to Heart. If they were knock'd on the Head, or had their Brains daſh'd out, they would have ſome Cauſe to complain; but alas, Slander, Calumny and Diſgrace, are no other Way Injurious than as they are Interpreted; nor otherwiſe Evil, than as they are thought to be ſo: What Harm is it then if all Perſons deride and ſcoff you, if you bear but up in your own Thoughts, and be your ſelf throughly conceited of your Deſerts? And prithee, why ſhould it be thought any Scandal to be a Fool, ſince the being ſo is one Part of our Nature and Eſſence; and as ſo, our not being Wiſe can no more reaſonably be imputed as a Fault, than it would be proper to laugh at a Man becauſe he cannot fly in the Air like Birds and Fowls; becauſe he goes not on all Four as Beaſts of the Field; becauſe he does not wear a Pair of viſible Horns as a Creſt on his Forehead, like Bulls or Stags: By the ſame Figure we may call a Horſe unhappy, becauſe he was never taught his Grammar; and an Ox miſerable, for that he never learnt to Fence: But ſure as a Horſe, for not knowing a Letter is never the leſs valuable, ſo a Man, for being a Fool, is never the more unfortunate, it being by Nature and Providence ſo ordained for each.

AY, but (ſay our Patrons of Wiſdom) the Knowledge of Arts and Sciences is purpoſely attainable by Men, that the Defect of *Natural* Parts may be ſupplied by the help of *Acquired*: As if it were probable that Nature, which had been ſo exact and curious in the Mechaniſm of Flowers, Herbs, and Flies, ſhould have bungled moſt in her Maſter-piece, and made Man as it were by Halves, to be afterward Poliſhed and Refined by his own Induſtry, in the Attainment of ſuch Sciences as the *Ægyptians* feigned were invented by their God *Theuth*, as a Plague ſure, and Puniſhment to Mankind, being ſo far from augmenting their Happineſs, that they do not anſwer that End they were firſt deſigned for, which was the *Improvement of Memory*, as *Plato* in his *Phædrus* does wittily obſerve.

IN the firſt Golden Age of the World there was no need of theſe Perplexities; there was then no other Sort of Learning but what was naturally Collected from every Man's common *Senſe*, improved by an eaſie *Experience*. What Uſe could there have been of *Grammar*, when all Men ſpoke the ſame Mother-Tongue, and aimed at no higher Pitch of Oratory, than barely to be underſtood by each other? What need of *Logick*, when they were too Wiſe to enter into any Diſpute? Or what occaſion for *Rhetorick*, where no Difference aroſe to require any laborious Deciſion? And as little Reaſon had they to be tied up by any Laws, ſince the Dictates of Nature and common Morality were reſtraint, and Obligation ſufficient: And as to all the Myſteries of Providence,

dence, they made them rather the Object of their Wonder, than of their Curiosity; and therefore were not so presumptuous as to dive into the Depths of Nature, to labour for the solving all *Phænomena's* in Astronomy, or to wrack their Brain in the splitting of Entities, and unfolding the nicest Speculations, judging it a Crime for any Man to aim at what is put beyond the reach of his shallow Apprehension.

THUS was *Ignorance*, in the Infancy of the World, as much the Parent of *Happiness* as it has been since of *Devotion*: But as soon as the Golden Age began by degrees to degenerate into more drossy Metals, then were *Arts* likewewise invented; yet at first but few in Number, and those rarely understood, till in farther Process of Time the Superstition of the *Chaldeans*, and the Curiosity of the *Grecians*, spawn'd so many Subtilties, that now it is scarce the Work of an *Age* to be throughly acquainted with all the Criticisms in *Grammar* only. And among all the several Arts, those are proportionably most esteemed of that come neareſt to Weakness and Folly. For thus Divines may bite their Nails, and Naturalists may blow their Fingers, Astrologers may know their own Fortune is to be Poor, and the Logician may shut his Fist, and grasp the Wind.

*Solus ἰατρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων,*

*While all theſe hard-nam'd Fellows cannot make So great a Figure as a ſingle* Quack, [FIG. XVI.]

And in this Profeſſion, thoſe that have moſt Confidence, though the leaſt Skill, ſhall be ſure of the greateſt Cuſtom; and indeed this whole Art, as it is now practiſed, is but one Incorporated Compound of Craft and Impoſture.

NEXT to the *Phyſician* comes (he, who perhaps will Commence a Suit with me for not being placed before him, I mean) the *Lawyer*, who is ſo ſilly as to be *Ignoramus* to a Proverb, and yet by ſuch are all Difficulties reſolved, all Controverſies determined, and all Affairs managed ſo much to their own Advantage, that they get thoſe Eſtates to themſelves which they are employed to recover for their Clients: While the Poor Divine in the mean time ſhall have the Lice crawl upon his thread-bare Gown, before, by all his Sweat and Drudgery, he can get Money enough to purchaſe a new one. As thoſe Arts therefore are moſt advantageous to their reſpective Profeſſors which are fartheſt diſtant from Wiſdom, ſo are thoſe Perſons incomparably moſt happy that have leaſt to do with any at all, but jog on in the common Road of Nature, which will never miſlead us, except we volutarily leap over thoſe Boundaries which ſhe has cautiouſly ſet to our finite Beings. Nature glitters moſt in her own plain, homely Garb, and then gives the greateſt Luſtre when ſhe is unſullied from all Artificial Garniſh.

THUS if we inquire into the State of all Dumb Creatures, we ſhall find thoſe fare beſt that are left to Nature's Conduct: As to inſtance in *Bees*, what is more to be admired than the Induſtry and Contrivance of theſe little Animals? What Architect could ever form ſo curious a Structure as they give a Model of in their unimitable Combs? What Kingdom can be Governed with better Diſcipline than they exactly obſerve in their reſpective

ſpectives Hives? While the *Horſe*, by turning a Rebel to Nature, and becoming a Slave to Man, undergoes the worſt of Tyranny: He is ſometimes ſpurr'd on to Battle ſo long till he draws his Guts after him for Trapping, and at laſt falls down, and bites the Ground inſtead of Graſs; not to mention the Penalty of his Jaws being curbed, his Tail dock'd, his Back wrung, his Sides ſpur-gall'd, his cloſe Impriſonment in a Stable, his Rapſhin and Fetters when he runs a Graſs, and a great many other Plagues, which he might have avoided if he had kept to that firſt Station of Freedom which Nature plac'd him in. How much more deſirable is the unconfined Range of *Flies* and *Birds*, who living by Inſtinct, would want nothing to compleat their Happineſs, if ſome well-imployed *Domitian* would not perſecute the former, nor the fly Fowler lay Snares and Gins for the intrapping of the other? And if young Birds, before their unfledg'd Wings can carry them from their Neſts, are caught, and pent up in a Cage, for the being taught to Sing, or Whiſtle, all their new *Tunes* make not half ſo ſweet Muſick as their wild *Notes*, and natural *Melody*: So much does that which is but rough-drawn by Nature ſurpaſs and excel all the additional Paint and Varniſh of Art. And we cannot ſure but commend and admire that *Pythagorean* Cock, which (as *Lucian* relates) had been ſucceſſively a Man, a Woman, a Prince, a Subject, a Fiſh, a Horſe, and a Frog; after all his Experience he ſumm'd up his Judgment in this Cenſure, that Man was the moſt wretch-

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ed and deplorable of all Creatures, all other patiently grazing within the Enclosuers of Nature, while Man only broke out, and strayed beyond those safer Limits, which he was justly confined to. And *Gryllus* is to be adjudged wiser than the much-counselling *Ulysses*, in as much as when by the Inchantment of *Circe* he had been turned into a *Hog*, he would not lay down his Swinishness, nor forsake his beloved Stie, to run the Peril of a Hazardous Voyage. For a farther Confirmation whereof I have the Authority of *Homer*, that Captain of all Poetry, who, as he gives to Mankind in general the Epithet of *Wretched* and *Unhappy*, so he bestows in particular upon *Ulysses* the Title of *Miserable*, which he never attributes to *Paris*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, or any other of the Commanders; and that for this Reason, because *Ulysses* was more Crafty, Cautious, and Wise, than any of the rest.

As those therefore fall shortest of Happiness that reach highest at Wisdom, meeting with the greater Repulse for soaring beyond the Boundaries of their Nature, and without remembring themselves to be but Men, like the fallen Angels, daring them to vye with Omnipotence, and Giant-like Scale Heaven with the Engines of their own Brain; so are those most exalted in the Road of Bliss that degenerate neareſt into *Brutes*, and quietly divest themselves of all Use and Excercise of Reason.

And this we can prove by a familiar Instance. As namely, can there be any one Sort of Men that enjoy themselves better than those

thoſe which we call Idiots, Changelings, Fools, and Naturals? It may perhaps ſound harſh, but upon due Conſideration it will be found abundantly true, that theſe Perſons in all Circumſtances fare beſt, and live moſt comfortably: As firſt, they are void of all Fear, which is a very great Priviledge to be exempted from; they are troubled with no Remorſe, nor Pricks of Conſcience; they are not frighted with any Bugbear Stories of another World; they ſtartle not at the fancied Appearance of Ghoſts, or Apparitions; they are not wrack'd with the Dread of impending Miſchiefs, nor bandied with the Hopes of any expected Enjoyments: In ſhort, they are unaſſaulted by all thoſe Legions of Cares that War againſt the Quiet of Rational Souls; they are aſhamed of nothing, fear no Man, baniſh the Uneaſineſs of Ambition, Envy, and Love; and to add the Reverſion of a future Happineſs to the Enjoyment of a preſent one, they have no Sin neither to anſwer for; *Divines* unanimouſly maintaining, that a groſs and unavoidable *Ignorance* does not only extenuate and abate from the Aggravation, but wholly expiate the Guilt of any *Immorality*.

COME now then as many of you as challenge the Reſpect of being accounted *Wiſe*, ingenuouſly confeſs how many Inſurrections of rebellious Thoughts, and Pangs of a labouring Mind, yea are perpetually thrown and tortur'd with; reckon up all thoſe Inconveniences that you are unavoidably ſubject to, and then tell me whether *Fools*, by being exempted from all theſe Embroilments, are not infinitely more free

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Fig. 17. P. 57.

free and happy than your ſelves? Add to this, that *Fools* do not barely Laugh, and Sing, and Play the Goodfellow, alone to themſelves; but as it is the Nature of *Good* to be *communicative*, ſo they impart their Mirth to others, by making Sport for the whole Company they are at any time engaged in, as if Provinedce purpoſely deſign'd them for an Antidote to Melancholly: Whereby they make all Perſons ſo fond of their Society, that they are welcomed to all Places, hugg'd, careſs'd, and defended, a Liberty given them of ſaying or doing any thing; ſo well Beloved, that none dares to offer them the leaſt Injury; nay, the moſt ravenous Beaſts of Prey will paſs them by untouch'd, as if by Inſtinct they were warned that ſuch Innocence ought to receive no hurt. [FIG. XVII.] Farther, their Converſe is ſo acceptable in the Court of Princes, that few Kings will Banquet, Walk, or take any other Diverſion, without their Attendance; nay, and had much rather have their Company, than that of their graveſt Counſellors, whom they maintain more for Faſhion-ſake than Good-will; nor is it ſo ſtrange that theſe *Fools* ſhould be preferr'd before graver Politicians, ſince theſe laſt, by their harſh, ſowre Advice, and ill-timing the Truth, are fit only to put a Prince out of Humour, while the other Laugh, and Talk, and Joke, without any Danger of diſobliging.

IT is one farther very commendable Property of *Fools* that they always ſpeak the *Truth*, than which there is nothing more Noble and Heroical. For ſo, tho' *Plato* relate it as a Sentence

tence of *Alcibiades*, That *in the Sea of Drunkenneſs Truth ſwims uppermoſt*, and ſo Wine is the only Teller of Truth, yet this Character may more juſtly be aſſumed by me, as I can make good from the Authority of *Euripides*, who lays down this is an Axiom, μωρὸ μωρὸς λέγει, *Children and Fools always ſpeak the Truth.* Whatever the *Fool* has in his Heart, he betrays it in his Face; or what is more notifying, diſcovers it by his Words: While the *Wiſe Man*, as *Euripides* obſerves, carries a Double Tongue; the one to ſpeak what *may* be ſaid, the other what ought to be; the one what *Truth*, the other what the *Time* requires: Whereby he can in a trice ſo alter his Judgment, as to prove that to be now White, which he had juſt before ſwore to be Black; like the Satyr at his Porrage, blowing hot and cold at the ſame Breath; in his *Lips* profeſſing one Thing, when in his *Heart* he means another.

FARTHERMORE, Princes in their greateſt Splendor ſeem upon this Account unhappy, in that they miſs the Advantage of being told the Truth, and are ſhamm'd off by a parcel of inſinuating Courtiers, that acquit themſelves as Flatterers more than as Friends. But ſome will perchance object, that Princes do not love to hear the Truth, and therefore *Wiſe Men* muſt be very cautious how they behave themſelves before them, leſt they ſhould take too great a Liberty in ſpeaking what is *true*, rather than what is *acceptable*. This muſt be confeſt, Truth indeed is ſeldom palatable to the

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the Ears of Kings, yet *Fools* have ſo great a Priviledge as to have free leave, not only to ſpeak *bare* Truths, but the moſt *bitter* ones too: So as the ſame Reproof, which had it come from the Mouth of a *Wiſe Man* would have coſt him his Head, being blurted out by a *Fool*, is not only pardon'd, but well taken, and rewarded. For Truth has naturally a Mixture of Pleaſure, if it carry with it nothing of Offence to the Perſon whom it is applied to; and the happy Knack of ordering it ſo is beſtowed only on *Fools*. 'Tis for the ſame Reaſon that this Sort of Men are more fondly beloved by Women, [FIG. XVIII.] who like their tumbling them about, and playing with them, though never ſo boiſterouſly, pretending to take that only in Jeſt, which they would have to be meant in Earneſt, as that Sex is very Ingenious in palliating, and diſſembling the Bent of their wanton Inclinations.

BUT to return. An Additional Happineſs of theſe *Fools* appears farther in this, that when they have run merrily on to their laſt Stage of Life, they neither find any Fear, nor feel any Pain to *die*, but march contentedly to the other World, where their Company ſure muſt be as acceptable as it was here upon Earth.

LET us draw now to a Compariſon between the Condition of a *Fool* and that of a *Wiſe Man*, and ſee how infinitely the one outweighs the other.

GIVE me any Inſtance then of a Man as Wiſe as you can fancy him poſſible to be, that has

has ſpent all his Younger Years in poring upon Books, and trudging after Learning, in the Purſuit whereof he ſquanders away the pleaſant Time of his Life in Watching, Sweat and Faſting, and in his latter Days he never taſtes one Mouthful of Delight, but is alway ſtingy, poor, dejected, melancholly, burthenſome to himſelf, and unwelcome to others, pale, lean, thin-jaw'd, ſickly, contracting by his Sedentarineſs ſuch hurtful Diſtempers as bring him to an untimely Death, like Roſes pluck'd before they ſhatter. Thus have you the Draught of a *Wiſe Man's* Happineſs, more the Object of a Commiſerating Pity, than of an Ambitioning Envy.

BUT now again come the croaking Stoicks, and tell me in Mood and Figure, That nothing is more miſerable than the being Mad: But the being a *Fool* is the being Mad, therefore there is nothing more miſerable than the being a *Fool.* Alas, this is but a Fallacy, the Diſcovery whereof ſolves the Force of the whole Syllogiſm. Well then, they argue ſubtilly, 'tis true, but a *Socrates* in *Plato* makes Two *Venus's* and Two *Cupids*, and ſhews how their Actions and Properties ought not to be confounded? ſo theſe Diſputants if they had not been Mad themſelves, ſhould have diſtinguiſh'd between a double Madneſs in others: And there is certainly a great Difference in the Nature as well as in the Degrees of them, and they are not both equally Scandalous: For *Horace* ſeems to take Delight in one Sort when he ſays,

——— *An me ludit amabilis*
*Inſania?* ———

*Does welcome Frenzy make me thus miſtake?*

AND *Plato* in his *Phædron* ranks the Madneſs of Poets, of Prophets, and of Lovers, among thoſe Properties which conduce to a Happy Life. And *Virgil*, in his Sixth *Ænead*, gives this Epithet to his induſtrious *Æneas*,

*Quod ſi* ———
——— *Inſano juvat indulgere labori*:

*If you'll proceed to theſe, your Mad, Attempts.*

And indeed there is a Twofold Sort of Madneſs; the one that which the Furies bring from Hell; thoſe that are herewith poſſeſs'd are hurried on to Wars and Contentions, by an inexhauſtible Thirſt of Power and Riches, inflamed to ſome infamous and unlawful Luſt, inraged to act the Parricide, ſeduced to become guilty of Inceſt, Sacrilege, or ſome other of thoſe Crimſon-dy'd Crimes; or, finally, to be ſo prick'd in Conſcience as to be laſh'd and ſtung with the Whips and Snakes of Grief and Remorſe. But there is another Sort of Madneſs that proceeds from Folly, ſo far from being any way injurious or diſtaſteful, that it is thoroughly good and deſirable: And this happens when by a harmleſs Miſtake in the Judgment of Things the Mind is freed from thoſe Cares which would otherwiſe gratingly

afflict it, and ſmooth'd over with a Content and Satisfaction it could not under other Circumſtances ſo happily enjoy. And this is that comfortable Apathy or Inſenſibleneſs which *Cicero*, in an Epiſtle to his Friend *Atticus*, wiſhes himſelf Maſter of, that he might the leſs take to Heart thoſe inſufferable Outrages committed by the Tyrannizing Triumvirate, *Lepidus*, *Antonius*, and *Auguſtus*. That *Grecian* likewiſe had a happy Time of it, who was ſo frantick as to ſit a whole Day in the empty Theatre laughing, ſhouting, and clapping his Hands, as if he had really ſeen ſome Pathetick Tragedy acted to the Life, when indeed all was no more than the Strength of Imagination, and the Efforts of Deluſion, while in all other Reſpects the ſame Perſon behaved himſelf very diſcreetly, was

——— *Jucundus amicis,*
*Comis in uxorem, poſſetque ignoſcere ſervis,*
*Et ſigno læſæ non inſanire lagenæ.*

Sweet to his Friends, to's Wife obliging, kind,
And ſo averſe from a revengeful Mind,
That had his Men unſeal'd his Bottled Wine,
He wou'd not fret, nor doggedly repine.

And when by a Courſe of Phyſick he was recover'd from this Phrenſie, he look'd upon his *Cure* ſo far from a *Kindneſs*, that he thus reaſons the Caſe with his Friends;

— *Pol*

— *Pol me occidiſtis amici,*
*Non ſervaſtis,* — *cui ſic extorta voluptas,*
*Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.*

This Remedy, my Friends, is worſe i' th' main
Than the Diſeaſe, the Cure augments the Pain;
My only Hopes, is a Relapſe again.

And certainly they were the more Mad of the Two who endeavour'd to bereave him of ſo pleaſing a *Delirium*, and recal all the Aches of his Head by diſpelling the Miſts of his Brain.

I have not yet determin'd whether it be proper to include all the Defects of Senſe and Underſtanding under the common *Genus* of Madneſs. For if any one be ſo ſhort-ſighted as to take a Mule for an Aſs, or ſo ſhallow-pated as to admire a paltry Ballad for an elegant Poem, he is not thereupon immediately cenſured as Mad: But if any one let not only his Senſes but his Judgment be impoſed upon in the moſt ordinary common Concerns, he ſhall come under the Scandal of being thought next Door to a Madman. As ſuppoſe any one ſhould hear an Aſs bray, and ſhould take it for raviſhing Muſick; or if any one, Born a Beggar, ſhould fancy himſelf as Great as a Prince, or the like. But this Sort of Madneſs, if (as is moſt uſual) it be accompanied with Pleaſure, brings a great Satisfaction both to thoſe who are poſſeſs'd with it themſelves, and thoſe who deride it in others, tho' they are not both equally Frantick. And this *Species* of Madneſs is of larger Extent than

the World commonly imagines. Thus the whole Tribe of Madmen make Sport among themſelves, while one laughs at another; he that is more Mad many times jeering him that is leſs ſo. But indeed the greater each Man's Madneſs is, the greater is his Happineſs, if it be but ſuch a Sort as proceeds from an Exceſs of Folly, which is ſo Epidemical a Diſtemper that it is hard to find any one Man ſo uninfected as not to have ſometimes a Fit or Two of ſome Sort of Frenſie. There is only this Difference between the ſeveral Patients, he that ſhall take a Broom-ſtick for a Strait-bodied Woman, is without more ado ſentenced for a Mad-man, becauſe this is ſo ſtrange a Blunder as very ſeldom happens; whereas he whoſe Wife is a common Jilt, that keeps a Warehouſe free for all Cuſtomers, and yet ſwears ſhe is as chaſte as an untouch'd Virgin, and hugs himſelf in his contented Miſtake, is ſcarce taken notice of, becauſe he fares no worſe than a great many more of his good-natur'd Neighbours. Among theſe are to be rank'd ſuch as take an immoderate Delight in *Hunting*. [FIG. XIX.] and think no Muſick comparable to the Sounding of Horns and the Yelping of Beagles; and were they to take Phyſick, would no queſtion think the moſt Sovereign Virtues to be in the *Album Græcum* of a Dog's Turd. When they have run down their Game, what ſtrange Pleaſure they take in cutting of it up! Cows and Sheep may be ſlaughter'd by common *Butchers*, but what is kill'd in Hunting muſt be broke up by none under a *Gentleman*, who ſhall throw down

*Fig. 19. p. 64.*

down his Hat, fall devoutly on his Knees, and drawing out a ſlaſhing Hanger, (for a common Kniſe is not good enough,) after ſeveral Ceremonies ſhall diſſect all the Parts as artificially as the beſt-skill'd Anatomiſt, while all that ſtand round ſhall look very intently, and ſeem to be mightily ſurpriz'd with the Novelty, tho' they have ſeen the ſame an Hundred times before; and he that can but dip his Finger, and taſte of the Blood, ſhall think his own better'd by it. And tho' the conſtant Feeding on ſuch Diet does but aſſimilate them to the Nature of thoſe Beaſts they eat of, yet they'll ſwear that Veniſon is Meat for Princes, and that their living upon it makes them as Great as Emperors.

NEAR akin to theſe are ſuch as take a great Fancy for *Building*: They raiſe up, pull down, begin anew, alter the Model, and never reſt till they run themſelves out of their whole Eſtate, taking up ſuch a Compaſs for Buildings, till they leave themſelves not one Foot of Land to live upon, nor one poor Cottage to ſhelter themſelves from Cold and Hunger: And yet all the while are mighty proud of of their Contrivances, and ſing a ſweet *Requiem* to their own Happineſs.

To theſe are to be added thoſe plodding *Virtuoſoes*, that plunder the moſt inward Receſſes of Nature for the Pillage of a New Invention, and rake over Sea and Land for the Turning up ſome hitherto latent Myſtery; and are ſo continually tickled with the Hopes of Succeſs, that they ſpare for no Coſt nor Pains, but trudge on, and upon a Defeat in one At-

tempt, courageouſly tack about to another, and fall upon new Experiments, never giving over till they have *calcined* their whole Eſtate to *Aſhes*, and have not Money enough left unmelted to purchaſe one Crucible or Limbeck: And yet after all, they are not ſo much diſcouraged, but that they dream Fine Things ſtill, and animate others what they can to the like Undertakings; nay, when their Hopes come to the laſt Gaſp, after all their Diſapointments, they have one *Salvo* for their Credit, that

*In Magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.*

*In Great Exploits our bare Attempts ſuffice.*

And ſo inveigh againſt the Shortneſs of their Life, which allows them not Time enough to bring their Deſigns to a Maturity and Perfection.

WHETHER *Dice-Players* [FIG. XX.] may be ſo favourably dealt with as to be admitted among the reſt is ſcarce yet reſolved upon: But ſure it is hugely vain and ridiculous, when we ſee ſome Perſons ſo devoutly addicted to this Diverſion, that at the firſt Rattle of the Box their Heart ſhakes within them, and keeps Conſort with the Motion of the Dice: They are egg'd on ſo long with the Hopes of always Winning, till at laſt, in a literal Senſe, they have *thrown away* their whole Eſtate, and made Shipwrack of all they have, ſcarce eſcaping to Shore with their own Cloaths to their Backs; thinking it in the mean while a great Piece of Religi-

on

20 Fig. p. 66.

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on to be juſt in the Payment of their Stakes, and will cheat any Creditor ſooner than him who truſts them in Play: And that poring Old Men, that cannot tell their Caſt without the Help of Spectacles, ſhould be ſweating at the ſame Sport; nay, that ſuch decrepit Blades, as by the Gout have loſt the Uſe of their Fingers, ſhou'd look over, and hire others to throw for them; This indeed is prodigiouſly extravagant, but the Conſequence of it ends ſo oft in downright Madneſs, that it ſeems rather to belong to the Furies than to Folly.

THE next to be placed among the Regiment of *Fools* are ſuch as make a Trade of telling or inquiring after incredible Stories of *Miracles* and *Prodigies*: Never doubting that a Lie will choak them, they'll muſter up a Thouſand ſeveral ſtrange Relations of Spirits, Ghoſts, Apparitions, raiſing of the Devil, and ſuch like Bugbears of Superſtition, which the farther they are from being probably true, the more greedily they are ſwallow'd, and the more devoutly believ'd. And theſe Abſurdities do not only bring an empty Pleaſure, and cheap Divertiſement, but they are a good Trade, and procure a comfortable Income to ſuch Prieſts and Friars as by this Craft get their Gain. To theſe again are nearly related ſuch others as attribute ſtrange Virtues to the *Shrines* and *Images* of Saints and Martyrs, and ſo would make their credulous Proſelytes believe, that if they pay their Devotion to St. *Chriſtopher* in the Morning, they ſhall be guarded and ſecured the Day following from

all

all Dangers and Misfortunes: If Soldiers [FIG. XXI.] when they firſt take Arms, ſhall

come and mumble over ſuch a Set Prayer before the Picture of St. *Barbara*, they ſhall return ſafe from all Engagements; or if any pray to *Eraſmus* on ſuch particular Holidays, with the Ceremony of Wax-Chandles, and other Fopperies, he ſhall in a ſhort time be rewarded with a plentiful Increaſe of Wealth and

and Riches. The Chriſtians have now their Gigantick St. *George*, as well as the Pagans had their *Hercules*; they paint the Saint on Horſeback, and drawing the Horſe in ſplendid Trappings, very glorionſly accoutred, they ſcarce refrain in a Literal Senſe from Worſhipping the *very Beaſt*.

WHAT ſhall I ſay of ſuch as cry up and maintain the Cheat of *Pardons* and *Indulgences*? That by theſe compute the Time of each Soul's Reſidence in Purgatory, and aſſign them a longer or ſhorter Continuance, according as they purchaſe more or fewer of theſe paltry Pardons, and ſaleable Exemptions? Or what can be ſaid bad enough of ſuch others, as pretend that by the Force of ſuch Magical Charms, or by the Fumbling over their *Beads* in the Rehearſal of ſuch and ſuch Petitions, (which ſome Religious Impoſtors invented, either for Diverſion, or, what is more likely, for Advantage,) they ſhall procure Riches, Honour, Pleaſure, Health, Long Life, a luſty Old Age, nay, after Death a Sitting at the Right Hand of our Saviour in his Kingdom; tho' as to this laſt Part of their Happineſs they care not how long it be deferr'd, having ſcarce any Appetite toward a Taſting the *Joys of Heaven*, till they are ſurfeited, glutted with, and can no longer reliſh their *Enjoyments on Earth*. By this eaſie Way of purchaſing Pardons, any Notorious Highwayman, any Plundering Soldier, or any Bribe-taking Judge, ſhall diſburſe ſome part of their unjuſt Gains, and ſo think all their groſſeſt Impieties ſufficiently atoned for; ſo many Perjuries,

Perjuries, Luſts, Drunkenneſs, Quarrels, Bloodſheds, Cheats, Treacheries, and all Sorts of Debaucheries, ſhall all be, as it were, ſtruck a Bargain for, and ſuch a Contract made, as if they had paid off all *Arrears*, and might now begin upon a *New Score*.

AND what can be more ridiculous, than for ſome others to be confident of going to Heaven by repeating daily thoſe Seven Verſes out of the *Pſalms*, which the *Devil* taught St. *Bernard*, [FIG. XXII.] thinking thereby to have put a Trick upon him, but that he was over-reach'd in his Cunning?

SEVERAL of theſe Fooleries, which are ſo groſs and abſurd, as I my ſelf am even aſham'd to own, are practiſed and admired, not only by the Vulgar, but by ſuch Proficients in Religion as one might well expect ſhould have more Wit.

FROM the ſame Principles of Folly proceeds the Cuſtom of each Country's Challenging their particular *Guardian-Saint*; nay, each Saint has his *diſtinct Office* allotted to him, and is accordingly addreſs'd to upon the reſpective Occaſions: As one for the Tooth-ach, another to grant an eaſie Delivery in Child-birth, a third to help Perſons to loſt Goods, another to protect Seamen in a long Voyage, a fifth to guard the Farmers Cows and Sheep, and ſo on; for to rehearſe all Inſtances would be extreamly tedious.

THERE are ſome more *Catholick Saints* petition'd to upon all Occaſions, as more eſpecially the *Virgin Mary*, whoſe blind Devotees think it Manners now to place the Mother before the Son.

AND

*Fig. 22. 70. p.*

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AND of all the Prayers and Interceſſions that are made to theſe reſpective Saints, the Subſtance of them is no more than downright Folly. Among all the Trophies that for Tokens of Gratitude are hung upon the Walls and Ceilings of Churches, you ſhall find no Relicks preſented as a *Memorandum* of any that were ever cured of Folly, or had been made one Dram the Wiſer. One perhaps after a Shipwrack got ſafe to Shore; another recover'd when he had been run thro' by an Enemy; one, when all his Fellow-Soldiers were kill'd upon the Spot, as Cunningly perhaps as Cowardly, made his Eſcape from the Field; another, while he was a Hanging, the Rope broke, and ſo he ſaved his Neck, and renewed his Licence for practiſing his Old Trade of Thieving; another broke Goal, and got looſe; a Patient, againſt his Phyſicians Will, recover'd of a dangerous Feaver; another drank Poiſon, which putting him into a violent Looſeneſs, did his Body more Good than Hurt, to the great Grief of his Wife, who hoped upon this Occaſion to have become a joyful Widow; another had his Waggon overturn'd, and yet none of his Horſes lamed; another had caught a grievous Fall, and yet recover'd from the Bruiſe; another had been tampering with his Neighbour's Wife, and eſcaped very narrowly from being catch'd by the enraged Cuckold in the very Act. After all theſe Acknowledgments of Eſcapes from ſuch ſingular Dangers, there is none (as I have before intimated) that returns Thanks for being freed from Folly; Folly being ſo ſweet and

and luſcious, that it is rather ſued for as a Happineſs, than deprecated as a Puniſhment. But why ſhould I launch out into ſo wide a Sea of Superſtitions?

*Non mihi ſi linguæ centum ſint, oraque centum,*
*Ferrea vox, omnes fatuorum evolvere formas,*
*Omnia ſtultitiæ percurrere nomina poſſim.*

Had I as many Tongues as *Argus*, Eyes,
*Briareus*, Hands, they would not all ſuffice
*Folly* in all her Shapes to 'Epitomize.

ALMOST all Chriſtians being wretchedly enſlaved to Blindneſs and Ignorance, which the *Prieſts* are ſo far from preventing or removing, that they blacken the Darkneſs, and promote the Deluſion; wiſely foreſeeing that the People (like Cows, which never give down their Milk ſo well as when they are gently ſtroaked,) would part with leſs if they knew more, their *Bounty* proceeding only from a Miſtake of *Charity*. Now if any Grave Wiſe Man ſhould ſtand up, and unſeaſonably ſpeak the Truth, telling every one that a Pious Life is the only Way of ſecuring a Happy Death; that the beſt Title to a *Pardon* of our Sins is purchaſed by a hearty *Abhorrence* of our Guilt, and ſincere Reſolutions of *Amendment*; that the beſt *Devotion* which can be paid to any *Saints* is to *imitate* them in their exemplary Life: If he ſhould proceed thus to inform them of their ſeveral Miſtakes, there would be quite another Eſtimate put upon Tears, Watchings, Maſſes, Faſtings, and other Severities,

rities, which before were ſo much prized, as Perſons will now be vext to loſe that Satisfaction they formerly found in them.

In the ſame Predicament of *Fools* are to be ranked ſuch, as while they are yet Living, and in good Health, take ſo great a Care how they ſhall be *Buried* when they Die, that they ſolemnly appoint how many Torches, how many Scutcheons, how many Gloves to be given, and how many Mourners they will have at their Funeral; as if they thought they themſelves in their Coffins could be ſenſible of what Reſpect was paid to their Corps; or as if they doubted they ſhould reſt a whit the leſs quiet in the Grave if they were with leſs State and Pomp interr'd.

Now though I am in ſo great haſte, as I would not willingly be ſtopt or detained, yet I cannot paſs by without beſtowing ſome Remarks upon another Sort of *Fools*; who, tho' their firſt Deſcent was perhaps no better than from a Tapſter or Tinker, yet highly value themſelves upon their *Birth* and *Parentage*. One fetches his Pedigree from *Æneas*, another from *Brute*, a third from King *Arthur*: They hang up their Anceſtors Worm-eaten Pictures as Records of Antiquity, and keep a long Liſt of their Predeceſſors, with an Account of all their Offices and Titles, while they themſelves are but Tranſcripts of their Forefathers dumb Statues, and degenerate even into thoſe very *Beaſts*, which they carry in their Coat of Arms as *Enſigns* of their Nobility: And yet by a ſtrong Preſumption of their Birth and Quality, they Live not only

the moſt pleaſant and unconcerned themſelves, but there are not wanting others too who cry up theſe Brutes almoſt equal to the Gods. But why ſhould I dwell upon One or Two Inſtances of Folly when there are ſo many of like Nature? *Conceitedneſs* and *Self-Love* making many by Strength of Fancy believe themſelves happy, when otherwiſe they are really Wretched and Deſpicable. Thus the moſt Apefac'd, [FIG. XXIII.] Ug-

lieſt

lieſt Fellow in the whole Town, ſhall think himſelf a Mirrour of Beauty: Another ſhall be ſo proud of his Parts, that if he can but mark out a Triangle with a pair of Compaſſes, he thinks he has maſtered all the Difficulties of *Geometry*, and could outdo *Euclid* himſelf. A third ſhall admire himſelf for a raviſhing Muſician, though he have no more Skill in the handling of any Inſtrument than a *Pig* playing on the *Organs*: And another that rattles in the Throat as hoarſe as a Cock crows, ſhall be proud of his Voice, and think he ſings like any *Nightingale*.

THERE is another very pleaſant Sort of Madneſs, whereby Perſons aſſume to *themſelves* whatever of Accompliſhment they diſcern in *others*. Thus the Happy *Rich Churl* in *Seneca*, who had ſo ſhort a Memory, as he could not tell the leaſt Story without a Servant's ſtanding by to prompt him, and was at the ſame ſo weak as he could ſcarce go upright, yet he thought he might adventure to accept a Challenge to a Duel, becauſe he kept at home ſome luſty, ſturdy Fellows, whoſe Strength he relied upon inſtead of his own.

IT is almoſt needleſs to inſiſt upon the ſeveral *Profeſſors* of Arts and Sciences, who are all ſo egregiouſly conceited, that they would ſooner give up their Title to an Eſtate in Lands, than part with the Reverſion of their Wits: Among theſe, more eſpecially Stage-Players, Muſicians, Orators and Poets, each of which, the more of Duncery they have, the more of Pride, and the leſs their Deſerts be, the greater is their Ambition: And how notoriouſly ſoever dull they be, they meet with

their Admirers; nay, the more ſilly they are, the higher they are extoll'd: Folly (as we have before intimated) never failing of Reſpect and Eſteem. If therefore every one, the more ignorant he is, the greater Satisfaction he is to himſelf, and the more commended by others, to what Purpoſe is to Sweat and Toil in Purſuit of true Learning, which ſhall coſt ſo many Gripes and Pangs of the Brain to acquire, and when obtained, ſhall only make the laborious Student more uneaſie to himſelf, and leſs acceptable to others?

As Nature in her Diſpenſation of Conceitedneſs has dealt with *Private Perſons*, ſo has ſhe given a particular Smatch of Self-Love to each *Country* and *Nation*. Upon this Account it is that the *Engliſh* challenge the Prerogative of having the moſt handſome Women, of the being moſt accompliſhed in the Skill of Muſick, and of keeping the beſt Tables: The *Scotch* brag of their Gentility, and pretend the Genius of their Native Soil inclines them to be good Diſputants: The *French* think themſelves remarkable for Complaiſance and Good Breeding: The *Sorboniſts* of *Paris* pretend before any others to have made the greateſt Proficiency in Polemick Divinity: The *Italians* value themſelves for Learning and Eloquence; and, like the *Grecians* of Old, account all the World *Barbarians* in reſpect of themſelves; to which piece of Vanity the Inhabitants of *Rome* are more eſpecially addicted, pretending themſelves to be Owners of all thoſe Heroick Virtues which their City ſo many Ages ſince was deſervedly Famous

Famous for. The *Venetians* ſtand upon their Birth and Pedigree. The *Grecians* Pride themſelves in having been the firſt Inventers of moſt Arts, and in their Country being famed for the Product of ſo many Eminent Philoſophers. The *Turks*, and all the other Refuſe of *Mahometiſm*, pretend they profeſs the only true Religion, and laugh at all Chriſtians for Superſtitious, Narrow-ſoul'd Fools. The *Jews* to this Day expect their *Meſſias* as devoutly as they believe in their firſt Prophet *Moſes*. The *Spaniards* challenge the Repute of being accounted good Soldiers. And the *Germans* are noted for their Tall, proper Stature, and for their Skill in Magick. But not to mention any more, I ſuppoſe you are already convinced how great an Improvement and Addition to the Happineſs of Humane Life is occaſioned by Self-love: Next Step to which is *Flattery*; for as Self-love is nothing but the coakſing up of *our ſelves*, ſo the ſame currying and humouring of *others* is termed Flattery.

*FLATTERY*, it is true, is now looked upon as a Scandalous Name, but it is by ſuch only as mind *Words* more than *Things*. They are prejudiced againſt it upon this Account, becauſe they ſuppoſe it juſtles out all Truth and Sincerity: Whereas indeed its Property is quite contrary, as appears from the Examples of ſeveral Brute Creatures: What is more fawning than a *Spaniel*? And yet what is more faithful to his Maſter? What is more fond and loving than a tame *Squirrel*? And what is ſporting and inoffenſive? This little friſking Creature is kept up in a Cage to play withal,

withal, while Lions, Tigers, Leopards, and ſuch other Savage Emblems of Rapine and Cruelty, are ſhewn only for State and Rarity, and otherwiſe yield no Pleaſure to their reſpective Keepers.

THERE is indeed a pernicious deſtructive Sort of *Flattery*, wherewith Rookers and Sharks work their ſeveral Ends upon ſuch as they can make a Prey of, by decoying them into Traps and Snares beyond Recovery: But that which is the Effect of Folly is of a much different Nature; it proceeds from a ſoftneſs of Spirit, and a flexibleneſs of Good Humour, and comes far nearer to Virtue than that other Extream of Friendſhip, namely, a ſtiff, ſower, dogged Moroſeneſs: It refreſhes our Minds when tired, enlivens them when melancholly, reinforces them when languiſhing, invigorates them when heavy, recovers them when ſick, and pacifies them when rebellious: It puts us in a Method how to procure Friends, and how to keep them; it entices Children to ſwallow the bitter Rudiments of Learning; it gives a new ferment to the almoſt ſtagnated Souls of Old Men; it both reproves and inſtructs Princes without Offence under the Maſk of Commendation: In ſhort, it makes every Man fond and indulgent of himſelf, which is indeed no ſmall Part of each Man's Happineſs, and at the ſame time renders him obliging and complaiſant in all Company, where it is pleaſant to ſee how the Aſſes rub and ſcratch one another. This again is a great Accompliſhment to an Orator, a greater to a Phyſician, and the only one to a Poet: In fine, it is the

beſt

beſt Sweetner to all Afflictions, and gives a true Reliſh to the otherwiſe inſipid Enjoyments of our whole Life. Ay, but (ſay you) to *Flatter* is to *Deceive*; and to Deceive is very harſh and hurtful: No, rather juſt contrary; nothing is more welcome and bewitching than the *being deceived*. They are much to be blamed for an undiſtinguiſhing Head, that make a Judgment of Things according to what they are in *themſelves*, when their whole Nature conſiſts barely in the *Opinions* that are had of them. For all ſublunary Matters are inveloped in ſuch a Cloud of Obſcurity, that the Short-ſightedneſs of Humane Underſtanding cannot pry through and arrive to any comprehenſive Knowledge of them: Hence the Sect of *Academick* Philoſophers have modeſtly reſolved, that all things being no more than *Probable*, nothing can be known as *Certain*; or if there could, yet would it but interrupt and abate from the Pleaſure of a more happy *Ignorance*. Finally, our Souls are ſo Faſhioned and Moulded, that they are ſooner Captivated by *Appearances*, than by *Real Truths*; of which, if any one would demand an Example, he may find a very familiar one in *Churches*, where, if what is delivered from the Pulpit be a grave, ſolid, rational Diſcourſe, all the Congregation grow weary, and fall aſleep, till their Patience be releaſed; whereas if the *Preacher* (pardon the Impropriety of the Word, the *Prater* I would have ſaid,) be Zealous in his Thumps of the Cuſhion, and Antick Geſtures, and ſpend his Glaſs in the telling of pleaſant Stories, his *Beloved* ſhall then ſtand up,

tuck

tuck their Hair behind their Ears, and be very devoutly attentive. So among the *Saints*, thoſe are moſt reſorted to who are moſt Romantick and Fabulous: As for Inſtance, a Poetick St. *George*, a St. *Chriſtopher*, or a St. *Barbara*, ſhall be oftner pray'd to than St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, nay, perhaps than *Chriſt* himſelf: But this, it is poſſible, may more properly be referr'd to another Place.

IN the mean while obſerve what a *cheap* Purchaſe of *Happineſs* is made by the Strength of *Fancy*. For whereas many Things, even of inconſiderable Value, would coſt a great deal of Pains, and perhaps Pelf, to procure; *Opinion* ſpares Charges, and yet gives us them in as ample a Manner by *Conceit*, as if we poſſeſs'd them in *Reality*. Thus he who feeds on ſuch a *ſtinking* Diſh of Fiſh, as another muſt hold his Noſe at a Yard's diſtance from; yet if he feed heartily, and reliſh them palatably, they are to him as good as if they were *freſh* caught: Whereas on the other Hand, if any one be invited to never ſo dainty a Joul of *Sturgeon*, if it go againſt his Stomach to eat any, he may ſit a Hungry, and bite his Nails with greater Appetite than his *Victuals*. If a Woman be never ſo ugly and nauſeous, yet if her Husband can but *think* her handſome, it is all one to him as if ſhe really *were* ſo: If any Man have never ſo ordinary and ſmutty a *Draught*, yet if admires the Excellency of it, and can ſuppoſe it to have been drawn by ſome Old *Apelles*, or Modern *Vandike*, he is as proud of it as if it had really been done by one of their Hands. I knew a Friend

Friend of mine that preſented his Bride with ſeveral Falſe and Counterfeit *Stones*, making her believe that they were right *Jewels*, and coſt him ſo many Hundred Thouſand Crowns; under this Miſtake the poor Woman was as choice of *Pebbles*, and *Painted Glaſs*, as if they had been ſo many Natural *Rubies* and *Diamonds*, while the ſubtle Husband ſav'd a great deal in his Pocket, and yet made his Wife as well pleaſed as if he had been at Ten Hundred times the Coſt. What Difference is there between them that in the darkeſt Dungeon can with a *Platonick* Brain Survey the whole World in Idea, and him that ſtands in the open Air, and takes a leſs deluding Proſpect of the Univerſe? If the *Beggar* in *Lucian*, that *dreamt* he was a Prince, had never *wak'd*, his *imaginary* Kingdom had been as great as a *real* one. Between him therefore that *truly* is happy, and him that *thinks* himſelf ſo, there is no perceivable Diſtinction; or if any, the Fool has the better of it: Firſt, Becauſe his Happineſs coſts him leſs, ſtanding him only in the Price of a *ſingle Thought*; and then, Secondly, Becauſe he has more Fellow-companions and Partakers of his good Fortune: For no Enjoyment is comfortable where the Benefit is not imparted to others; nor is any one Station of Life deſirable where we can have no Converſe with Perſons of the ſame Condition with our ſelves: And yet this is the hard Fate of Wiſe Men, who are grown ſo ſcarce, that, like *Phenixes*, they appear but *One* in an Age. The *Grecians*, it is true, reckoned up *Seven* within the narrow Precincts

of

of their own Country; yet I believe, were they to caſt up their Accounts anew, they would not find a half, nay, not a third Part, of *One* in far larger Extent.

FARTHER, when among the ſeveral Good Properties of *Bacchus* this is look'd upon as the chief, namely, that he drowns the Cares and Anxieties of the Mind, though it be indeed but for a ſhort while; for after a ſmall *Nap*, when our Brains are a little ſettled, they all return to their former Corrodings: How much greater is the more durable Advantage which I bring? While by one uninterrupted Fit of being *Drunk* in *Conceit*, I perpetually cajole the Mind with Riots, Revels, and all the Exceſs and Energy of Joy.

ADD to this, that I am ſo *Communicative* and Bountiful, as to let no one particular Perſon paſs without ſome Token of my Favour; whereas other Deities beſtow their Gifts ſparingly to their *Elect* only. *Bacchus* has not thought fit that every Soil ſhould bear the ſame Juice-yielding Grape: *Venus* has not given to all a like Portion of Beauty: *Mercury* endows but few with the Knack of an Accompliſhed Eloquence: *Hercules* gives not to all the ſame Meaſure of Wealth and Riches: *Jupiter* has ordained but a few to be Born to a Kingdom: *Mars* in Battle gives the compleat Victory but to one Party; nay, he often makes them both Loſers: *Apollo* does not anſwer the Expectation of all that conſult his Oracles: *Jove* oft thunders: *Phœbus* ſometimes ſhoots the Plague, or ſome other Infection, at the point of his Darts: And *Neptune* ſwallows down

down more than he bears up: Not to mention their *Ve-Jupiters*, their *Pluto's*, their *Ate Goddeſs of Loſs*, their *Evil Genius's*, and ſuch other Monſters of Divinity, as had more of the *Hangman* than the *God* in them, and were Worſhipped only to deprecate that Hurt which uſed to be inflicted by them: I ſay, not to mention theſe, I am that high and mighty *Goddeſs*, whoſe *Liberality* is of as large an Extent as her *Omnipotence*: I give to all that ask; I never appear Sullen, nor out of Humour, nor ever demand any Atonement or Satisfaction for the Omiſſion of any Ceremonious Puctilio in my Worſhip: I do not Storm or Rage, if Mortals, in their Addreſſes to the other Gods, paſs me by Unregarded, without the Acknowledgment of any Reſpect or Application: Whereas all the other Gods are ſo ſcrupulous and exact, that it often proves leſs dangerous manfully to deſpiſe them, than ſneakingly to attempt the Difficulty of pleaſing them. Thus ſome Men are of that captious, froward Humour, that a Man had better be wholly *Strangers* to them, than never ſo intimate *Friends*.

WELL, but there are none (ſay you) Build any *Altars*, or Dedicate any *Temple* to Folly. I admire (as I have before intimated) that the World ſhould be ſo wretchedly ungrateful. But I am ſo Good-natur'd as to paſs by and Pardon this ſeeming Affront, though indeed the Charge thereof, as unneceſſary, may well be ſaved; for to what Purpoſe ſhould I demand the *Sacrifice* of Frankincenſe, Cakes, Goats, and Swine, ſince all Perſons every-where pay me

me that more acceptable *Service*, which all Divines agree to be more effectual and meritorious, namely, an *Imitation* of my communicable Attributes? I do not therefore any Way envy *Diana* for having her Altars bedewed with Human Blood: I think my ſelf then moſt Religiouſly adored, when my reſpective *Devotees* (as is their uſual Cuſtom) conform themſelves to my Practice, tranſcribe my Pattern, and ſo live the *Copy* of me their *Original*. And truly this Pious Devotion is not ſo much in Uſe among Chriſtians as is much to be wiſhed it were: For how many Zealous *Votaries* are there that pay ſo profound a Reſpect to the *Virgin Mary*, as to place *lighted* [FIG. XXIV.] Tapers even at *Noon-day* upon her Altars? And yet how few of them Copy after her untouch'd Chaſtity, her Modeſty, and her other commendable Virtues, in the Imitation whereof conſiſts the trueſt Eſteem of *Divine Worſhip*? Farther, why ſhould I deſire a *Temple*, ſince the whole World is but one ample continued Choir, entirely Dedicated to my Uſe and Service? Nor do I want *Worſhippers* at any Place where the Earth wants not *Inhabitants*. And as to the manner of my Worſhip, I am not yet ſo irrecoverably fooliſh, as to be prayed to by *Proxy*, and to have my Honour immediately beſtowed upon Senſleſs *Images* and *Pictures*, which quite ſubvert the true End of Religion; while the unwary Supplicants ſeldom diſtinguiſh betwixt the *things themſelves*, and the *Objects* they *repreſent*. The ſame Reſpect in the mean while is paid to me in a more Legiti-

mate

Fig. 24. p. 84.

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mate Manner; for to me there are as many Statues erected as there are moving Fabricks of Mortality; every Perſon, even againſt his own Will, carrying the Image of me, *i. e.* the Signal of Folly inſtamped on his Countenance. I have not therefore the leaſt tempting Inducement to envy the more ſeeming State and Splendor of the other Gods, who are Worſhipped at Set *Times* and *Places*; as *Phœbus* at *Rhodes*, *Venus* in her *Cyprian* Iſle, *Juno* in the City *Argos*, *Minerva* at *Athens*, *Jupiter* on the Hill *Olympus*, *Neptune* at *Tarentum*, and *Priapus* in the Town of *Lampſacum*; while my *Worſhip* extending as far as my *Influence*, the Whole World is my *One Altar*, whereon the moſt valuable Incenſe and Sacrifice is perpetually offered up.

BUT leſt I ſhould ſeem to ſpeak this with more of Confidence than Truth, let us take a nearer View of the Mode of Mens Lives, whereby it will be rendred more apparently evident what Largeſſes I every where beſtow, and how much I am reſpected and eſteem'd of Perſons, from the higheſt to the baſeſt Quality. For the proof whereof, it being too tedious to inſiſt upon each Particular, I ſhall only mention ſuch in general as are moſt worthy the Remark, from which by Analogy we may eaſily judge of the Remainder. And indeed to what Purpoſe would it be ſingly to recount the Commonalty and Rabble of Mankind, who beyond all Queſtion are entirely on my Side? And for a Token of their Vaſſalage do wear my Livery in ſo many older Shapes, and more newly invented Modes of Folly, that

the Lungs of a Thouſand *Democritus*'s would never hold out to ſuch a Laughter as this Subject would excite; and to theſe Thouſand muſt be ſuperadded One more, to laugh at them as much as they do at the other.

IT is indeed almoſt incredible to relate what Mirth, what Sport, what Diverſion, the grovelling Inhabitants here on Earth give to the above-ſeated Gods in Heaven: For theſe Exalted Deities ſpend their faſting ſober Hours in liſtning to thoſe Petitions that are offered up, and in ſuccouring ſuch as they are appealed to for Redreſs; but when they are a little entred at a Glaſs of Nectar, they then throw off all ſerious Concerns, and go and place themſelves on the Aſcent of ſome Promontory in Heaven, and from thence Survey the little Mole-hill of Earth. And truſt me, there cannot be a more delightſome Proſpect, than to view ſuch a Theatre ſo ſtuff'd and cramm'd with Swarms of Fools. One falls deſperately in *Love*, and the more he is ſlighted, the more does his Spaniel-like Paſſion increaſe: Another is wedded to *Wealth* rather than to a *Wife*: A Third *Pimps* for his own Spouſe, and is content to be a Cuckold ſo he may wear his Horns Gulit: A Fourth is haunted with a *Jealouſie* of his viſiting Neighbours: Another ſobs, and roars, and plays the Child, for the *Death* of a Friend or Relation; and leſt his own Tears ſhould not riſe high enough to expreſs the Torrent of his Grief, he hires other Mourners to accompany the Corps to the Grave, and ſing its *Requiem* in Sighs and Lamentations: Another hypocritically weeps at the *Funeral* of one whoſe

Death

Death at Heart he rejoices for: Here a *glutto-nous* Cormorant, whatever he can ſcrape up, thruſts all into his Guts to pacifie the cryings of a hungry Stomach: There a *lazy* Wretch ſits yawning and ſtretching, and thinks nothing ſo deſirable as Sleep and Idleneſs: Some are extreamly induſtrious in *other Mens* Buſineſs, and ſottiſhly neglectful of their *own*: Some think themſelves Rich becauſe their *Credit* is great, though they can never Pay till they Break, and Compound for their Debts: One is ſo covetous that he *lives Poor* to *die Rich*: One for a little uncertain Gain will venture croſs the rougheſt Seas, and expoſe his *Life* for the Purchaſe of a *Livelihood*: Another will depend on the Plunders of *War*, rather than on the Honeſt Gains of *Peace*: Some will cloſe with, and humour ſuch warm Old Blades as have a good Eſtate, and no Children of their own to beſtow it upon: Others practice the ſame Art of *Wheedling* upon good Old Women, that have hoarded and coffer'd up more Bags than they know how to diſpoſe of; both of theſe ſly Flatteries make fine Sport for the Gods, when they are beat at their own Weapons, and (as oft happens) are gull'd by thoſe very Perſons they intended to make a Prey of: There is another Sort of Baſe Scoundrels in Gentility, ſuch ſcraping Merchants, who although for the better vent of their Commodities they Lie, Swear, Cheat, and Practice all the Intrigues of Diſhoneſty, yet think themſelves no Way Inferior to Perſons of the higheſt Quality, only becauſe they have raked together a plentiful Eſtate; and there are not

wanting ſuch inſinuating *Hangers on*, as ſhall Careſs and Compliment them with the greateſt Reſpect, in hopes to go *Snacks* in ſome of their diſhoneſt Gains: There are others ſo infected with the Philoſophical Paradox of baniſhing *Propriety*, and having all Things in *Common*, that they make no Conſcience of faſtning on, and purloining whatever they can get, and converting it to their own Uſe and Poſſeſſion: There are ſome who are Rich only in *Wiſhes*; and yet while they barely dream of vaſt Mountains of Wealth, they are as happy as if their imaginary *Fancies* commenc'd real *Truths*: Some put on the *beſt Side* outermoſt, and ſtarve themſelves at *Home* to appear gay and ſplendid *Abroad*: One with an open-handed Freedom ſpends all he lays his Fingers on; another with a *Logick-fiſted* Gripingneſs catches at and graſps all he can come within the Reach of: One apes it about in the Streets to Court Popularity; another conſults his Eaſe, and ſticks to the *Confinement* of a Chimney-corner: Many others are tugging hard at *Law* for a Trifle, and drive on an endleſs Suit, only to enrich a Deferring Judge, or a Knaviſh Advocate: One is for *New-modelling* a Settled Government; another is for ſome Notable Heroical Attempt; and a Third by all Means muſt Travel a *Pilgrim* [FIG. XXV.] to *Rome*, *Jeruſalem*, or ſome Shrine of a Saint elſewhere, though he have no other Buſineſs than the Paying of a formal impertinent Viſit, leaving his Wife and Children to faſt, while he himſelf forſooth is gone to pray. In ſhort, if (as *Lucian* fancies *Menippus* to have done heretofore)

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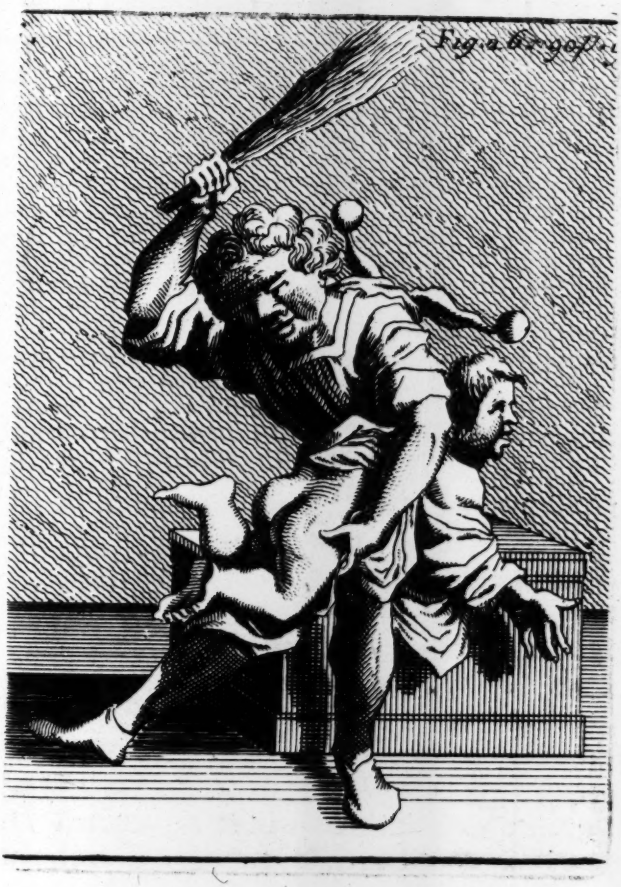
heretofore) any Man could now again look down from the Orb of the Moon, he would ſee thick Swarms, as it were, of Flies and Gnats, that were quarrelling with each other, Juſtling, Fighting, Fluttering, Skipping, Playing, juſt new produced, ſoon after decaying, and then immediately vaniſhing: And it can ſcarce be thought how many Tumults and Tragedies ſo inconſiderate a Creature as *Man* does give Occaſion to, and that in ſo ſhort a Space as the ſmall Span of Life; ſubject to ſo many Caſualties, that the Sword, Peſtilence, and other Epidemick Accidents, ſhall many times ſweep away whole Thouſands at a Bruſh.

BUT hold; I ſhould but expoſe my ſelf too far, and incur the Guilt of being roundly laugh'd at, if I proceed to enumerate the ſeveral Kinds of the Folly of the Vulgar. I ſhall confine therefore my following Diſcourſe only to ſuch as challenge the *Repute* of Wiſdom, and ſeemingly paſs for Men of the ſoundeſt Intellectuals. Among whom the *Grammarians* preſent themſelves in the Front, a Sort of Men who would be the moſt miſerable, the moſt ſlaviſh, and the moſt hateful of all Perſons, if I did not ſome way alleviate the Preſſures and Miſeries of their Profeſſion, by bleſſing them with a bewitching Sort of Madneſs: For they are not only liable to thoſe *Five Curſes*, which they ſo oft recite from the firſt five Verſes of *Homer*, but to Five Hundred more of a worſe Nature; as always damn'd to Thirſt and Hunger, to be choak'd with Duſt in their unſwept Schools, (*Schools* ſhall I term them,

or rather *Elaboratories*, nay, *Bridewels*, and Houſes of Correction?) to wear out themſelves in Fret and Drudgery; to be deafen'd with the Noiſe of gaping Boys; and in ſhort, to be ſtifled with Heat and Stench; and yet they cheerfully diſpence with all theſe Inconveniences, and, by the Help of a fond Conceit, think themſelves as happy as any Men living; taking a great Pride and Delight in frowning and looking big upon the trembling Urchins, in boxing, ſlaſhing, ſtriking with the *Ferula*, and in the Exerciſe of all their other Methods of Tyranny; while thus lording it over a Parcel of young, weak Chits, [FIG. XXVI.] they imitate the *Cuman* Aſs, and think themſelves as ſtately as a Lion, that domineers over all the inferiour Herd. Elevated with this Conceit, they can hold Filth and Naſtineſs to be an Ornament, can reconcile their Noſe to the moſt intollerable Smells; and finally, think their wretched Slavery the moſt Arbitrary Kingdom, which they would not exchange for the Juriſdiction of the moſt Sovereign Potentate: And they are yet more happy by a ſtrong Perſwaſion of their own Parts and Abilities; for thus when their Employment is only to rehearſe Silly Stories, and Poetical Fictions, they'll yet think themſelves wiſer than the beſt experienced Philoſopher; nay, they have an Art of making ordinary People, ſuch as their School-boys fond Parents, to think them as conſiderable as their own Pride has made them. Add hereunto this Sort of raviſhing Pleaſure: When any of them has found



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found out who was the Mother of *Anchiſes*, or has lighted upon ſome old unuſual Word, ſuch as *Bubſequa*, *Bovinator*, *Manticulator*, or other like obſolete *cramp Terms*; or can, after a great deal of poring, ſpell out the Inſcription of ſome batter'd Monument, Lord! what Joy, what Triumph, what Congratulating their Succeſs, as if they had conquer'd *Africa*, or taken *Babylon* the Great! When they recite ſome of their frothy, bombaſt Verſes, if any happen to admire them, they are preſently fluſh'd with the leaſt Hint of Commendation, and devoutly thank *Pythagoras* for his grateful *Hypotheſis*, whereby they are now become actuated with a Deſcent of *Virgil*'s Poetick Soul. Nor is any Divertiſement more pleaſant, than when they meet to flatter and curry one another; yet they are ſo critical, that if any one hap to be guilty of the leaſt Slip or ſeeming Blunder, another ſhall preſently correct him for it, and then to it they go in a Tongue-combat, with all the Fervour, Spleen and Eagerneſs imaginable. May *Priſcian* himſelf be my Enemy if what I am now going to ſay be not exactly true. I knew an Old Sophiſter, that was a *Grecian*, a *Latiniſt*, a *Mathematician*, a *Philoſopher*, a *Muſician*, and all to the utmoſt Perfection, who after Threeſcore Years Experience in the World, had ſpent the laſt Twenty of them only in drudging to conquer the Criticiſms of Grammar, and made it the chief Part of his Prayers, that his Life might be ſo long ſpared till he had learn'd how rightly to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Eight Parts of Speech, which no Grammarian, whether

ther *Greek* or *Latin*, had yet accurately done. If any chance to have placed that as a *Conjunction* which ought to have been uſed as an *Adverb*, it is a ſufficient Alarm to raiſe a War for doing Juſtice to the injur'd Word. And ſince there have been as many ſeveral Grammars, as particular Grammarians, (nay, more, for *Aldus* alone wrot Five diſtinct Grammars for his own Share,) the School-maſter muſt be obliged to conſult them all, ſparing for no Time nor Trouble, tho' never ſo great, leſt he ſhould be otherwiſe poſed in an unobſerv'd Criticiſm, and ſo by an irreparable Diſgrace loſe the Reward of all his Toil. It is indifferent to me whether you call this Folly or Madneſs, ſince you muſt needs confeſs that it is by my Influence theſe School-tyrants, though in never ſo deſpicable a Condition, are ſo happy in their own Thoughts, that they would not change Fortunes with the moſt Illuſtrious Sophy of *Perſia*.

THE *Poets*, however ſomewhat leſs beholden to me, own a profeſs'd Dependance on me, being a Sort of Lawleſs Blades, that by Preſcription claim a *Licence* to a Proverb, while the whole Intent of their Profeſſion is only to ſmooth up and Tickle the Ears of *Fools*, and that by meer Toys and fabulous Shams, with which (however ridiculous) they are ſo bolſtered up in an airy Imagination, as to promiſe them an Everlaſting Name, and promiſe, by their Balderdaſh, at the ſame time to celebrate the Never-dying Memory of others. To theſe rapturous Wits Self-love and Flattery are never-failing Attendants; nor do

do any prove more zealous or conſtant Devotees to Folly.

THE *Rhetoricians* likewiſe, though they are ambitious of being rank'd among the Philoſophers, yet are apparently of my Faction, as appears among other Arguments, by this more eſpecially; in that among their ſeveral Topicks of compleating the Art of Oratory, they all particularly inſiſt upon the Knack of Jeſting, which is one Species of Folly; as is evident from the Books of Oratory wrot to *Herennius*, put among *Cicero*'s Work, but done by ſome other unknown Author; and in *Quintilian*, that Great Maſter of Eloquence, there is one large Chapter ſpent in preſcribing the Methods of raiſing *Laughter*: In ſhort, they may well attribute a great Efficacy to Folly, ſince on any Argument they can many times by a Slight *laugh over* what they could never ſeriouſly *confute*.

OF the ſame Gang are thoſe Scribbling Fops, who think to Eternize their Memory by ſetting up for *Authors*: Among which, though they are all ſome way indebted to me, yet are thoſe more eſpecially ſo, who ſpoil Paper in blotting it with meer Trifles and Impertinences. For as to thoſe Graver Drudgers to the *Preſs*, that write Learnedly, beyond the Reach of an ordinary Reader, who durſt ſubmit their Labours to the Review of the moſt ſevere Critick, theſe are not ſo liable to be envied for their Honour, as to be pitied for their Sweat and Slavery. They make Additions, Alterations, blot out, write anew, amend, interline, turn it upſide down, and yet can never pleaſe

their

their fickle Judgment, but that they ſhall diſlike the next Hour what they penn'd the former; and all this to purchaſe the airy Commendations of a few underſtanding Readers, which at moſt is but a poor Reward for all their Faſtings, Watchings, Confinements, and Brain-breaking Tortures of Invention. Add to this the impairing of their Health, the weakening of their Conſtitution, their contracting ſore Eyes, or perhaps turning ſtark Blind; their Poverty, their Envy, their Debarment from all Pleaſures, their haſtening on Old Age, their untimely Death, and what other Inconveniences of a like or worſe Nature can be thought upon: And yet the Recompence for all this ſevere Penance is at beſt no more than a Mouthful or two of frothy Praiſe. Theſe, as they are more laborious, ſo are they leſs happy than thoſe other *Hackney-ſcribblers* which I firſt mention'd, who never ſtand much to conſider, but write what comes next at a Venture, knowing that the more ſilly their Compoſures are, the more they will be bought up by the greater Number of Readers, who are *Fools* and *Blockheads*: And if they hap to be condemn'd by ſome few Judicious Perſons, it is an eaſie Matter by Clamour to drown their Cenſure, and to ſilence them by urging the more numerous Commendations of others. They are yet the Wiſeſt who tranſcribe whole Diſcourſes from others, and then reprint them as their own. By doing ſo they make a cheap and eaſie Seizure to themſelves of that Reputation which coſt the firſt Author ſo much Time and Trouble

to

to procure. If they are at any time prick'd a little in Conſcience for fear of Diſcovery, they feed themſelves however with this Hope, that if they be at laſt found *Plagiaries*, yet at leaſt for ſome time they have the Credit of paſſing for the genuine Authors. It is pleaſant to ſee how all theſe ſeveral Writers are puff'd up with the leaſt Blaſt of Applauſe, eſpecially if they come to the Honour of being pointed at as they walk along the Streets, when their ſeveral *Pieces* are laid open upon every Bookſeller's Stall, when their *Names* are emboſs'd in a different Character upon the Title Page, ſometime only with the Two firſt Letters, and ſometime with fictious cramp Terms, which few ſhall underſtand the Meaning of; and of thoſe that do, all ſhall not agree in their Verdict of the Performance; ſome cenſuring, others approving it, Mens Judgments being as different as their Palates; that being toothſome to one which is unſavoury and nauſeous to another: Tho' it is a Sneaking Piece of Cowardice for Authors to put *feigned Names* to their Works, as if, like *Baſtards* of their Brain, they were afraid to own them. Thus one ſtiles himſelf *Telemachus*, another *Stelenus*, a Third *Polycrates*, another *Thraſymachus*, and ſo on. By the ſame Liberty we may ranſack the whole Alphabet, and jumble together any Letters that come next to hand. It is farther very pleaſant when theſe Coxcombs employ their Pens in writing Congratulatory Epiſtles, Poems and Panegyricks, upon each other, wherein one ſhall be complemented with the Title of *Alcæus*, another.

ther ſhall be character'd for the incomparable *Callimachus*; this ſhall be commended for a compleater Orator than *Tully* himſelf; a Fourth ſhall be told by his Fellow-fool that the Divine *Plato* comes ſhort of him for a Philoſophick Soul. Sometime again they take up the Cudgels, and challenge out an *Antagoniſt*, and ſo get a Name by a Combat at Diſpute and Controverſie, while the unweary Readers draw Sides according to their different Judgments: The longer the Quarrel holds, the more irreconcileable it grows; and when both Parties are weary, they *each* pretend themſelves the *Conquerors*, and both lay Claim to the Credit of coming off with Victory. Theſe Fooleries make Sport for Wiſe Men, as being highly abſurd, ridiculous and extravagant. True, but yet theſe Paper-Combatants, by my Aſſiſtance, are ſo fluſh'd with a Conceit of their own Greatneſs, that they prefer the Solving of a *Syllogiſm* before the Sacking of *Carthage*; and upon the Defeat of a poor Objection carry themſelves more *triumphant* than the moſt Victorious *Scipio*.

NAY, even the *Learned* and more *Judicious*, that have Wit enough to laugh at the other's Folly, are very much beholden to my Goodneſs; which (except Ingratitude have drowned their Ingenuity) they muſt be ready upon all Occaſions to confeſs. Among theſe I ſuppoſe the *Lawyers* [FIG. XXVII.] will ſhuffle in for Precedence, and they of all Men have the greateſt Conceit of their own Abilities. They'll argue as confidently as if they ſpoke *Goſpel* inſtead of *Law*; they'll cite you

Six

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Six Hundred ſeveral *Preſidents*, though not One of them come near to the Caſe in hand: they'll muſter up the Authority of *Judgments*, *Deeds*, *Gloſſes* and *Reports*, and tumble over ſo many muſty *Records*, that they make their Employ, tho' in itſelf Eaſie, the greateſt Slavery imaginable; always accounting that the *beſt Plea* which they have took moſt *Pains* for.

To theſe, as bearing great Reſemblance to them, may be added *Logicians* and *Sophiſters*, Fellows that talk as much by Rote as a Parrot; who ſhall run down a whole Goſſiping of Old Women, nay, ſilence the very Noiſe of a *Belfry*, with louder Clappers than thoſe in the *Steeple*: And if their unappeaſable Clamourouſneſs were the only Fault, it would admit of ſome Excuſe; but they are at the ſame time ſo fierce and quarrelſome, that they'll wrangle bloodily for the leaſt Trifle, and be ſo over-intent and eager, that they many times loſe their Game in the Chace, and fright away that Truth they are hunting for. Yet Self-conceit makes theſe nimble Diſputants ſuch *doughty* Champions, that arm'd with Three or Four cloſe-link'd Syllogiſms, they ſhall enter the *Liſts* with the greateſt Maſters of Reaſon, and not queſtion the Foiling of them in an irreſiſtible *Baffle*: Nay, their Obſtinacy makes them ſo confident of their being in the Right, that all the Arguments in the World ſhall never convince them to the contrary.

NEXT to theſe come the *Philoſophers* in their long Beards and ſhort Cloaks, who eſteem themſelves the only Favourites of Wiſdom, and

look upon the reſt of Mankind as the *Dirt* and *Rubbiſh* of the Creation: Yet theſe Mens Happineſs is only a frantick Craſineſs of Brain; they build Caſtles in the Air, and infinite Worlds in a *Vacuum*. They'll give you to a Hair's Breath the Dimenſions of the Sun, Moon and Stars, [FIG. XXVIII.] as

eaſily as they would do that of a Flaggon or Pipkin; They'll give a punctual Account of the

the Riſe of Thunder, of the Origin of Winds, of the Nature of Eclipſes, and of all the other abſtruſeſt Difficulties in Phyſick, without the leaſt Demur or Heſitation, as if they had been admitted into the Cabinet-Council of Nature, or had been Eye-witneſſes to all the accurate Methods of Creation: Though alas Nature does but laugh at all their puny Conjectures; for they never yet made one conſiderable Diſcovery, as appears in that they are unanimouſly agreed in no one Point of the ſmalleſt Moment; nothing ſo plain or evident but what by ſome or other is oppoſed and contradicted. But though they are ignorant of the Artificial Contexture of the leaſt Inſect, they vaunt however and brag that they know all things, when indeed they are unable to conſtrue the Mechaniſm of their own Body. Nay, when they are ſo Purblind as not to be able to ſee a Stone's caſt before them, yet they ſhall be as ſharp-ſighted as poſſible in ſpying out Idea's, Univerſals, ſeparate Forms, firſt Matters, Quiddities, Formalities, and a Hundred ſuch like Niceties, ſo diminutively *ſmall*, that were not their Eyes extreamly magnifying all the Art of *Opticks* could never make them *diſcernible*. But they then moſt deſpiſe the low groveling Vulgar when they bring out their Parallels, Triangles, Circles, and other Mathematical Figures, drawn up in Battalia like ſo many Spells and Charms of Conjuration in Muſter, with Letters to refer to the Explication of the ſeveral Problems; hereby raiſing Devils as it were, only to have the Credit of laying them, and amuſing the ordi-

nary Spectators into Wonder, becauſe they have not Wit enough to underſtand the Juggle. Of theſe ſome undertake to profeſs themſelves *Judicial Aſtrologers*, pretending to keep Correſpondence with the Stars, and ſo from their Information can reſolve any Query; and tho' it is all but a Preſumptuous Impoſture, yet ſome to be ſure will be ſo great *Fools* as to believe them.

THE *Divines* preſent themſelves next; but it may perhaps be moſt ſafe to paſs them by, and not at all to touch upon ſo harſh a String as this Subject would afford. Beſide, the Undertaking may be very hazardous; for they are a Sort of Men generally very hot and paſſionate; and ſhould I provoke them, I doubt would ſet upon me with a full Cry, and force me with Shame to *recant*: Which if I ſtubbornly refuſe to do, they'll preſently brand me for an *Heretick*, and thunder out an *Excommunication*, which is their Spiritual Weapon to wound ſuch as Lift up a Hand againſt them. It is true, no Men own a leſs Dependance on me, yet have they Reaſon to confeſs themſelves indebted for no ſmall Obligations. For it is by one of my Properties, Self-love, that they fancy themſelves, with the Elder Brother *Paul*, caught up into the Third Heaven, from whence, like Shepherds indeed, they look down upon their Flock the Laity, grazing, as it were, in the Vales of the World below. They fence themſelves in with ſo many Surrounders of Magiſterial Definitions, Concluſions, Corollaries, Propoſitions Explicite and Implicite, that there is no falling in with them;

or

or if they do chance to be urged to a ſeeming *Nonplus*, yet they find out ſo many Evaſions, that all the Art of Man can never bind them ſo faſt, but that an eaſie Diſtinction ſhall give them a Starting-hole to eſcape the Scandal of being baffled. They'll cut aſunder the tougheſt Argument with as much Eaſe as *Alexander* did the *Gordian* Knot: They'll thunder out ſo many rattling Terms as ſhall fright an Adverſary into Conviction. They are exquiſitely dextrous in unfolding the moſt intricate Myſteries: They'll tell you to a Tittle all the ſucceſſive Proceedings of the Omnipotence in the Creation of the Univerſe: They'll explain the preciſe Manner of Original Sin being derived from our Firſt Parents: They'll ſatisfie you in what manner, by what degrees, and in how long a time, our Saviour was conceived in the Virgin's Womb; and demonſtrate in the Conſecrated Wafer how *Accidents* may ſubſiſt without a *Subject*. Nay, theſe are accounted trivial, eaſie Queſtions; they have yet far greater Difficulties behind, which notwithſtanding they ſolve with as much Expedition as the former: As namely, whether Supernatural *Generation* requires any Inſtant of Time for its *Acting*? Whether Chriſt, as a Son, bears a double ſpecifically diſtinct Relation to God the Father, and his Virgin Mother? Whether this Propoſition is poſſible to be true, *The Firſt Perſon of the Trinity hated the Second*? Whether God, who took our Nature upon him in the Form of a Man, could as well have become a Woman, a Devil, a Beaſt, an Herb, or a Stone? And were it ſo poſſible that the Godhead had appear'd in the Shape

of an Inanimate Subſtance, how he ſhould then have preach'd his Goſpel? Or how have been nail'd to the Croſs? Whether if St. *Peter* had celebrated the Euchariſt at the ſame time our Saviour was hanging on the Croſs, the Conſecrated Bread would have been *Tranſubſtantiated* into the ſame Body that remain'd on the Tree? Whether in Chriſt's Corporal Preſence in the Sacramental Wafer his *Humanity* be not abſtracted from his *Godhead*? Whether after the Reſurrection we ſhall carnally eat and drink as we do in this Life? There are a Thouſand other more ſublimated and refined Niceities of *Notions*, *Relations*, *Quantities*, *Formalities*, *Quiddities*, *Hæccities*, and ſuch like *Abſtruſities*, as one would think no one could pry into, except he had not only ſuch Cats-eyes as to ſee beſt in the *Dark*, but even ſuch a piercing Faculty to ſee thro' an Inch-board, and ſpy out what really never had any Being. Add to theſe ſome of their Tenets and Opinions, which are ſo abſurd and extravagant, that the wildeſt Fancies of the Stoicks, which they ſo much diſdain and decry as Paradoxes, ſeem in Compariſon juſt and rational; as their maintaining, That it is a leſs aggravating Fault to kill a Hundred Men, than for a poor Gobler to ſet a Stitch on the Subbath-day; or, That it is more juſtifiable to do the greateſt Injury imaginable to others, than to tell the leaſt Lie our ſelves. And theſe Subtilties are Alchymiz'd to a more refined Sublimate by the abſtracting Brains of their ſeveral School-men; the *Realiſts*, the *Nominaliſts*, the *Thomiſts*, the *Albertiſts*, the *Occamiſts*, the *Scotiſts*; theſe are not all, but

but the Rehearſal of a few only, as a *Specimen* of their divided Sects: In each of which there is ſo much of deep Learning, ſo much of unfathomable Difficulty, that I believe the Apoſtles themſelves would ſtand in need of a new Illuminating *Spirit* if they were to engage in any Controverſie with theſe new Divines. St. *Paul* no queſtion had a full Meaſure of Faith, yet when he lays down Faith to be the *Subſtance of Things not ſeen*, theſe Men carp at it for an imperfect Definition, and would undertake to teach the Apoſtles better Logick. Thus the ſame holy Author wanted for nothing of the Grace of *Charity*, yet (ſay they) he deſcribes and defines it but very unaccurately, when he treats of it in the Thirteenth Chapter of his Firſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*. The Primitive Diſciples were very frequent in adminiſtring the *Holy Sacrament*, *breaking Bread from Houſe to Houſe*; yet ſhould they be asked of the *Terminus a quo*, and the *Terminus ad quem*, the Nature of *Tranſubſtantiation*? The Manner how *One* Body can be in *ſeveral* Places at the ſame Time? The Difference betwixt the ſeveral Attributes of Chriſt in Heaven, on the Croſs, and in Conſecrated Bread? What Time is required for the Tranſubſtantiating the Bread into Fleſh? How it can be done by a ſhort *Sentence* pronounc'd by the Prieſt, which Sentence is a Species of *diſcreet Quantity*, that has no permanent *Punctum*? Were they ask'd (I ſay) theſe, and ſeveral other confuſed Queries, I don't believe they could anſwer ſo readily as our mincing School-men now a-days take a Pride to do. They were well acquainted

ted with the Virgin *Mary*, yet none of them undertook to prove that ſhe was preſerv'd *Immaculate* from Original Sin, as ſome of our Divines very hotly contend for. St. *Peter* had the *Keys* given to him, and that by our Saviour himſelf, who had never entruſted him, except he had known him capable of their Manage and Cuſtody; and it is much to be queſtion'd whether *Peter* was ſenſible of that Subtilty broach'd by *Scotus*, that he may have the *Key* of Knowledge *effectually* for others, who has no Knowledge *actually* in himſelf. Again, *They Baptized all Nations*, and yet never taught what was the *Formal*, *Material*, *Efficient*, and *Final Cauſe* of *Baptiſm*, and certainly never dreamt of diſtinguiſhing between a *Delible* and *Indelible* Character in this Sacrament. They Worſhipped in the *Spirit*, following their Maſter's Injunction, *God is a Spirit, and they which Worſhip him, muſt Worſhip him in Spirit, and in Truth*; yet it don't appear that it was ever reveal'd to them how Divine Adoration ſhould be paid at the ſame time to our *Bleſſed Saviour* in Heaven, and to his *Picture* here below on a Wall, drawn with Two Fingers held out, a Bald Crown, and a Circle round his Head. To reconcile theſe Intricacies to an Appearance of Reaſon requires Threeſcore Years Experience in Metapyſicks.

FARTHER, the Apoſtles often mention *Grace*, yet never diſtinguiſh between *gratia*, *gratis data*, and *gratia gratificans*. They earneſtly exhort us likewiſe to *Good Works*, yet never explain the Difference between *Opus operans*,

*operans*, and *Opus operatum*. They very frequently preſs and invite us to ſeek after *Charity*, without dividing it into *Infuſed* and *Acquired*, or determining whether it be a *Subſtance* or an *Accident*, a *Created* or an *Uncreated Being*. They deteſted Sin themſelves, and warned others from the Commiſſion of it; and yet I am ſure they could never have defined ſo dogmatically, as the *Scotiſts* have ſince done. St. *Paul*, who in others Judgment is no leſs the Chief of the *Apoſtles*, than he was in his own the *Chief of Sinners*, who being *bred at the Feet of* Gamaliel, was certainly more Eminently a Scholar than any of the reſt, yet he often exclaims againſt *vain Philiſophy*, warns us from *doting about Queſtions and Strifes of Words*, and charges us to *avoid profane and vain Babblings, and Oppoſitions of Science falſly ſo called*; which he would not have done if he had thought it worth his while to have become acquainted with them, which he might ſoon have been, the Diſputes of that Age being but ſmall, and more intelligible Sophiſms, in reference to the vaſtly greater Intricacies they are now improved to. But yet however our Scholaſtick Divines are ſo modeſt, that if they meet with any Paſſage in St. *Paul*, or any other Penman of Holy Writ, which is not ſo well modell'd, or critically diſpoſed of, as they could wiſh, they will not roughly condemn it, but bend it rather to a favourable Interpretation, out of Reverence to Antiquity, and Reſpect to the Holy Scriptures; tho' indeed it were unreaſonable to expect any thing of this

this Nature from the Apoſtles, whoſe Lord and Maſter had given unto them to know the *Myſteries of God*, but not thoſe of Philoſophy. If the ſame Divines meet with any thing of like Nature unpalatable in St. *Chryſoſtom*, St. *Baſil*, St. *Hierom*, or others of the Fathers, they will not ſtick to appeal from their Authority, and very fairly reſolve that they lay under a Miſtake: Yet theſe Ancient Fathers were they who confuted both the *Jews* and *Heathens*, though they both obſtinately adher'd to their reſpective Prejudices; they confuted them, (I ſay,) yet by their Lives and Miracles, rather than by Words and Syllogiſms; and the Perſons they thus Proſelyted were downright honeſt well-meaning People, ſuch as underſtood plain Senſe better than any Artificial Pomp of Reaſoning: Whereas if our *Divines* ſhould now ſet about the Gaining *Converts* from Paganiſm by their Metaphyſical Subtilties, they would find that moſt of the Perſons they applied themſelves to were either ſo ignorant as not at all to apprehend them, or elſe ſo impudent as to ſcoff and deride them; or finally, ſo well skill'd at the ſame Weapons, that they would be able to keep their Paſs, and fence off all Aſſaults of Conviction: And this laſt Way the Victory would be altogether as hopeleſs, as if Two Perſons were engaged of ſo equal Strength, that it were impoſſible any one ſhould overpower the other.

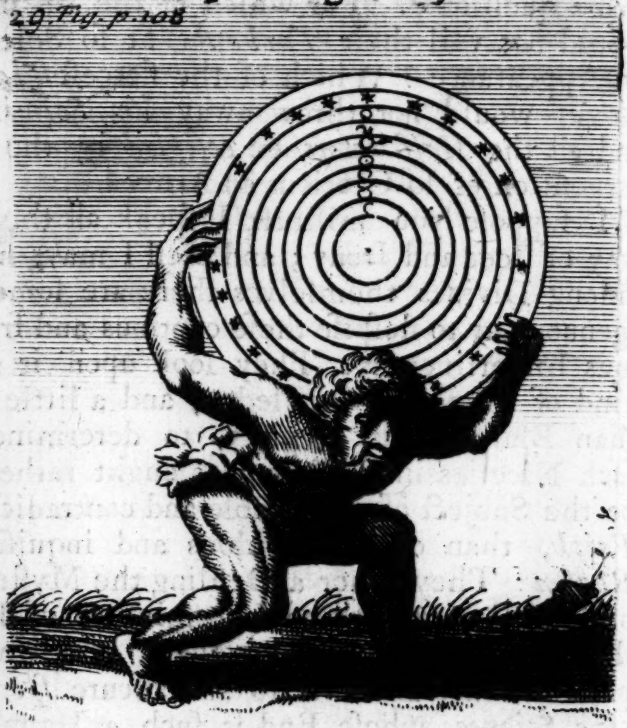
If my Judgment might be taken, I would adviſe *Chriſtians*, in their next Expedition to a *Holy War*, inſtead of thoſe many unſucceſsful

ful Legions, which they have hitherto ſent to encounter the *Turks* and *Saracens*, that they would furniſh out their clamourous *Scotiſts*, their obſtinate *Occamiſts*, their invincible *Albertiſts*, and all their Forces of tough, crabbed and profound *Diſputants*: The Engagement, I fancy, would be mighty pleaſant, and the Victory we may imagine on our Side not to be queſtion'd. For which of the Enemies would not vail their *Turbants* at ſo Solemn an Appearance? Which of the fierceſt *Janizaries* would not throw away his *Scimiter*, and all the *Half-moons* be *eclipſed* by the Interpoſition of ſo Glorious an Army?

I ſuppoſe you miſtruſt I ſpeak all this by way of Jeer and Irony; and well I may, ſince among Divines themſelves there are ſome ſo Ingenuous as to deſpiſe theſe captious and frivolous Impertinences: They look upon it as a kind of Prophane Sacriledge, and a little leſs than Blaſphemous Impiety, to determine of ſuch Niceties in Religion, as ought rather to be the Subject of an humble and contradicting *Faith*, than of a ſcrupulous and inquiſitive *Reaſon*: They abhor a Defiling the Myſteries of Chriſtianity with an Intermixture of Heatheniſh Philoſophy, and judge it very improper to reduce Divinity to an obſcure *Speculative Science*, whoſe End is ſuch a Happineſs as can be gain'd only by the means of *Practice*. But alas, thoſe *Notional Divines*, however condemn'd by the ſober Judgment of others, are yet mightily pleas'd with themſelves, and are ſo laborioufly intent upon proſecuting their crabbed Studies, that they cannot

not afford ſo much Time as to read a ſingle Chapter in any one Book of the whole Bible. And while they thus trifle away their miſſpent Hours in Traſh and Babble, they think that they *ſupport* the Catholick *Church* with the Props and Pillars of Propoſitions and Syllogiſms, no leſs effectually than *Atlas* [FIG. XXIX.] is feigned by the Poets to

29. Fig. p. 108



ſuſtain on his Shoulders the *Burden* of a tottering World. Their Priviledges too and Authority are very conſiderable: They can deal

deal with any Text of Scripture as with a *Noſe of Wax*, knead it into what beſt ſuits their Intereſt; and whatever Concluſions they have dogmatically reſolved upon, they would have them as irrepealably Ratified as *Solon*'s Laws, and in as great Force as the very Decrees of the Papal Chair. If any be ſo bold as to remonſtrate to their Deciſions, they'll bring him on his Knees to a Recantation of his Impudence. They ſhall pronounce as irrevocably as an Oracle, this Propoſition is Scandalous, that Irreverent; this has a ſmack of Hereſie, and that is Bald and Improper: So that it is not the being *Baptized* into the Church, the Believing of the *Scriptures*, the giving Credit to St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, St. *Hierom*, St. *Auguſtin*, nay, or St. *Thomas Aquinas* himſelf, that ſhall make a Man a *Chriſtian*, except he have the joint Suffrage of theſe Novices in Learning, who have bleſſed the World no doubt with a great many Diſcoveries which had never come to light, if they had not ſtruck the Fire of Subtilty out of the Flint of Obſcurity. Theſe Fooleries ſure muſt be a happy Employ.

FARTHER they make as many Partitions and Diviſions in *Hell* and *Purgatory*, and deſcribe as many different Sorts and Degrees of Puniſhment, as if they were very well acquainted with the Soil and Situation of thoſe Infernal Regions. And to prepare a Seat for the Bleſſed above, they invent new Orbs, and a ſtately *Empyræan* Heaven, ſo wide and ſpacious as if they had purpoſely contriv'd it, that the Glorified Saints might have room enough

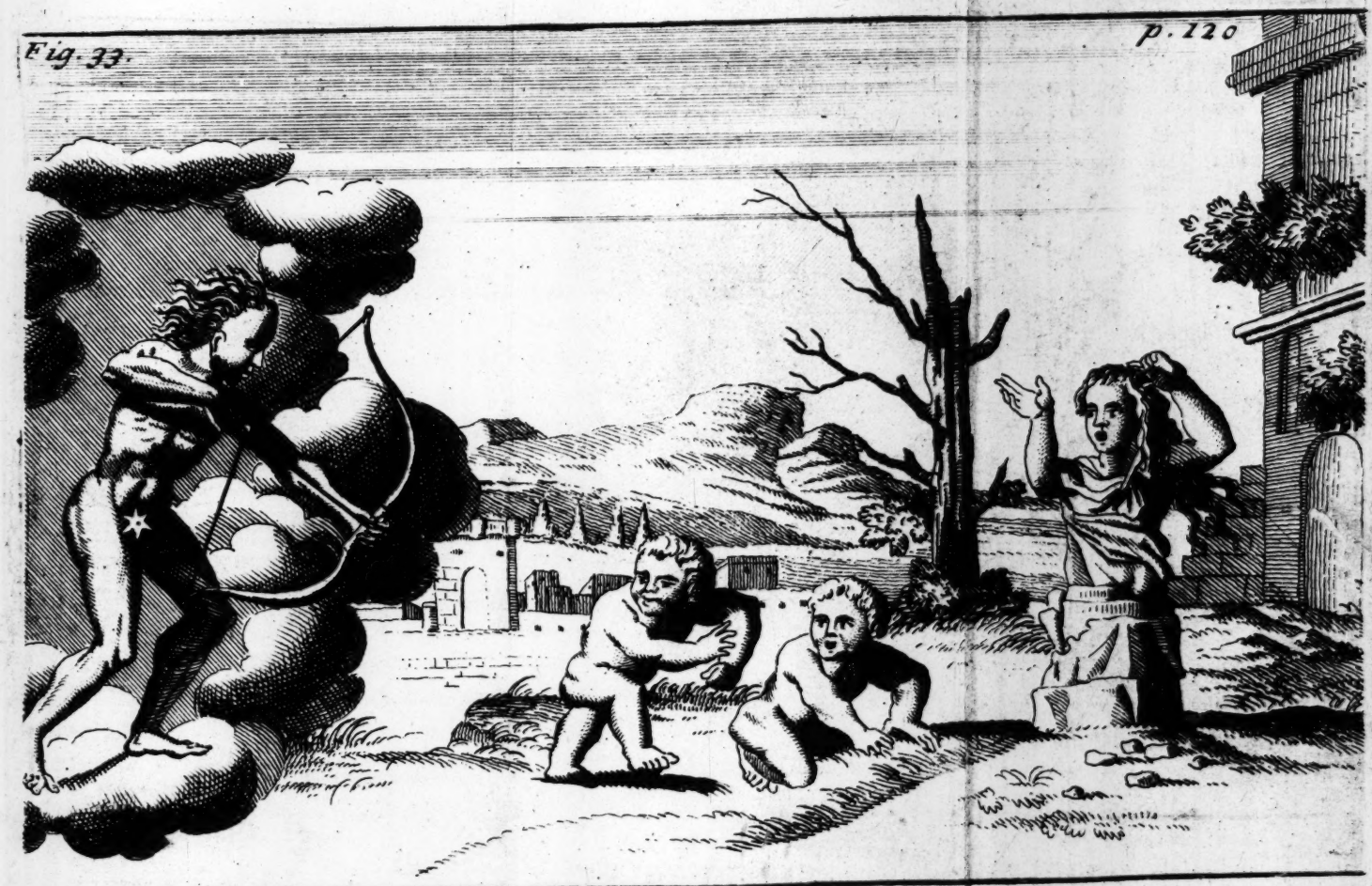
to Walk, to Feaſt, or take any Recreation.

WITH theſe, and a Thouſand more ſuch like Toys, their Heads are more ſtuff'd and ſwell'd than *Jove*, [FIG. XXX.] when he

went big of *Pallas* in his Brain and was forced to uſe the Midwivery of *Vulcan*'s Axe ro eaſe him of his Teeming Burden. Do not wonder therefore that at Publick Diſputations they bind their Heads with ſo many *Caps* one over another, for this is to prevent the loſs

Fig. 33.

p. 120



loſs of their Brains, which would otherwiſe break out from their uneaſie Confinement. It affords likewiſe a pleaſant Scene of Laughter, to liſten to theſe Divines in their hotly managed Diſputations; to ſee how proud they are of talking ſuch hard Gibberiſh, and ſtammering out ſuch blundering Diſtinctions, as the Auditors perhaps may ſometimes gape at, but ſeldom apprehend: And they take ſuch a Liberty in their ſpeaking of *Latin*, that they ſcorn to ſtick at the Exactneſs of *Syntax* or *Concord*; pretending it is below the Majeſty of a *Divine* to talk like a *Pædagogue*, and be tied to the ſlaviſh Obſervance of the Rules of *Grammar*. Finally, they take a vaſt Pride, among other Citations, to alledge the Authority of their reſpective *Maſter*, which Word they bear as profound a Reſpect to as the *Jews* did to their ineffable *Tetragrammaton*, and therefore they'll be ſure never to write it any otherwiſe than in great Letters, MAGISTER NOSTER; and if any happen to invert the Order of the Words, and ſay, *Noſter Magiſter*, inſtead of *Magiſter Noſter*, they'll preſently exclaim againſt him as a Peſtilent Heretick, and Underminer of the Catholick Faith.

THE next to theſe are another ſort of Brainſick Fools, who ſtile themſelves *Monks*, and of *Religious Orders*, though they aſſume both Titles very unjuſtly: For as to the *laſt*, they have very little of *Religion* in them; and as to the *former*, the Etymology of the Word *Monk* implies a Solitarineſs, or being alone; whereas they are ſo thick abroad that we

cannot paſs any Street or Alley without meeting them. Now I cannot imagine what one Degree of Men would be more hopeleſly wretched, if I did not ſtand their Friend, and Buoy them up in that Lake of Miſery, which by the Engagements of a Holy Vow they have voluntarily immerg'd themſelves in. But when theſe Sort of Men are ſo unwelcome to others, as that the very Sight of them is thought Ominous, I yet make them highly in Love with themſelves, and fond Admirers of their own Happineſs. The firſt Step whereunto they eſteem a profound Ignorance, thinking *Carnal* Knowledge a great Enemy to their *Spiritual* Welfare, and ſeem confident of becoming greater Proficients in *Divine* Myſteries the leſs they are poiſoned with any *Humane* Learning. They Imagine, that they bear a ſweet *Conſort* with the Heavenly Choir, when they *tone out* their daily Tally of *Pſalms*, which they rehearſe only by Rote, without permitting their Underſtanding or Affections to go along with their Voice. Among theſe ſome make a good profitable Trade of *Beggary*, [FIG. XXXI] going abroad from Houſe to Houſe, not like the Apoſtles, to *Break*, but to *Beg*, their Bread; nay, thruſt into all Publick Houſes, come Aboard the Paſſage-Boats, get into the Travelling Waggons, and Omit no Opportunity of Time or Place for the craving Peoples Charity; doing a great deal of Injury to common Highway Beggars, by Interloping in their Traffick of Alms. And when they are thus voluntarily poor, deſtitute, not provided with Two Coats,

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Coots, nor with any Money in their Purſe, they have the Impudence to pretend that they imitate the firſt Diſciples, whom their Maſter expreſly ſent out in ſuch an Equipage. It is pretty to obſerve how they regulate all their Actions as it were by Weight and Meaſure, to ſo exact a proportion, as if the whole Loſs of their Religion depended upon the Omiſſion of the leaſt Punctilio. Thus they muſt be very Critical in the preciſe Number of *Knots* to the tying on of their *Sandals*; what diſtinct *Colours* their reſpective Habits, and what *Stuff* made of; how broad and long their *Girdles*; how big, and in what Faſhion, their *Hoods*; whether their bald Crowns be to a *Hair's-Breadth* of the Right Cut; how many Hours they muſt Sleep, at what Minute riſe to Prayers, *&c.* And theſe ſeveral Cuſtoms are altered according to the Humours of different Perſons and Places. While they are ſworn to the Superſtitious Obſervance of theſe Trifles, they do not only deſpiſe all others, but are very inclinable to fall out among themſelves; for though they make Profeſſion of an Apoſtolick Charity, yet they'll pick a Quarrel, and be implacably Paſſionate for ſuch poor Provocations, as the girting on a Coat the wrong Way, for the wearing of Cloaths a little too darkiſh Coloured, or any ſuch Nicety, not worth the ſpeaking of. Some are ſo obſtinately Superſtitious, that they'll wear their upper Garment of ſome coarſe Dog's-hair Stuff, and that next their Skin as ſoft as Silk: But others on the contrary will have Linen Frocks outermoſt, and

their Shirts of Wool, or Hair. Some again will not touch a piece of Money, though they make no Scruple of the Sin of Drunkenneſs, and the Luſt of the Fleſh. All their ſeveral Orders are mindful of nothing more than of their being *diſtinguiſh'd* each from other by their different Cuſtoms and Habits. They ſeem indeed not ſo careful of becoming *like Chriſt*, and of being known to be his Diſciples, as the being *unlike* to one another, and diſtinguiſhable for Followers of their ſeveral *Founders*. A great part of their Religion conſiſts in their *Title*: Some will be call'd *Cordeliers*, and theſe ſubdivided into *Capuchines*, *Minors*, *Minims*, and *Mendicants*: Some again are ſtiled *Benedictines*, others of the Order of St. *Bernard*, others of that of St. *Bridget*; ſome are *Auguſtin Monks*, ſome *Willielmites*, and others *Jacobiſts*, as if the common Name of *Chriſtian* were too mean and vulgar. Moſt of them place their greateſt Streſs for Salvation on a ſtrict Conformity to their Foppiſh Ceremonies, and a Belief of their Legendary Traditions; wherein they fancy to have acquitted themſelves with ſo much of Supererogation, that *One* Heaven can never be a *Condign* Reward for their meritorious Life; little thinking that the Judge of all the Earth at the laſt Day ſhall put them off with a *who hath required theſe Things at your Hands*? And call them to an Account only for the Stewardſhip of his *Legacy*, which was the Precept of *Love* and *Charity*. It will be pretty to hear their ſeveral Pleas before the great Tribunal: One will brag how he

he *mortified* his Carnal Appetite by feeding only upon *Fiſh* : Another will urge that he ſpent moſt of his Time on Earth in the Divine Exerciſe of *Singing Pſalms* : A Third will tell how many Days he *faſted*, and what ſevere *Penance* he impoſed on himſelf for the bringing his Body into Subjection : Another ſhall produce in his own Behalf as many *Ceremonies* as would load a Fleet of Merchantmen : A Fifth ſhall plead, that in Threeſcore Years he never ſo much as touch'd a Piece of *Money*, except he finger'd it through a thick Pair of Gloves : A Sixth, to teſtifie his former *Humility*, ſhall bring along with him his *Sacred Hood*, ſo old and naſty, that any Seaman had rather ſtand Bare-headed on the Deck, than put it on to defend his Ears in the ſharpeſt Storms : The next that comes to anſwer for himſelf ſhall plead, that for Fifty Years together he had lived like a Sponge upon the *ſame Place*, and was content never to change his homely Habitation : Another ſhall whiſper ſoftly, and tell the Judge he has loſt his Voice by a continual Singing of Holy *Hymns* and *Anthems* : The next ſhall confeſs how he fell into a *Lethargy* by a ſtrict, reſerved, and ſedentary Life : And the laſt ſhall imitate that he has forgot to ſpeak, by having always *kept Silence*, in Obedience to the Injunction of *taking heed leſt he ſhould have offended with his Tongue*. But amidſt all their Fine Excuſes our Saviour ſhall interrupt them with this Anſwer, *Wo unto you Scribes and Phariſees, Hypocrites, verily I know you not* ; I left you but one Precept of

*loving*

*loving one another*, which I do not hear any one plead he has faithfully diſcharged: I told you plainly in my Goſpel, without any Parable, that my *Father's Kingdom* was *prepared*, not for ſuch as ſhould lay claim to it by *Auſterities*, *Prayers*, or *Faſtings*, but for thoſe who ſhould render themſelves worthy of it by the Exerciſe of *Faith*, and the Offices of *Charity*: I cannot own ſuch as depend on their own *Merits* without a Reliance on my *Mercy*: As many of you therefore as truſt to the broken Reeds of your own Deſerts, may e'en go ſearch out a new Heaven, for you ſhall never enter into *that*, which from the Foundations of the World was prepared only for ſuch as are *true of Heart*. When theſe Monks and Friars ſhall meet with ſuch a ſhameful Repulſe, and ſee that Ploughmen and Mechanicks are *admitted* into that Kingdom, from which they themſelves are *ſhut out*, how ſneakingly will they look? And how pitifully ſlink away? Yet till this laſt Trial they had more Comfort of a Future Happineſs, becauſe more Hopes of it than any other Men. And theſe Perſons are not only great in their own Eyes, but highly eſteemed and reſpected by others, eſpecially thoſe of the *Order of Mendicants*, whom none dare to offer any Affront to, becauſe as *Confeſſors* they are intruſted with all the Secrets of particular Intrigues, which they are bound by Oath not to diſcover; yet many times, when they are almoſt Drunk, they cannot keep their Tongue ſo far within their Head, as not to be babbling out ſome Hints, and ſhewing themſelves

ſo

ſo full, that they are in pain to be delivered. If any Perſon give them the leaſt Provocation they'll be ſure to be reveng'd of him, and in their next Publick Harangue give him ſuch ſhrew'd Wipes and Reflections, that the whole Congregation muſt needs take notice at whom they are levell'd; nor will they ever deſiſt from this Way of declaiming, till their Mouth be ſtopp'd with a [FIG. XXXII.] Bribe to hold their Tongue. All their *Preach-*

*ing* is meer Stage-playing, and their Delivery the very Tranſports of *Ridicule* and *Drollery*. Good Lord! How Mimical are their Geſtures? What Heights and Falls in their Voice? What Toning, what Bawling, what Singing, what Squeaking, what Grimaces, making of Mouths, Apes Faces, and diſtorting of their Countenance? And this Art of Oratory as a Choice Myſtery they convey down by Tradition to one another. The Manner of it I may adventure thus farther to enlarge upon. Firſt, in a kind of Mockery they implore the Divine Aſſiſtance, which they borrowed from the ſolemn Cuſtom of the Poets: Then if their Text ſuppoſe be of *Charity*, they ſhall take their *Exordium* as far off as from a Deſcription of the River *Nile* in *Ægypt*; or if they are to Diſcourſe of the Myſtery of the *Croſs*, they ſhall begin with a Story of *Bel and the Dragon*; or perchance if their Subject be of *Faſting*, for an Entrance to their Sermon they ſhall paſs through the Twelve Signs of the *Zodiack*; or laſtly, if they are to Preach of *Faith*, they ſhall addreſs themſelves in a long Mathematical Account of the *Quadrature of the Circle*. I my ſelf once heard a great *Fool* (a great *Scholar* I would have ſaid) undertaking in a laborious Diſcourſe to explain the Myſtery of the *Holy Trinity*; in the unfolding whereof, that he might ſhew his Wit and Reading, and together ſatisfie *itching Ears*, he proceeded in a new Method, as by inſiſting on the Letters, Syllables, and Propoſition, on the Concord of Noun and Verb, and that of Noun Sub-

Subſtantive, and Noun Adjective; the Auditors all wondred, and ſome mumbled to themſelves that Hemiſtich of *Horace*,

——*Quorſum hæc tam putrida tendunt?*

*Why all this needleſs Traſh?*

But at laſt he brought it thus far, that he could demonſtrate the whole *Trinity* to be repreſented by theſe firſt Rudiments of *Grammar*, as clearly and plainly as it was poſſible for a Mathematician to draw a *Triangle* in the Sand: And for the making of this Grand Diſcovery, this Subtle Divine had plodded ſo hard for Eight Months together, that he ſtudied himſelf as blind as a Beetle, the Intenſeneſs of the Eye of his *Underſtanding* overſhadowing and extinguiſhing that of his *Body*; and yet he did not at all repent him of his Blindneſs, but thinks the loſs of his Sight an eaſie Purchaſe for the Gain of Glory and Credit.

I heard at another time, a Grave Divine, of Fourſcore Years of Age at leaſt, ſo ſoure and hard-favoured, that one would be apt to miſtruſt that it was *Scotus Redivivus*; he taking upon him to treat of the myſterious Name, *JESUS*, did very ſubtilly pretend that in the very *Letters* was contained whatever could be ſaid of it: For firſt, its being Declined only with *Three Caſes*, did expreſly point out the *Trinity* of Perſons, then that the *Nominative* Caſe ended in *S*, the *Accuſative* in *M*, and the *Ablative*

*Ablative* in *U*, did imply ſome unſpeakable Myſtery, namely, that in Words of thoſe *Initial* Letters Chriſt was the *Summus* or *Beginning*, the *Medius* or *Middle*, and the *Ultimus* or *End* of all Things. There was yet a more abſtruſe Riddle to be explained, which was by dividing the Word *JESUS* into Two Parts, and ſeparating the *S* in the Middle from the Two *extreme* Syllables, making it a kind of *Pentametre*, the Word conſiſting of Five Letters: And this intermedial *S* being in the *Hebrew* Alphabet call'd *Sin*, which in the *Engliſh* Language ſignifies what the *Latines* term *Peccatum*, was urged to imply, that the Holy *Jeſus* ſhould purifie us from all *Sin* and *Wickedneſs*. Thus did the Pulpiteer Cant, while all the Congregation, eſpecially the Brotherhood of Divines, were ſo ſurprized at his odd Way of Preaching, that Wonder ſerved them, as Grief did *Niobe*, [FIG. XXXIII.] almoſt turned them into Stones; I among the reſt (as *Horace* deſcribes *Priapus* viewing the Enchantments of the Two Sorcereſſes, *Canidia* and *Sagane*,) could no longer contain, but let fly a cracking Report of the Operation it had upon me. Theſe impertinent Introductions are not without Reaſon condemn'd; for of old, whenever *Demoſthenes* among the *Greeks*, or *Tully* among the *Latines*, began their Orations with ſo great a Digreſſion from the Matter in Hand, it was alway look'd upon as *improper* and *unelegant*: And indeed, were ſuch a long-fetch'd *Exordium* any Token of a good Invention, Shepherds and Ploughmen might lay claim to the

the Title of Men of greateſt Parts, ſince upon any Argument it is eaſieſt for them to talk what is leaſt to the Purpoſe. Theſe Preachers think their *Preamble* (as we may well term it,) to be the moſt faſhionable, when it is fartheſt from the Subject they propoſe to treat of, while each Auditor ſits and wonders what they drive at, and many times mutter out the Complaint of *Virgil*,

——*Quo nunc ſe proripit ille?*

*Whither does all this Jargan tend?*

In the Third Place when they come to the *Diviſion* of their Text, they ſhall give only a very ſhort touch at the Interpretation of the Words, when the fuller Explication of their Senſe ought to have been their only Province. Fourthly, after they are a little entered, they ſhall ſtart ſome Theological Queries, far enough off from the Matter in Hand, and bandy it about *Pro* and *Con* till they loſe it in the heat of Scuffle. And here they ſhall cite their Doctors *Invincible*, *Subtle*, *Seraphick*, *Chembick*, *Holy*, *Irrefragable*, and ſuch like great Names, to confirm their ſeveral Aſſertions. Then out they bring their Syllogiſms, their Majors, their Minors, Concluſions, Corollaries, Suppoſitions, and Diſtinctions, that will ſooner terrifie the Congregation into an Amazement, than perſwade them into a Conviction: Now comes the *Fifth Act*, in which they muſt exert their utmoſt Skill to come off with Applauſe. Here therefore they

fall a telling ſome ſad lamentable Story out of their Legend, or ſome other fabulous Hiſtory, and this they deſcant upon *Allegorically*, *Tropologically*, and *Analogically*: And ſo they draw to a *Concluſion* of their Diſcourſe, which is a more Brain-ſick Chimæra than ever *Horace* could deſcribe in his *De Arte Poetica*, when he began,

*Humano Capiti, &c.*

Their *Praying* is altogether as ridiculous as their *Preaching*; for imagining that in their Addreſſes to Heaven they ſhould ſet out in a low and tremulous Voice, as a Token of Dread and Reverence, they begin therefore with ſuch a ſoft *Whiſpering*, as if they were afraid any one ſhould over-hear what they ſaid; but when they are gone a little Way, they clear up their Pipes by degrees, and at laſt *bawl* out ſo loud, as if with *Baal*'s *Prieſts* they were reſolved to awake a *ſleeping God*. And then again, being told by Rhetoricians that Heights and Falls, and a different Cadency in Pronounciation, is a great Advantage to the ſetting off any thing that is ſpoke, they'll ſometimes as it were mutter their Words inwardly, and then of a ſudden Hollow them out, and be ſure at laſt in ſuch a flat falt'ring Tone, as if their Spirits were ſpent, and they had run themſelves out of Breath. Laſtly, they have Read that moſt Syſtems of Rhetorick treat of the Art of exciting Laughter, therefore for the effecting of this they'll ſprinkle ſome Jeſts and Puns that muſt paſs

for

for Ingenuity, though they are only the Froth and Folly of Affectedneſs. Sometime they'll nibble at the Wit of being Satyrical, though their utmoſt Spleen is ſo Toothleſs, that they ſuck rather than bite, tickle rather than ſcratch or wound: Nor do they ever flatter more than at ſuch times as they pretend to ſpeak with greateſt freedom.

FINALLY, all their Actions are ſo Buffooniſh and Mimical, that any one would judge they had learned all their Tricks of Mountebanks and Stage-players, who in *Action* it is true may perhaps outdo them, but in *Oratory* there is ſo little odds between both, that it is hard to determine which ſeems of longeſt ſtanding in the Schools of Eloquence. Yet theſe Preachers, however ridiculous, meet with ſuch Hearers, who admire them as much as the People of *Athens* did *Demoſthenes*, or the Citizens of *Rome* could do *Cicero*: Among which *Admirers* are chiefly *Shop-keepers*, and *Women*, whoſe Approbation and good Opinion they only court; becauſe the *firſt*, if they are humoured, give them ſome Snacks out of unjuſt Gain; and the *laſt* come and eaſe their Grief to them upon all pinching Occaſions, eſpecially when their Husbands are any ways croſs or unkind.

THUS much I ſuppoſe may ſuffice to make you ſenſible how much theſe Cell-Hermits and Recluſes are indebted to my Bounty; who when they Tyrannize over the Conſciences of the deluded Laity with Fopperies, Juggles, and Impoſtures, yet think themſelves as emi-

nently Pious as St. *Paul*, St. *Anthony*, or any other of the Saints: But theſe Stage-Divines, not leſs ungrateful Diſowners of their Obligations to Folly, than they are impudent Pretenders to the Profeſſion of Piety, I willingly take my leave of, and paſs now to *Kings*, *Princes*, and *Courtiers*, who paying me a devout Acknowledgment, may juſtly challenge back the Reſpect of being mentioned and taken notice of by me. And firſt, had they Wiſdom enough to make a true Judgment of Things, they would find their own Condition to be more deſpicable and ſlaviſh than that of the moſt menial *Subjects*. For certainly none can Eſteem Perjury or Parricide a cheap Purchaſe for a *Crown*, if he does but ſeriouſly reflect on that Weight of Cares a Princely Diadem is *loaded* with. He that ſits at the Helm of Government acts in a publick Capacity, and ſo muſt ſacrifice all *private* Intereſt to the Attainment of the *common* Good; he muſt *himſelf* be conformable to the Laws his Prerogative exacts, or elſe he can expect no Obedience paid them from *others*; he muſt have a ſtrict Eye over all his Inferior Magiſtrates and Officers, or otherwiſe it is to be doubted they will but careleſly diſcharge their reſpective Duties. Every *King*, within his own Territories, is placed for a ſhining Example, as it were in the *Firmament* of his wide-ſpread Dominions, to prove either a glorious *Star* of benign Influence, if his Behaviour be remarkably Juſt and Innocent, or elſe to impend as a threatning *Comet*, if his blazing Power be peſtilent and hurtful. Subjects

jects move in a darker *Sphere*, and ſo their *Wandrings* and *Failings* are leſs diſcernible; whereas Princes, being fix'd in a more exalted *Orb*, and encompaſſed with a brighter dazling Luſtre, their *Spots* are more apparently viſible, and their *Eclipſes*, or other Defects, influential on all that is inferiour to them. Kings are baited with ſo many Temptations and Opportunities to Vice and Immorality, ſuch as are high Feeding, Liberty, Flattery, Luxury, and the like, that they muſt ſtand perpetually on their Guard, to fence off thoſe Aſſaults that are always ready to be made upon them. In fine, abating from Treachery, Hatred, Dangers, Fear, and a Thouſand other Miſchiefs impending on Crown'd Heads, however uncontroulable they are on this ſide Heaven, yet after their Reign here they muſt appear before a *Supreamer Judge*, and there be call'd to an exact Account for the Diſcharge of that great *Stewardſhip* which was committed to their *Truſt*. If Princes did but ſeriouſly conſider, (and *conſider* they would if they were but *wiſe*,) theſe many Hardſhips of a Royal Life, they would be ſo perplex'd in the Reſult of their Thoughts hereupon, as ſcarce to eat or ſleep in quiet. But now by my Aſſiſtance they leave all theſe Cares to the Gods, and mind only their own Eaſe and Pleaſure, and therefore will admit none to their Attendance but who will divert them with Sport and Mirth, leſt they ſhould otherwiſe be ſeiz'd and damp'd with the Surprizal of ſober Thoughts. They think they have ſufficiently acquitted themſelves in the

Duty of Governing if they do but ride conſtantly a Hunting, breed up good Race-horſes, ſell Places and Offices to thoſe of the Courtiers that will give moſt for them, and find out New Ways for Invading of their Peoples Property, and hooking in a larger Revenue to their own Exchequer; for the Procurement whereof they'll always have ſome pretended Claim and Title; that though it be manifeſt Extortion, yet it may bear the Shew of Law and Juſtice: And then they dawb over their Oppreſſion with a ſubmiſſive, flattering Carriage, that they may ſo far inſinuate into the Affections of the Vulgar, as they may not tumult nor rebel, but patiently crouch to Burdens and Exactions. Let us feign now a Perſon ignorant of the Laws and Conſtitutions of that Realm he lives in, an Enemy to the Publick Good, ſtudious only of his own private Intereſt, addicted wholly to Pleaſures and Delights, a hater of Learning, a profeſs'd Enemy to Liberty and Truth, careleſs and unmindful of the common Concerns, taking all the Meaſures of Juſtice and Honeſty from the falſe Beam of Self-intereſt and Advantage, after this hang about his Neck a *Gold Chain*, for an Intimation that he ought to have all Virtues link'd together; then ſet a *Crown* of Gold and Jewels on his Head, for a Token that he ought to overtop and *outſhine* others in all commendable Qualifications; next, put into his Hand a Royal *Scepter* for a Symbol of Juſtice and Integrity; laſtly, cloath him with *Purple*, for an Hieroglyphick of a *tender Love* and Affection to the Commonwealth.

If

If a Prince ſhould look upon this Pourtraicture, and draw a Compariſon between that and himſelf, certainly he would be aſham'd of his Enſigns of Majeſty, and be afraid of being laugh'd out of them.

NEXT to *Kings* themſelves may come their *Courtiers*. [FIG. XXXIV.] who, tho' they

are for the moſt part a baſe, ſervile, cringing, low-ſpirited Sort of Flatterers, yet they look big

big, ſwell great, and have high Thoughts of their Honour and Grandeur. Their Confidence appears upon all Occaſions; yet in this one Thing they are very modeſt, in that they are content to adorn their *Bodies* with Gold, Jewels, Purple, and other Glorious Enſigns of Virtue and Wiſdom, but leave their *Minds* empty and unfraught; and taking the *Reſemblance* of Goodneſs to themſelves, turn over the *Truth* and Reality of it to others. They think themſelves mighty happy in that they can call the King *Maſter*, and be allow'd the Familiarity of talking with him; that they can volubly rehearſe his ſeveral Titles of *Auguſt Highneſs*, *Supereminent Excellence*, and *Moſt Serene Majeſty*, that they can boldly uſher in any Diſcourſe, and that they have the compleat Knack of Inſinuation and Flattery; for theſe are the Arts which make them truly Genteel and Noble. If you make a ſtricter Enquiry after their other Endowments, you ſhall find them meer Sots and Dolts. They'll *ſleep* generally till Noon, and then their mercenary Chaplains ſhall come to their Bed-ſide, and entertain them perhaps with a ſhort *Morning-Prayer*. As ſoon as they are *dreſt* they muſt go to *Break-faſt*, and when that is done, immediately to *Dinner*. When the Cloth is taken away then to *Cards*, *Dice*, *Tables*, or ſome ſuch like Diverſion. After this they muſt have One or Two Afternoon *Banquets*, and ſo in the Evening to *Supper*. When they have ſupp'd then begins the Game of *Drinking*; the Bottles are marſhall'd, the Glaſſes rank'd, and round go the Healths and Bumpers

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pers till they are carried up to Bed. And this is the conſtant Method of paſſing away their Hours, Days, Months, Years, and Ages. I have many times took great Satisfaction by ſtanding in the Court, and ſeeing how the tawdry Butterflies vie upon one another: The Ladies ſhall meaſure the *Height* of their *Humours* by the Length of their *Trails*, which muſt be bore up by a *Page* behind. The Nobles juſtle one another to get neareſt to the King's Elbow, and wear Gold-Chains of that Weight and Bigneſs, as require no leſs Strength to *carry*, than they do Wealth to *purchaſe*.

AND now for ſome Reflexions upon *Popes*, *Cardinals*, and *Biſhops*, who in Pomp and Splendor have almoſt equall'd, if not outgone Secular Princes. Now if any one conſider, that their upper *Crochet* of White Linen is to ſignifie their *unſpotted Purity* and *Innocence*; that their fork'd *Mitres*, with both Diviſions tied together with the ſame Knot, are to denote the *joint* Knowledge of the *Old* and *New Teſtament*; that their always wearing *Gloves* repreſents their keeping their *Hands* clean and undefiled from Lucre and Covetouſneſs; that the *Paſtoral Staff* implies the Care of a *Flock* committed to their *Charge*; that the *Croſs* carried before them expreſſes the *Victory* over all Carnal Affections: He (I ſay) that conſiders this, and much more of like Nature, muſt needs conclude they are entruſted with a very weighty and difficult Office. But alas, they think it ſufficient if they can but *feed themſelves*; and as to their *Flock* either commend them to the

Care

Care of *Chriſt* himſelf, or commit them to the Guidance of ſome inferiour *Vicars* and *Curates*; not ſo much as remembring what their Name of *Biſhop* imports, to wit, *Labour*, *Pains* and *Diligence*, but by baſe Symoniacal Contracts they are in a Prophane Senſe *Epiſcopi*, i. e. *Overſeers* of their own Gain and Income.

So *Cardinals* in like manner, if they did but conſider that the Church ſuppoſes them to ſucceed in the Room of the *Apoſtles*; that therefore they muſt behave themſelves as their *Predeceſſors*, and ſo not be *Lords* but *Diſpenſers*, of Spiritual Gifts, of the Diſpoſal whereof they muſt one Day render a ſtrict Account: Or if they would but reflect a little on their Habit, and thus reaſon with themſelves, What means this *White* Upper Garment, but only an unſpotted *Innocence*? What ſignifies my Inner *Purple*, but only an ardent Love and *Zeal* to God? What imports my outermoſt *Pall*, ſo wide and long that it covers the whole Mule, when I ride, nay, ſhould be big enough to cover a Camel, but only a *Diffuſive Charity*, that ſhould ſpread itſelf for a Succour and Protection to all, by Teaching, Exhorting, Comforting, Reproving, Admoniſhing, Compoſing of Differences, courageouſly withſtanding wicked Princes, and ſacrificing for the Safety of our Flock our Life and Blood, as well as our Wealth and Riches; though indeed *Riches* ought not to be at all poſſeſs'd by ſuch as boaſt themſelves Succeſſors to the Apoſtles, who were poor, needy and deſtitute: I ſay, if they did but

but lay theſe Conſiderations to Heart they would never be ſo ambitious of being *created* to this Honour; they would willingly *reſign* it when conferr'd upon them, or at leaſt would be as Induſtrious, watchful and laborious, as the Primitive Apoſtles were.

Now as to the *Popes* of *Rome*, who pretend themſelves *Chriſt*'s *Vicars*, if they would but imitate his Exemplary Life, in the being imploy'd in an unintermitted Courſe of *Preaching*; in the being attended with Poverty, Nakedneſs, Hunger, and a Contempt of this World; if they did but conſider the Import of the Word *Pope*, which ſignifies a *Father*; or if they did but practiſe their Sirname of *Moſt Holy*, what Order or Degrees of Men would be in a worſe Condition? There would be then no ſuch vigorous making of Parties, and buying of Votes in the *Conclave* upon a Vacancy of that *See*: and thoſe who by Bribery, or other indirect Courſes, ſhould get themſelves Elected, would never ſecure their ſitting firm in the Chair by Piſtol, Poiſon, Force, and Violence. How much of their Pleaſure would be abated if they were but endow'd with one Dram of Wiſdom? *Wiſdom* did I ſay? Nay, with one Grain of that *Salt* which our Saviour bid them not loſe the Savour of. All their Riches, all their Honour, their Juriſdictions, their *Peter*'s Patrimony, their Offices, their Diſpenſations, their Licenſes, their Indulgences, the long Train and Attendants, (ſee in how ſhort a Compaſs I have abbreviated all their Marketing of Religion;) in a Word, all their Perquiſites will be

be forfeited and loſt; and in their room would ſucceed Watchings, Faſtings, Tears, Prayers, Sermons, hard Studies, repenting Sighs, and a Thouſand ſuch like ſevere Penalties: Nay, what's yet more deplorable, it would then follow, that all their Clerks, Amanuenſes, Notaries, Advocates, Proctors, Secretaries, the Offices of Grooms, Oſtlers, Serving-men, Pimps, (and ſomewhat elſe, which for Modeſty's ſake I ſhall not mention;) in ſhort, all theſe Troops of Attendants, which depend on his Holineſs, would all loſe their ſeveral Employments. This indeed would be hard, but what yet remains would be more dreadful: The very Head of the Church, the Spiritual Prince, would then be brought from all his *Splendour* to the poor Equipage of a *Scrip* and *Staff*. But all this is upon the Suppoſition only that they underſtood what Circumſtances they are placed in; whereas now, by a wholeſome *Neglect* of *Thinking*, they live as well as Heart can wiſh: Whatever of *Toil* and Drudgery belongs to their Office that they Aſſign over to St. *Peter*, or St. *Paul*, who have Time enough to mind it; but if there be any thing of *Pleaſure* and Grandeur, that they aſſume to themſelves, as being hereunto called: So that by my Influence no Sort of People live more to their own Eaſe and Content. They think to ſatisfie that Maſter they pretend to ſerve, our Lord and Saviour, with their great State and Magnificence, with the Ceremonies of Inſtalments, with the Titles of Reverence and Holineſs, and with exerciſing their Epiſcopal Function only in

*Bleſ-*

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*Fig. 36. pag. 133.*

*Bleſſing* and *Curſing*. The Working of *Miracles* is old and out-dated, to *teach* the People is too laborious, to *interpret Scripture* is to invade the Prerogative of the *Schoolmen*, to *pray* is too idle, to ſhed *Tears* is cowardiſh and unmanly, to *faſt* is too mean and ſordid, to be eaſie and *familiar* is beneath the Grandeur of him, who, without being ſued to and intreated, will ſcarce give Princes the Honour of *kiſſing his Toe*: Finally, to *die* for Religion is too Self-denying, and to be *crucified* as their *Lord of Life* is baſe and ignominious. Their only *Weapons* ought to be thoſe of the Spirit; and of theſe indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their *Interdicts*, their *Suſpenſions*, their *Denunciations*, their *Aggravations*, their greater and leſſer *Excommunications*, and their roaring *Bulls*, that fright whomever they are thundred againſt; and theſe moſt Holy Fathers never iſſue them out more frequently than againſt thoſe, who, at the *Inſtigation of the Devil*, [FIG. XXXVI.] and not *having the Fear of God before their Eyes*, do *Felonioufly* and *Maliciouſly* attempt to leſſen and impair St. *Peter's Patrimony*: And though that Apoſtle tells our Saviour in the Goſpel, in the Name of all the other Diſciples, *We have left all and followed you*, yet they challenge as *his* Inheritance, Fields, Towns, Treaſures, and large Dominions; for the Defending whereof, inflam'd with a Holy Zeal, they fight with Fire and Sword, to the great Loſs and Effuſion of Chriſtian Blood; thinking they are Apoſtolical *Maintainers* of Chriſt's Spouſe, the Church, when they have

murder'd all ſuch as they call her Enemies; though indeed the Church has no Enemies more Bloody and Tyrannical than ſuch impious Popes, who give Diſpenſations for the *not Preaching* of Chriſt; evacuate the main Effect and Deſign of our *Redemption* by their Pecuniary Bribes and Sales; adulterate the Goſpel by their forced Interpretations, and undermining *Traditions*; and laſtly, by their Luſts and Wickedneſs *grieve the Holy Spirit*, and make their Saviour's Wounds to *bleed anew*. Farther, when the Chriſtian Church has been all along firſt Planted, then Confirm'd, and ſince Eſtabliſh'd, by the *Blood of her Martyrs*, as if Chriſt her Head would be wanting in the ſame Methods ſtill of protecting her, they invert the Order, and propagate their Religion now by *Arms* and *Violence*, which was wont formerly to be done only with *Patience* and *Sufferings*. And though *War* be ſo brutiſh, as that it becomes Beaſts rather than Men; ſo extravagant that the Poets feign'd it an Effect of the Furies; ſo licentious, that it ſtops the Courſe of all Juſtice and Honeſty, ſo deſperate, that it is beſt waged by Ruffians and *Banditti*, and ſo unchriſtian, that it is contrary to the expreſs Commands of the Goſpel; yet maugre all this, *Peace* is too quiet, too unactive, and they muſt be engaged in the boiſterouſneſs of War. Among which undertaking Popes, you ſhall have ſome ſo *Old* that they can ſcarce creep, and yet they'll put on a *Young*, Brisk, *Reſolution*, will reſolve to ſtick at no Pains, to ſpare no Coſt, nor to wave any Inconvenience, ſo they may involve

Laws,

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Laws, Religion, Peace, and all other Concerns, whether Sacred or Civil, in unappeaſable Tumults and Diſtractions. And yet ſome of their learned fawning Courtiers will interpret this notorious Madneſs for Zeal, and Piety, and Fortitude, having found out the Way how a Man may draw his Sword, and ſheath it in his Brother's Bowels, and yet not offend againſt the Duty of the *Second Table*, whereby we are obliged to *love our Neighbours as our ſelves*. It is yet uncertain whether theſe *Romiſh Fathers* have taken Example from, or given Preſident to, ſuch other *German Biſhops*, who omitting their Eccleſiaſtical Habit, and other Ceremonies, appear openly armed Cap-a-pe, like ſo many Champions and Warriours, thinking no doubt that they come ſhort of the Duty of their Function, if they die in any other Place than the open Field, fighting the *Battles of the Lord*. The inferiour Clergy, [FIG. XXXVII.] deeming it unmannerly not to conform to their Patrons and Dioceſans, devoutly tugg and fight for their Tythes with Syllogiſms and Arguments, as fiercely as with Swords, Sticks, Stones, or any thing that came next to Hand. When they read the Rabbies, Fathers, or other Ancient Writings, how quick-ſighted are they in ſpying out any Sentences, that they may fright the People with, and make them believe that more than the *Tenth* is due, paſſing by whatever they meet with in the ſame Authors that minds them of the Duty and Difficulty of their own Office. They never conſider that their *ſhaven Crown* is a Token

that they ſhould *pare off* and *cut away* all the ſuperfluous Luſts of this World, and give themſelves wholly to Divine Meditation; but inſtead of this our bald-pated Prieſts think they have done enough if they do but mumble over ſuch a Fardle of Prayers; which it is a Wonder if God ſhould hear or underſtand, when they whiſper them ſo ſoftly, and in ſo unknown a Language, which they can ſcarce hear or underſtand themſelves. This they have in common with other Mechanicks, that they are moſt ſubtle in the Craft of getting Money, and wonderfully skill'd in their reſpective Dues of Tithes, Offerings, Perquiſites, *&c.* Thus they are all content to reap the *Profit*, but as to the *Burden*, that they toſs as a Ball from one Hand to another, and aſſign it over to any they can get or hire: For as Secular Princes have their Judges and ſubordinate Miniſters to act in their Name, and ſupply their Stead; ſo Eccleſiaſtical Governours have their Deputies, Vicars, and Curates, nay, many times turn over the whole Care of Religion to the Laity. The Laity, ſuppoſing they have nothing to do with the Church, (as if their Baptiſmal Vow did not initiate them Members of it,) make it over to the Prieſts; of the Prieſts again, thoſe that are *Secular*, thinking their Title implies them to be a little too prophane, aſſign this Task over to the *Regulars*, the *Regulars* to the *Monks*, the *Monks* bandy it from one Order to another, till it light upon the *Mendicants*; they lay it upon the *Carthuſians*, which Order alone keeps Honeſty and Piety among them,

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38 Fig. pag. 137.

them, but really keep them ſo *cloſe* that no Body ever yet could *ſee* them. Thus the *Popes* thruſting only their Sickle into the *Harveſt* of Profit, leave all the other Toil of *Spiritual Husbandry* to the *Biſhops*, the Biſhops beſtow it upon the *Paſtors*, the Paſtors on their *Curates*, and the Curates commit it to the *Mendicants*, who return it again to ſuch as well know how to make good Advantage of the *Flock* by the Benefit of their *Fleece*.

BUT I would not be thought purpoſely to expoſe the Weakneſſes of Popes and Prieſts, leſt I ſhould ſeem to recede from my Title, and make a *Satire* inſtead of a *Panegyrick*: Nor let any one imagine that I reflect on good Princes by commending of bad ones: I did this only in brief, to ſhew that there is no one particular Perſon can lead a comfortable Life, except he be entred of my Society, and retain me for his Friend. Nor indeed can it be otherwiſe, ſince Fortune, [FIG. XXXVIII.] that Empreſs of the World, is ſo much in League and Amity with me, that to *Wiſe Men* ſhe is always Stingy, and Sparing of her Gifts, but is profuſely Liberal and Laviſh to *Fools*. Thus *Timotheus* the *Athenian* Commander, in all his Expeditions was a Mirrour of good Luck, becauſe he was a little *Underwitted*; from him was occaſioned the *Grecian* Proverb, ἡ ὑσὸν ὑῳ ἀιρεῖ, *the Net fills though the Fiſherman ſleeps*: There is alſo another favourable Proverb, γλαὺξ ἵπταται: *the Owl flies*, an Omen of Succeſs. But againſt Wiſe Men are pointed

theſe Ill-aboding Proverbs, Ἐν τετράδι γεννηθείς, *Born under a Bad Planet*; Equum habet Sejanum, *he cannot ride the Fore-horſe*; Aurum Tholoſanum, *Ill-gotten Goods will never Proſper*; and more to the ſame Purpoſe. But I forbear from any farther *Proverbializing*, leſt I ſhould be thought to have rifled my *Eraſmus*'s *Adagies*. To return therefore, Fortune we find ſtill favouring the Blunt, and fluſhing the Forward; ſtrokes and ſmooths up Fools, Crowning all their Undertakings with Succeſs: But Wiſdom makes her Followers Baſhful, Sneaking, and Timerous, and therefore you ſee they are commonly reduced to hard Shifts, muſt grapple with Poverty, Cold and Hunger, muſt lye Recluſe, Deſpiſed and Unregarded, while Fools roul in Money, are advanc'd to Dignities and Offices, and in a Word, have the whole World at Command. If any one think it happy to be a Favourite at *Court*, and to manage the Diſpoſal of Places and Preferments, alas, this Happineſs is ſo far from being attainable by Wiſdom, that the very Suſpicion of it would put a ſtop to all Advancement. Has any Man a Mind to raiſe himſelf a *good Eſtate*? Alas, what dealer in the World would ever get a Farthing if he be ſo wiſe as to ſcruple at Perjury, bluſh at a Lie, or ſtick at any Fraud and Over-reaching.

FARTHER, does any one appear a Candidate for any *Eccleſiaſtical Dignity*? Why, an Aſs, or a Plough-jobber, ſhall ſooner gain it than a Wiſe Man. Again, are you in *Love* with any Handſome Lady? Alaſs, Women-

kind.

kind are ſo addicted to Folly, that they will not at all liſten to the Courtſhip of a Wiſe Suitor. Finally, where-ever there is any Preparation made for Mirth and Jollity, all Wiſe Men are ſure to be excluded the Company, leſt they ſhould ſtint the Joy, and damp the Frolick. In a Word, to what Side ſoever we turn our ſelves, to Popes, Princes, Judges, Magiſtrates, Friends, Enemies, Rich or Poor, all their Concerns are managed by *Money*, which becauſe it is undervaluable by Wiſe Men, therefore, in Revenge to be ſure, it never comes at them.

BUT now, though my Praiſe and Commendation might well be endleſs, yet it is requiſite I ſhould put ſome Period to my Speech. I'll therefore draw toward an End, when I have firſt confirm'd what I have ſaid by the *Authority* of ſeveral *Authors*. Which Way of farther Proof I ſhall inſiſt upon, partly, that I may not be thought to have ſaid more in my own Behalf than what will be juſtified by others; and partly that the Lawyers may not check me for citing no Preſidents nor Allegations. To imitate them therefore I will produce ſome Reports and Authorities, though perhaps, like Theirs too, they are nothing to the purpoſe.

FIRST then, it is confeſt almoſt to a Proverb, that the Art of *Diſſembling* is a very neceſſary Accompliſhment; and therefore it is a common Verſe among School-boys.

*Stul-*

*Stultitiam ſimulare loco ſapientia ſumma eſt,*

To *feign* the *Fool*, when *fit Occaſions* riſe,
Argues the being more *compleatly Wiſe*.

It is eaſie therefore to collect how great a Value ought to be put upon *Real* Folly, when the very *Shadow*, and bare Imitation of it, is ſo much eſteem'd. *Horace*, who in his Epiſtles thus ſtiles himſelf,

*Me pinguem & nitidum* ——
—— Epicuri *de grege Porcum*,

My Sleek-skin'd Corps as ſmooth as if I lye
Among the fatted Swine of *Epicurus* Sty:
[FIG. XXXIX.

This Poet (I ſay) gives this Advice in one of his Odes,

*Miſce Stultitiam conſiliis brevem*:

Short Folly with your Counſels mix.

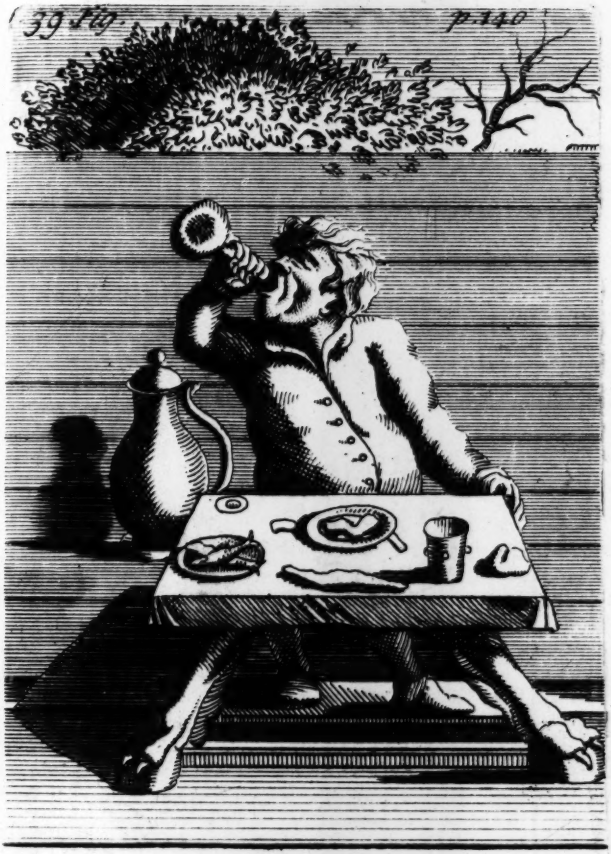
The Epithet of *ſhort*, it is true is a little improper. The ſame Poet again has this Paſſage elſewhere,

*Dulce eſt deſipere in loco*,

Well-timed Folly has a ſweet Reliſh.

And in another Place.

—— *Mallem*


39 Fig.
p. 140

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——— *Mallem delirus inerſque videri,*
*Quam ſapere & ringi.* ———

I'ad rather much be cenſur'd for a Fool,
Than feel the Laſh and Smart of Wiſdom's (School.

*Homer* praiſes *Telemachus* as much as any one of his *Heroes*, and he gives him the Epithet of Νήπιος, *Silly*: And the *Grecians* generally uſe the ſame Word to expreſs *Children*, as a Token of their Innocence. And what is the Argument of all *Homer*'s Iliads, but only, as *Horace* obſerves,

*Stultorum Regum & Populorum continet æſtus.*

They Kings and Subjects Dotages contain?

How poſitive alſo is *Tully*'s Commendation, that *all Places are fill'd with Fools*? Now every *Excellence* being to be meaſured by its *Extent*, the Goodneſs of Folly muſt be of as large Compaſs as thoſe Univerſal Places ſhe reaches to. But perhaps Chriſtians may ſlight the Authority of a Heathen, I could therefore, if I pleaſed, back and confirm the Truth hereof by the Citations of ſeveral Texts of *Scripture*; though herein it were perhaps my Duty to beg Leave of the Divines, that I might ſo far Intrench upon their Prerogative. Suppoſing a Grant, the Task ſeems ſo Difficult as to require the Invocation of ſome Aid and Aſſiſtance: Yet becauſe it is unreaſonable to put the Muſes to the Trouble and Expence of

of ſo tedious a Journey, eſpecially ſince the Buſineſs is out of their Sphere, I ſhall chuſe rather (while I am acting the Divine, and venturing in their Polemick Difficulties,) to wiſh my ſelf for ſuch time animated with *Scotus* his briſtling and prickly Soul, [FIG. XL.]

which I would not care how afterwards it returned to his Body, though for Refinement it were ſtopped at a Purgatory by the Way. I can-

cannot but wiſh that I might wholly change my Character, or at leaſt that ſome Grave Divine in my ſtead might rehearſe this Part of the Subject for me: For truly I ſuſpect that Somebody will accuſe me for Plundering the Cloſets of thoſe Reverend Men, while I pretend to ſo much of Divinity as muſt appear in my following Diſcourſe. Yet however, it may not ſeem ſtrange, that after ſo long and frequent a Converſe, I have gleaned ſome Scraps from the Divines; ſince *Horace*'s *Wooden God*, by hearing his Maſter read *Homer*, learned ſome Words of *Greek*; and *Lucian*'s *Cock*, by long Attention, could readily *underſtand* what any Man ſpoke. But now to the Purpoſe, wiſhing my ſelf Succeſs.

*Eccleſiaſtes* doth ſomewhere confeſs that there are an *infinite Number of Fools*; now when he ſpeaks of an *infinite Number*, what does he elſe but imply, that herein is included the *whole Race of Mankind*, except ſome very few, which I know not whether ever any one had yet the Happineſs to ſee?

The Prophet *Jeremy* ſpeaks yet more plainly in his *Tenth* Chapter, where he ſaith, That *every Man is Brutiſh in his Knowledge*. He juſt before attributes Wiſdom to God alone, ſaying, That t*he Wiſe Men of the Nations are altogether Brutiſh and Fooliſh*. And in the preceding Chapter he gives this Seaſonable Caution, *Let not the Wiſe Man glory in his Wiſdom*: The Reaſon is obvious, becauſe no Man hath truly any whereof to glory. But to return to *Eccleſiaſtes*, when he ſaith, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity*, what elſe can we

we imagine his Meaning to be, than that our whole Life is nothing but one continued Interlude of Folly? This confirms that Aſſertion of *Tully*, which is delivered in that noted Paſſage we but juſt now mentioned, namely, That *all Places ſwarm with Fools*. Farther, what does the Son of *Sirach* mean when he ſaith in *Eccleſiaſticus*, That the *Fool is changed as the Moon*, while the *Wiſe Man is fix'd as the Sun*, than only to hint out the Folly of all Mankind; and that the Name of Wiſe is due to no other but the All-wiſe God? For all Interpreters by *Moon* underſtand *Mankind*, and by *Sun* that Fountain of all Light, the *Almighty*. The ſame Senſe is implied in that Saying of our Saviour in the Goſpel, *There is none Good but One, that is God*: For if whoever is not *Wiſe* be conſequently a *Fool*; and if, according to the Stoicks, every Man be *Wiſe* ſo far only as he is *Good*, the meaning of the Text muſt be, all Mortals are unavoidably *Fools*, and there is none *Wiſe* but *One*, that is *God*. *Solomon* alſo in the Fifteenth Chapter of his *Proverbs* hath this Expreſſion, *Folly is Joy to him that is deſtitute of Wiſdom*; plainly intimating, that the Wiſe Man is attended with Grief and Vexation, while the Fooliſh only roul in Delight and Pleaſure. To the ſame Purpoſe is that Saying of his in the Firſt Chapter of of *Eccleſiaſtes*, *In much Wiſdom is much Grief*; *and he that encreaſeth Knowledge, encreaſeth Sorrow*. Again, it is confeſs'd by the ſame Preacher in the ſeventh Chapter of the ſame Book, That *the Heart of the Wiſe is*

*is in the Houſe of Mourning, but the Heart of Fools is in the Houſe of Mirth.* This Author himſelf had never attained to ſuch a Portion of Wiſdom if he had not applied himſelf to a Searching out the Frailties and Infirmities of Humane Nature; as, if you believe not me, may appear from his own Words in his Firſt Chapter, *I gave my Heart to know Wiſdom, and to know Madneſs and Folly*; where it is worthy to be obſerved, that, as to the Order of Words, *Folly* for its Advantage is put in the *laſt* Place. Thus *Eccleſiaſtes* wrote, and thus indeed did an *Eccleſiaſtical* Method require; namely, that what has the *Precedence* in Dignity ſhould come *hindmoſt* in Rank and Order, according to the Tenour of that Evangelical Precept, *The Laſt ſhall be Firſt, and the Firſt ſhall be Laſt.* And in *Eccleſiaſticus* likewiſe, (whoever was Author of that Holy Book which bears that Name) in the Forty-fourth Chapter, the Excellency of Folly above Wiſdom is poſitively acknowledg'd: The very Words I ſhall not cite, till I have the Advantage of an Anſwer to a Queſtion I am propoſing, this Way of Interrogating being frequently made uſe of by *Plato* in his Dialogues between *Socrates*, and other Diſputants: I ask you then, What is it we uſually hoard and lock up, Things of greater Eſteem and Value, or thoſe which are more Common, Trite, and Deſpicable? Why are you ſo backward in making an Anſwer? Since you are ſo ſhy and reſerv'd I'll take the *Greek* Proverb for a ſatisfactory Reply; namely, τὸν ἐπὶ λύθρῳ ὕδωρ, *Foul Water is thrown*

*down the Sink*; which Saying, that no Perſon may ſlight it, may be convenient to advertiſe that it comes from no meaner an Author than that Oracle of Truth, *Ariſtotle* himſelf. And indeed there is no one on this Side *Bedlam* ſo Mad as to throw out upon his Dunghil his Gold and Jewels, but rather all Perſons have a cloſe Repoſitory to preſerve them in, and ſecure them under all the Locks, Bolts, and Bars, that either Art can contrive, or Fears ſuggeſt: Whereas the Dirt, Pebbles, and Oyſter-ſhells, that lye ſcattered in the Streets, ye trample upon, paſs by, and take no notice of; if then what is *more* valuable be *coffer'd up*, and what *leſs* ſo lees *unregarded*, it follows, that accordingly Folly ſhould meet with a greater Eſteem than Wiſdom, becauſe that wiſe Author adviſes us to the *keeping cloſe* and concealing the firſt, and expoſing or *laying open* the other: As take him now in his own Words, *Better is he that hideth his Folly, than him that hideth his Wiſdom.* Beſide, the Sacred Text does oft aſcribe Innocence and Sincerity to Fools, while the Wiſe Man is apt to be a haughty Scorner of all ſuch as he thinks or cenſures to have leſs Wit than himſelf: For ſo I underſtand that Paſſage in the Tenth Chapter of *Eccleſiaſtes*, *When he that is a Fool walketh by the Way, his Wiſdom faileth him, and he ſaith to every one that he is a Fool.* Now what greater Argument of Candor or Ingenuity can there be, than to demean your ſelf equal with all others, and not think their Deſerts any way Inferior to his own. Folly is no ſuch

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Scandalous Attribute, but that the Wiſe *Agur* was not aſhamed to confeſs it in the Thirtieth Chapter of *Proverbs*: *Surely* (ſaith he) *I am more brutiſh than any Man, and have not the Underſtanding of a Man.* Nay, St. *Paul* himſelf, that great Doctor of the Gentiles, writing to his *Corinthians*, readily owns the Name, ſaying, *If any Man ſpeak as a Fool, I more*; as if to have been *leſs ſo* had been a *Reproach* and *Diſgrace*. But perhaps I may be cenſured for miſ-interpreting this Text by ſome Modern Annotators, who, like Crows pecking at one another's Eyes, find Fault, and Correct all that went before them, and pretend each their own Gloſſes to contain the only True and Genuine Explication; among whom my *Eraſmus* (whom I cannot but mention with Reſpect) may challenge the Second Place, if not the Precedency. This Citation (ſay they) is purely impertinent; the Meaning of the Apoſtle is far different from what you dream of: He would not have theſe Words ſo underſtood, as if he deſired to be thought a greater Fool than the reſt, but only when he had before ſaid, *Are they Miniſters of Chriſt? So am I*: As if the equalling himſelf herein to others had been too little, he adds, *I am more*, thinking a bare *Equality* not enough, unleſs he were even *Superior* to thoſe he compares himſelf with. This he would have to be believed as true; yet leſt it might be thought offenſive, as bordering too much on Arrogance and Conceit, he tempers and alleviates it by the Covert of Folly. *I ſpeak* (ſays he) *as a Fool*, knowing it to be

the peculiar Priviledge of Fools to ſpeak the Truth, without giving Offence. But what St. *Paul's* Thoughts were when he wrote this, I leave for them to determine. In my own Judgment at leaſt I prefer the Opinion of the Good Old Tun-bellied Divines, with whom its ſafer and more creditable to Err, than to be in the Right with Smattering, Raw, Novices.

NOR indeed ſhould any one mind the late Criticks any more than the ſenſeleſs chattering of a Daw: eſpecially ſince one of the moſt Eminent of them (whoſe Name I adviſedly conceal, leſt ſome of our Wits ſhould be taunting him with the *Greek* Proverb, Ὁ ὄνος πρὸς λύραν, *Ad Lyram Aſinus*) Magiſteri ally and Dogmatically deſcanting upon this Text, [*Are they the Miniſters of Chriſt? (I ſpeak as a Fool) I am more*, makes a diſtinct Chapter, and (which without good ſtore of Logick he could never have done) adds a new Section, and then gives this Paraphraſe, which I ſhall *Verbatim* recite, that you may have his *Words Materially*, as well as *Formally*, his *Senſe*, (for that's one of their babbling Diſtinctions.) [*I ſpeak as a Fool*,] that is, if the equalling my ſelf to thoſe falſe Apoſtles would have been conſtrued as the Vaunt of a Fool, I would willingly be accounted a greater Fool, by taking place of them, and openly pleading, that as to their Miniſtry I not only come up even with them, but outſtrip and go beyond them: Though this ſame Commentator a little after, as it were forgetting what he had juſt before delivered, tacks about, and ſhifts to another Interpretation.

But

BUT why do I inſiſt upon any one particular Example, when in general it is the Publick Charter of all Divines to mould and bend the Sacred Oracles, till they comply with their own Fancy, ſpreading them (as Heaven by its Creator) like a *Curtain*, cloſing together, or drawing them back, as they pleaſe? Thus indeed St. *Paul* himſelf minces and mangles ſome Citations he makes uſe of, and ſeems to wreſt them to a different Senſe from what they were firſt intended for, as is confeſs'd by the great Linguiſt St. *Hierom*. Thus when that Apoſtle ſaw at *Athens* the Inſcription of an Altar, he draws from it an Argument for the Proof of the Chriſtian Religion; but leaving out great Part of the Sentence, which perhaps if fully recited might have prejudiced his Cauſe, he mentions only the Two laſt Words, viz. *To the unknown God*; and this too not without Alteration, for the whole Inſcription runs thus: *To the Gods of* Aſia, Europe, *and* Africa, *to all Foreign and Unknown Gods*.

'TIS in Imitation of the ſame Pattern, I'll warrant you, that our Young Divines, by leaving out Four or Five Words in a Place, and putting a falſe Conſtruction on the reſt, can make any Paſſage ſerviceable to their own Purpoſe; though from the Coherence of what went before, or follows after, the Genuine Meaning appears to be either wide enough, or perhaps quite contradictory to what they would thruſt and impoſe upon it. In which Knack the Divines are grown now ſo expert, that the Lawyers themſelves begin to be jea-

lous of an Encroachment on what was formerly their Sole Priviledge and Practice. And indeed what can they deſpair of proving, ſince the forementioned Commentator (I had almoſt blundered out his Name, but that I am reſtrained by fear of the ſame *Greek* Proverbial Sarcaſm,) did upon a Text of St. *Luke* put an Interpretation no more agreeable to the meaning of the Place than one contrary Quality is to another? The Paſſage is this, when *Judas*'s Treachery was preparing to be executed, and accordingly it ſeem'd requiſite that all the Diſciples ſhould be provided to guard and ſecure their Aſſaulted Maſter, our Saviour, that he might piouſly caution them againſt Reliance for his Delivery on any Worldly Strength, asks them, whether in all their Embaſſy *they lacked any thing*, when he had ſent them out ſo Unfurniſhed for the Performance of a long Journey, that they had not ſo much as *Shoes* to defend their Feet from the Injuries of Flints and Thorns, or a *Scrip* to carry a Meal's Meat in; and when they had anſwered that they lacked *nothing*, he adds, *But now he that hath a Purſe let him take it, and likewiſe a Scrip; and he that hath no Sword let him Sell his Garment, and Buy one*: Now when the whole Doctrine of our Saviour Inculcates nothing more frequently than Meekneſs, Patience, and a Contempt of this World, is it not plain what the Meaning of the Place is? Namely, that he might now diſmiſs his Embaſſadors in a more Naked, Defenceleſs, Condition, he does not only adviſe them to take no Thought for Shoes

Shoes or Scrip, but even commands them to part with the very Cloaths from their Back, that ſo they might have the leſs Incumbrance and Entanglement in the going through their Office and Function. He cautions them, it is true, to be furniſhed with a Sword, yet not ſuch a Carnal one as Rogues and Highwaymen make uſe of for Murder and Bloodſhed, but with the *Sword of the Spirit*, which pierces through the Heart, and ſearches out the innermoſt Retirements of the Soul, lopping off all our Luſt, and corrupt Affections, and leaving nothing in Poſſeſſion of our Breaſt but Piety, Zeal, and Devotion: This (I ſay) in my Opinion is the moſt Natural Interpretation. But ſee how that Divine miſunderſtands the Place: By *Sword* (ſays he) is meant *Defence* againſt *Perſecution*; by *Scrip*, or *Purſe*, a ſufficient Quantity of *Proviſion*; as if Chriſt had, by conſidering better of it, changed his Mind in reference to that mean Equipage which he had before ſent his Diſciples in, and therefore came now to a Recantation of what he had formerly Inſtituted: Or as if he had forgot what in time paſt he had told them, *Bleſſed are you when Men ſhall Revile you, and Perſecute you, and ſay all manner of Evil againſt you for my Sake. Render not Evil for Evil*, for *bleſſed are the Meek*, not the Cruel: As if he had forgot that he had encouraged them by the Examples of *Sparrows* and *Lillies* to take no thought *for the Morrow*; he gives them now another Leſſon, and charges them, rather than go *without a Sword*, to *Sell their Garment, and Buy one*; as if the going

Cold

Cold and Naked were more excuſeable than the marching Unarmed. And as this Author thinks all Means which are requiſite for the Prevention or Retaliation of Injuries to be implied under the Name of *Sword*, ſo under that of *Scrip* he would have every thing to be comprehended, which either the Neceſſity or Conveniency of Life requires.

THUS does this provident Commentator furniſh out the Diſciples with Halberts, [FIG. XLI.]

Spears

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2. Fig. 42 pag. 153. p. 1

Spears, and Guns, for the Enterprize of *Preaching Chriſt Crucified*; he ſupplies them at the ſame time with Pockets, Bags, and Portmanteaus, that they might carry their *Cupboards* as well as their *Bellies* always about them: He takes no notice how our Saviour afterwards Rebukes *Peter* for *drawing* that Sword which he had but juſt before ſo ſtrictly charg'd him to *buy*; nor that it is ever Recorded that the Primitive Chriſtians did by no ways withſtand their Heathen Perſecutors otherwiſe than with Tears and Prayers, which they would have Exchanged more effectually for Swords and Bucklers, if they had thought this Text would have bore them out.

THERE is another, and he of no mean Credit, whom for Reſpect to his Perſon I ſhall forbear to Name, who Commenting upon that Verſe in the Prophet *Habakkuk*, [*I ſaw the Tents of* Cuſhan *in Affliction, and the Curtains of the Land of* Midian *did tremble*,] becauſe *Tents* were ſometimes made of *Skins*, he pretended that the Word *Tents* did here ſignifie the *Skin of St. Bartholomew*, who was flead for a Martyr.

I my ſelf was lately at a Divinity Diſputation, [FIG. XLII.] (where I very often pay my Attendance,) where one of the Opponents demanded a Reaſon why it ſhould be thought more proper to Silence all *Hereticks* by *Sword* and *Faggot*, rather than Convert them by *moderate* and *ſober Arguments*? A certain Cynical Old Blade, who bore the Character of a Divine, Legible in the Frowns and Wrinkles of his Face, not without a great deal of Diſdain

anſwered,

anſwered, that it was the expreſs Injunction of St. *Paul* himſelf, in thoſe Directions to *Titus*, [*A Man that is an Heretick, after the Firſt and Second Admonition, Reject,*] quoting it in *Latin*, where the Word *Reject* is *Devita*, while all the Auditory wondred at this Citation, and deem'd it no Way applicable to his Purpoſe; he at laſt explained himſelf, ſaying, that *Devita* ſignified *de vita tollendum Hereticum*, a Heretick muſt be Slain. Some ſmiled at his Ignorance, but others approved of it as an Orthodox Comment. And however ſome diſliked that ſuch Violence ſhould be done to ſo eaſie a Text, our Hair-ſlitting and Irrefragable Doctor went on in Triumph: To prove it yet (ſays he) more undeniably, it is commanded in the Old Law, [*Thou ſhalt not ſuffer a Witch to live*;] now then every *Maleficus* or *Witch* is to be kill'd, but an Heretick is *Maleficus*, which in the *Latin* Tranſlation is put for a *Witch*, *Ergo*, *&c.* All that were preſent wondred at the Ingenuity of the Perſon, and very devoutly embraced his Opinion, never dreaming that the Law was reſtrained only to Magicians, Sorcerers and Enchanters: For otherwiſe, if the Word *Maleficus* ſignified what it moſt naturally implies, every Evil-doer, then Drunkenneſs and Whoredom were to meet with the ſame Capital Puniſhment as Witchcraft. But why ſhould I ſquander away my Time in a too Tedious Proſecution of this Topick, which if drove on to the utmoſt would afford Talk to Eternity? I aim herein at no more than this, namely, That ſince thoſe Grave Doctors take ſuch a ſwinging,

ſwinging Range and Latitude, I, who am but a ſmattering Novice in Divinity, may have the larger Allowance for any Slips or Miſtakes.

Now therefore I return to St. *Paul*, who uſes theſe Expreſſions, [*Ye ſuffer Fools gladly*,] applying it to himſelf; and again, [*As a Fool receive me*,] and, [*That which I ſpeak, I ſpeak not after the Lord, but as it were Fooliſhly*; and in another Place, [*We are Fools for Chriſt's ſake*: See how theſe Commendations of Folly are equal to the Author of them, both Great and Sacred. The ſame Holy Perſon does yet enjoin and command the being a Fool as a Virtue of all other moſt requiſite and neceſſary: For, ſays he, [*If any Man ſeem to be Wiſe in this World, let him become a Fool, that he may be Wiſe.*] Thus St. *Luke* Records, how our Saviour, after his Reſurrection, joining himſelf with two of his Diſciples travelling to *Emmaus*, at his firſt Salutation he calls them Fools, ſaying, [*O Fools, and ſlow of Heart to believe.*] Nor may this ſeem ſtrange in Compariſon to what is yet farther delivered by St. *Paul*, who adventures to attribute ſomething of Folly even to the All-wiſe God himſelf, [*The Fooliſhneſs of God* (ſays he) *is Wiſer than Men*:] In which Text St. *Origen* would not have the Word *Fooliſhneſs* any Way referr'd to Men, or applicable to the ſame Senſe, wherein is to be underſtood that other Paſſage of St. *Paul*, [*The Preaching of the Croſs to them that Periſh, Fooliſhneſs.*] But why do I put my ſelf to the Trouble of citing ſo many Proofs, ſince this one may ſuffice

fice for all, namely, that in thoſe Myſtical Pſalms, wherein *David* repreſents the Type of *Chriſt*, it is there acknowledged by our Saviour, in Way of Confeſſion, that even he himſelf was guilty of Folly; *Thou* (ſays he) *O God know'ſt my Fooliſhneſs*? Nor is it without ſome Reaſon that Fools for their Plainneſs and Sincerity of Heart have always been moſt acceptable to God Almighty. For as the Princes of this World have ſhrewdly ſuſpected, and carried a jealous Eye over ſuch of their Subjects as were the moſt obſervant, and deepeſt Politicians, (for thus *Cæſar* was afraid of the Plodding *Caſſius* and *Brutus*, thinking himſelf ſecure enough from the careleſs Drinking *Anthony*; [FIG. XLIII.] *Nero* likewiſe miſtruſted *Seneca*, and *Dionyſius* would have been willingly rid of *Plato*,) whereas they can all put greater Confidence in ſuch as are of leſs Subtilty and Contrivance. So our Saviour in like manner diſlikes and condemns the Wiſe and Crafty, as St. *Paul* does expreſly declare in theſe Words, *God hath choſen the Fooliſh Things of this World*; and again, *It pleaſed God by Fooliſhneſs to ſave the World*; implying that by *Wiſdom* it could never have been *ſaved*. Nay, God himſelf teſtifies as much when he ſpeaks by the Mouth of his Prophet, *I will deſtroy the Wiſdom of the Wiſe, and bring to nought the Underſtanding of the Learned*. Again, our Saviour does ſolemnly return his Father Thanks for that he had *hidden the Myſteries of Salvation from the Wiſe, and reveal'd them to Babes, i. e.* to Fools; for the Original Word νηπίοις being

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ing oppoſed to σοφὸς, if one ſignifie *Wiſe*, the other muſt *Fooliſh*. To the ſame Purpoſe did our Bleſſed Lord frequently condemn and upbraid the Scribes, Phariſees, and Lawyers, while he carries himſelf kind and obliging to the unlearned Multitude: For what other can be the Meaning of that tart Denunciation: *Wo unto you Scribes and Phariſees*, than Wo unto you Wiſe Men, whereas he ſeems chiefly delighted with Children, Women, and illiterate Fiſhermen?

WE may farther take notice, that among all the ſeveral Kinds of Brute Creatures, he ſhews greateſt liking to ſuch as are fartheſt diſtant from the Subtilty of the Fox. Thus in his Progreſs to *Jeruſalem* he choſe to ride ſitting upon an *Aſs*, though, if he pleaſed, he might have mounted the Back of a *Lion* with more of State, and as little of Danger. The *Holy Spirit* choſe rather likewiſe to deſcend from Heaven in the Shape of a ſimple gall-leſs *Dove*, than that of an *Eagle*, *Kite*, or other more *lofty Fowl*.

THUS all along in the Holy Scriptures there are frequent Metaphors and Similitudes of the moſt Inoffenſive Creatures, ſuch as *Stags*, *Hinds*, *Lambs*, and the like. Nay, thoſe bleſſed Souls that in the Day of Judgment are to be placed at our Saviour's Right Hand are called *Sheep*, which are the moſt Senſleſs and Stupid of all Cattle, as is evidenc'd by *Ariſtotle*'s Greek Proverb, προβάτου ἦθος, a *Sheepineſs of Temper*, *i. e.* a Dull, Blockiſh, Sleepy, Unmanly Humour. Yet of ſuch a *Flock* Chriſt is not aſhamed to profeſs

himſelf the *Shepherd*. Nay, he would not only have all his Proſelytes termed *Sheep*, but even he himſelf would be called a *Lamb*; as when *John* the *Baptiſt* ſeeth *Jeſus* coming unto him, he ſaith, *Behold the Lamb of God*; which ſame Title is very often given to our Saviour in the *Apocalypſe*.

All this amounts to no leſs than that all Mortal Men are Fools, even the Righteous and Godly as well as Sinners; nay, in ſome Senſe our Bleſſed Lord himſelf, who although he was *the Wiſdom of the Father*, yet to repair the Infirmities of Fallen Man, he became in ſome Meaſure a Partaker of Human Folly, when he *took our Nature upon him, and was found in Faſhion as a Man*; or when *God made him to be Sin for us, who knew no Sin, that we might be made the Righteouſneſs of God in him*. Nor would he heal thoſe Breaches our Sins had made by any other Method than by the *Fooliſhneſs of the Croſs*, publiſhed by the Ignorant and Unlearned Apoſtles, to whom he frequently recommends the Excellence of Folly, cautioning them againſt the Infectiouſneſs of Wiſdom, by the ſeveral Examples he propoſes them to imitate, ſuch as *Children*, *Lilies*, *Sparrows*, *Muſtard*, and ſuch like Beings, which are either wholly Inanimate, or at leaſt devoid of Reaſon and Ingeny, guided by no other Conduct than that of Inſtinct, without Care, Trouble, or Contrivance. To the ſame Intent the Diſciples were warned by their Lord and Maſter, that when they ſhould be *brought unto the Synagogues, and unto Magiſtrates and Powers*, they ſhould *take no Thought how, or what Thing they ſhould anſwer, nor what they ſhould ſay*: They were again ſtrictly forbid to *enquire into the Times and Seaſons*, or to place any Confidence in their own Abilities, but to depend wholly upon Divine Aſſiſtance.

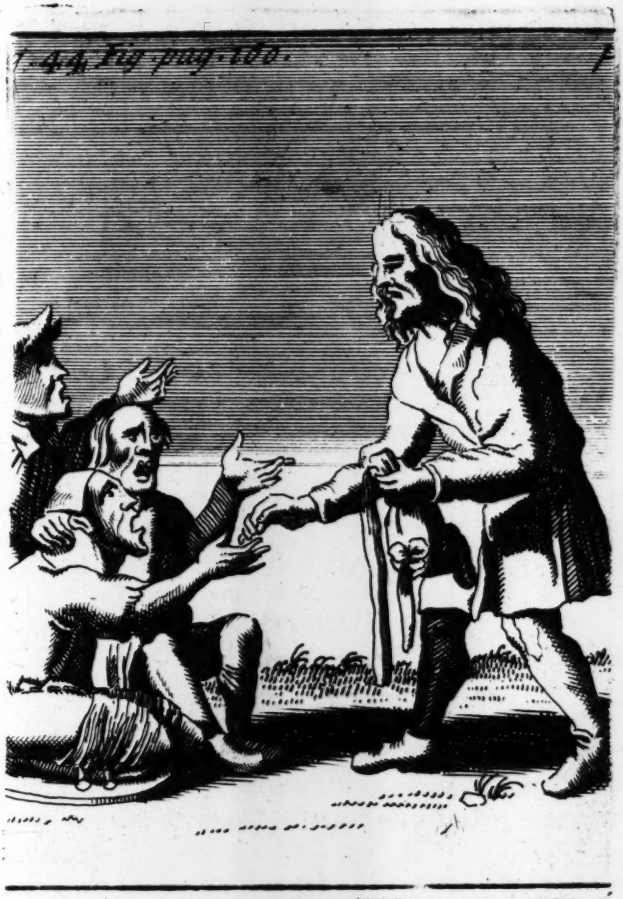
AT the firſt Peopling of Paradiſe the Almighty had never laid ſo ſtrict a Charge on our Father *Adam* to refrain from *eating of the Tree of Knowledge*, except he had thereby forewarned that the Taſte of Knowledge would be the Bane of all Happineſs. St. *Paul* ſays expreſly

expreſly that *Knowledge puffeth up, i. e.* it is Fatal and Poiſonous. In purſuance whereunto St. *Bernard* interprets that *exceeding high Mountain* whereon the Devil had erected his Seat to have been the Mountain of Knowledge. And perhaps this may be another Argument which ought not to be omitted, namely, that Folly is acceptable, at leaſt excuſeable, with the Gods, in as much as they eaſily paſs by the heedleſs Failures of Fools, while the Miſcarriages of ſuch as are known to have more Wit ſhall very hardly obtain a Pardon; nay, when a Wiſe Man comes to Sue for an Acquitment from any Guilt, he muſt ſhroud himſelf under the Patronage and Pretext of Folly. For thus in the Twelfth of *Numbers*, *Aaron* intreats *Moſes* to ſtay the Leproſie of his Siſter *Miriam*, ſaying, *Alas, My Lord, I beſeech thee lay not the Sin upon us, wherein we have done fooliſhly.* Thus when *David* ſpared *Saul*'s Life when he found him Sleeping in a Tent of *Hachilah*, not willing to *ſtretch forth his Hand againſt the Lord's Anointed*, *Saul* excuſes his former ſeverity by confeſſing, *Behold I have played the Fool and have Erred exceedingly.* *David* alſo himſelf in much the ſame form begs the Remiſſion of his Sin from God Almighty with this Prayer, *Lord, I pray thee take away the Iniquity of thy Servant, for I have done very Fooliſhly*; as if he could not have hoped otherwiſe to have his Pardon granted except he petitioned for it under the Covert and Mitigation of Folly. The agreeable Practice of our Saviour is yet more convincing, who when he hung upon the Croſs, prayed for his Enemies, ſaying, *Father, forgive them*, urging no other Plea in their Behalf than that of their Ignorance, *for they know not what they do.* To the ſame Effect St. *Paul* in his Firſt Epiſtle to *Timothy* acknowledges he had been a Blaſphemer and a Perſecutor, *But* (ſaith he) *I obtain'd Mercy, becauſe I did it ignorantly in Unbelief.* Now what's the Meaning of the Phraſe, [*I did it ignorantly,*] but only this? My Fault was occaſioned from a miſinformed Folly, not from a deliberate Malice.

What ſignifies [*I obtained Mercy,*] but only that I ſhould not otherwiſe have obtained it, had not Folly and Ignorance been my Vindication? To the ſame Purpoſe is that other Paſſage in the Myſterious Pſalmiſt, which I forgot to mention in its proper Place, namely, *Oh remember not the Sins and Offences of my Youth!* the Word which we render *Offences*, is in Latin, *Ignorantias*, Ignorances: Obſerve the Two Things he alledges in his Excuſe are, Firſt, His *Rawneſs of Age*, to which Folly, and want of Experience, are conſtant Attendants: And Secondly, His *Ignorances*, expreſſed in the Plural Number for an Enhancement and Aggravation of his Fooliſhneſs.

But that I may not wear out this Subject too far, to draw now toward a Concluſion, it is obſervable that the Chriſtian Religion ſeems to have ſome Relation to Folly, and no Alliance at all with Wiſdom. Of the Truth whereof, if you deſire farther Proof than my bare Word, you may pleaſe, Firſt, To conſider, that Children, Women, Old Men and Fools, led as it were by a Secret Impulſe of Nature, are always moſt conſtant in repairing to Church, and moſt Zealous, Devout and Attentive in the Performance of the ſeveral Parts of Divine Service: Nay, the firſt Promulgers of the Goſpel, and the firſt Converts to Chriſtianity, were Men of Plainneſs and Simplicity, wholly unacquainted with Secular Policy or Learning.

FARTHER, There are none more Silly, or nearer [FIG. XLIV.] their Wits End, than thoſe who are too Superſtitiouſly Religious: They are profuſely laviſh in their Charity; they invite freſh Affronts by an eaſie Forgiveneſs of paſt Injuries; they ſuffer themſelves to be cheated and impos'd upon by laying claim to the *Innocence* of the *Dove*; they make it the Intereſt of no Perſon to oblige them, becauſe they'll love, and *do good, to their Enemies*, as much as to the moſt Endearing Friends; they baniſh all Pleaſure, feeding upon the Penance of Watching, Faſting, Weeping, Sorrow, and Reproach; they value not their Lives, but, with St. *Paul*,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*Paul, wiſh to be Diſſolved*, and covet the Fiery Trial of Martyrdom: In a Word, they ſeem altogether ſo deſtitute of Common Senſe, that their Soul ſeems already ſeparated from their Dead and Unactive Body. And what elſe can we imagine all this to be than downright Madneſs? It is the leſs ſtrange therefore that at the Feaſt of *Pentecoſt* the Apoſtles ſhould be thought *Drunk with New Wine*; or that St. *Paul* was cenſured by *Feſtus* to have been *beſide himſelf*.

AND ſince I have had the Confidence to go thus far, I ſhall venture yet a little forwarder, and be ſo bold as to ſay thus much more: All that final Happineſs, which Chriſtians, through ſo many Rubs and Briars of Difficulties, contend for, is at laſt no better than a Sort of Folly and Madneſs. This no queſtion will be thought extravagantly ſpoke; but conſider a while, and deliberately ſtate the Caſe.

FIRST then, the Chriſtians ſo far agree with the *Platoniſts*, as to believe that the Body is no better than a Priſon or Dungeon for the Confinement of the Soul. That therefore while the Soul is ſhackled to the Walls of Fleſh, her ſoaring Wings are imp'd, and all her enlivening Faculties clogg'd and fetter'd by the groſs Particles of Matter, ſo that ſhe can neither freely range after, nor, when happily overtook, can quietly contemplate her proper Object of Truth.

FARTHER, *Plato* defines Philoſophy to be the Meditation of Death, becauſe the one performs the ſame Office with the other, namely, withdraws the Mind from all Viſible and Corporeal Objects; therefore while the Soul does patiently actuate the ſeveral Organs and Members of the Body, ſo long is a Man accounted of a Good and Sound Diſpoſition: But when the Soul weary of her Confinement, ſtruggles to break Jail, and fly beyond her Cage of Fleſh and Blood, then a Man is cenſured at leaſt for being Maggoty and Crack-brain'd; nay, if there be any Defect in the External Organs it is then termed downright Madneſs. And yet many times Perſons thus affected ſhall have Pro-

phetick Extaſies of foretelling Things to come, ſhall in a Rapture talk Languages they never before learned, and ſeem in all Things actuated by ſomewhat Divine and Extraordinary: And all this, no doubt, is only the Effect of the Soul's being more releaſed from its Engagement to the Body, whereby it can with leſs Impediment exert the Energy of Life and Motion. From hence no queſtion has ſprung an Obſervation of like Nature confirmed now into a ſettled Opinion, That *ſome long experienced Souls in the World, before their Diſlodging, arrive to the Height of Prophetick Spirits.*

IF this Diſorder ariſe from an Intemperance in Religion, and too high a Strain of Devotion, though it be of a ſomewhat differing Sort, yet it is ſo near akin to the former, that a great Part of Mankind apprehend it as a meer Madneſs; eſpecially when Perſons of that Superſtitious Humour are ſo Pragmatical and Singular, as to ſeparate, and live apart, as it were from all the World beſide: So as they ſeem to have experienc'd what *Plato* dreams to have happen'd between ſome, who, incloſed in a dark Cave, did only ruminate on the Idea's, and abſtracted Speculations of Entities; and one other of their Company, who had got abroad into the open Light, and at his return tells them what a blind Miſtake they had lain under; that he had ſeen the Subſtance of what their Dotage of Imitation reach'd only in Shadow; that therefore he could not but Pity and Condole their deluding Dreams, while they on the other Side no leſs bewail his Phrenſie, and turn him out of the Society for a Lunatick and Madman.

THUS the Vulgar are wholly taken up with thoſe Objects that are moſt familiar to their Senſes, beyond which they are apt to think all is but Fairy-land; while thoſe that are devoutly Religious ſcorn to ſet their Thoughts or Affections on any *Things below*, but mount their Soul to the purſuit of Incorporeal and Inviſible Beings: The former, in their Marſhalling the Requiſites of Happineſs, place Riches in the Front, the Endowments of the Body in the next Rank, and leave the Accompliſhments

pliſhments of the Soul to bring up the Rear; nay, ſome will ſcarce believe there is any ſuch Thing at all as the *Soul*, becauſe they cannot Literally ſee a Reaſon of their Faith; while the other pay their Firſt-fruits of Service to that moſt Simple and Incomprehenſive Being, God, employ themſelves next in providing for the Happineſs of that which comes neareſt to their Immortal Soul, being not at all mindful of their corrupt bodily Carcaſſes, [FIG. XLV.] and ſlighting Money as the Dirt and Rubbage of the World; or if at any time ſome urging

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Occaſions require them to become intangled with Secular Affairs, they do it with Regret, and a kind of Ill-will, obſerving what St. *Paul* adviſes his *Corinthians*, *Having Wives, and yet being as though they had none; Buying, and yet remaining as though they Poſſeſſed not.*

THERE are between theſe Two Sorts of Perſons many Differences in ſeveral other Reſpects. As firſt, though

though all the Senſes have the ſame mutual Relation to the Body, yet ſome are more groſs than others; as thoſe Five Corporeal ones, of Touching, Hearing, Smelling, Seeing, Taſting, whereas ſome again are more refined, and leſs adulterated with Matter, ſuch are the Memory, the Underſtanding, and the Will: Now the Mind will be alway moſt ready and expedite at that to which it is naturally moſt inclined. Hence is it, that a Pious Soul, imploying all its Power and Abilities in the preſſing after ſuch Things as are fartheſt removed from Senſe, is perfectly Stupid and Brutiſh in the Management of any Worldly Affairs; while on the other Side, the Vulgar are ſo intent upon their Buſineſs and Imployment, that they have not time to beſtow one poor Thought upon a Future Eternity. From ſuch Ardour of Divine Meditation was it that St. *Bernard* in his Study drank Oyl inſtead of Wine, and yet his Thoughts were ſo taken up that he never obſerv'd the Miſtake.

FARTHER, among the Paſſions of the Soul, ſome have a greater Communication with the Body than others, as Luſt, the Deſire of Meat and Sleep, Anger, Pride, and Envy; with theſe the Pious Man is in continual War, and irreconcileable Enmity, while the vulgar Cheriſh and Foment them, as the beſt Comforts of Life.

THERE are are other Affections of a middle Nature, common and innate to every Man; ſuch are Love to one's Country, Duty to Parents, Love to Children, Kindneſs to Friends, and ſuch like; to theſe the Vulgar pay ſome Reſpect, but the Religious endeavour to Supplant and Eradicate from their Soul, except they can Raiſe and Sublimate them to the moſt refined Pitch of Virtue; ſo as to Love or Honour their Parents, not barely under that Character, (for what did they do more than generate a *Body*? Nay, even for that we are primarily beholden to God, the Firſt Parent of all Mankind,) but as Good Men only, upon whom is Im-

printed

printed the lively Image of that Divine Nature which they eſteem as the chief and only *Good*, beyond whom nothing deſerves to be beloved, nothing deſired.

BY the ſame Rule they Meaſure all the other Offices or Duties of Life; in each of which, whatever is Earthly and Corporeal, ſhall, if not wholly rejected, yet at leaſt be put behind what Faith makes *the Subſtance of Things not ſeen.* Thus in the Sacraments, and all other Acts of Religion, they make a difference between the outward Appearance or Body of them, and the more inward Soul or Spirit. As to Inſtance, in Faſting, they think it very ineffectual to abſtain from Fleſh, or debar themſelves of a Meal's Meat, (which yet is all the Vulgar underſtand by this Duty,) unleſs they likewiſe reſtrain their Paſſions, ſubdue their Anger, and mortifie their Pride; that the Soul being thus Diſingaged from the Intanglement of the Body, may have a better Reliſh to Spiritual Objects, and take an Antepaſt of Heaven. Thus (ſay they) in the Holy Euchariſt, tho' the outward Form and Ceremonies are not wholly to be deſpiſed, yet are theſe prejudicial, at leaſt unprofitable, if as bare Signs only they are not accompanied with the Thing ſignified, which is *the Body and Blood of Chriſt*, whoſe Death, till his Second Coming, we are hereby to repreſent by the Vanquiſhing and Burying our vile Affections, that they may ariſe to a Newneſs of Life, and be united firſt each to other, then all to Chriſt.

THESE are the Actions and Meditations of the truly Pious Perſon; while the Vulgar place all their Religion in crowding up cloſe to the Altar, in liſtning to the Words of the Prieſt, and in being very Circumſpect at the Obſervance of each trifling Ceremony. Nor is it in ſuch Caſes only as we have here given for Inſtances, but through his whole Courſe of Life, that the Pious Man, without any Regard to the baſer Materials of the Body, ſpends himſelf wholly in a fixed Intentneſs upon Spiritual, Inviſible, and Eternal, Objects.

NOW,

NOW ſince theſe Perſons ſtand off, and keep at ſo wide a diſtance between themſelves, it is Cuſtomary for them both to think each other Mad: And were I to give my Opinion to which of the Two the Name does moſt properly belong, I ſhould, I confeſs, adjudge it to the Religious; of the Reaſonableneſs whereof you may be farther convinced, if I proceed to demonſtrate what I formerly hinted at, namely, That that Ultimate Happineſs which Religion propoſes is no other than ſome Sort of Madneſs.

FIRST therefore, *Plato* dream'd ſomewhat of this Nature when he tells us, that the *Madneſs of Lovers* was of all other Diſpoſitions of the Body moſt deſirable; for he who is once throughly ſmitten with this Paſſion, lives no longer within himſelf, but has removed his Soul to the ſame Place where he has ſettled his Affections, and loſes himſelf to find the Object he ſo much doats upon: This Straying now, and Wandring of a Soul from its own Manſion, what is it better than a plain Tranſport of Madneſs? What elſe can be the Meaning of thoſe Proverbial Phraſes, *Non eſt apud ſe*, he is not himſelf? *Ad te redi*, recover your ſelf, and, *Sibi redditus eſt*, he is come again to himſelf? And accordingly as Love is more Hot and Eager, ſo is the Madneſs thence enſuing more Incurable, and yet more Happy. Now what ſhall be that future Happineſs of Glorified Saints, which Pious Souls here on Earth ſo earneſtly groan for, but only that the Spirit, as the more Potent, and Prevalent Victor, ſhall over-maſter and ſwallow up the Body; and that the more eaſily, becauſe while here below, the ſeveral Members, by being mortified, and kept in ſubjection, were the better prepared for this ſeparating Change: And afterward the Spirit itſelf ſhall be loſt, and drown'd in the Abyſs of Beatifick Viſion, ſo as the whole Man will be then perfectly beyond all its own Bounds, and be no otherwiſe happy than as Tranſported into Extaſie and Wonder, it feels ſome unſpeakable Influence from that Omnipotent Being which makes all Things compleatly Bleſſed, by aſſimiliating

aſſimilating them to his own Likeneſs. Now although this Happineſs be then only Conſummated, when Souls at the General Reſurrection ſhall be Reunited to their Bodies, and both be *Cloathed with Immortality:* Yet becauſe a Religious Life is but a continued Meditation upon, and as it were a Tranſcript of the Joys of Heaven, therefore to ſuch Perſons there is allowed ſome Pleaſure and Foretaſte of that Pleaſure *here*, which is to be their Reward *hereafter*. And although this indeed be but a ſmall Pittance of Satisfaction, compared with that future Inexhauſtible Fountain of Bleſſedneſs, yet does it abundantly over-ballance all Worldly Delights, were they all in Conjunction ſet off to their beſt Advantage; ſo great is the Precedency of Spiritual Things before Corporeal, of Inviſible before Material and Viſible. This is what the Apoſtle gives an Eloquent Deſcription of, where he ſays by way of Encouragement, That *Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear hear'd, nor hath it entred into the Heart of Man to conceive thoſe Things which God hath prepared for them that love him.* This likewiſe is that *Better Part* which *Mary* choſe, which *ſhall not be taken from her*, but perfected and compleated by her *Mortal putting on Immortality.*

NOW thoſe who are thus devoutly affected, (though few there are ſo,) undergo ſomewhat of Strange Alteration which very nearly approaches to Madneſs; they ſpeak many Things at an Abrupt and Incoherent Rate, as if they were actuated by ſome poſſeſſing *Dæmon*; they make an Inarticulate Noiſe, without any diſtinguiſhable Senſe or Meaning, they ſometimes skrew and diſtort their Faces to Uncouth and Antick Looks; at one time beyond Meaſure Chearful, then as immoderately Sullen; now Sobbing, then Laughing, and ſoon after Sighing, as if they were perfectly Diſtracted, and out of their Senſes. If they have any Sober Intervals of coming to themſelves again, like St. *Paul* they then confeſs, that *they were caught up they know not where, whether in the Body, or out of the Body, they cannot tell*; as if they had been in a Dead Sleep or Trance,

Trance, they remember nothing of what they have heard, ſeen, ſaid, or done: This they only know, that their paſt Deluſion was a moſt Deſirable Happineſs; that therefore they bewail nothing more than the Loſs of it, nor wiſh for any greater Joy than the quick Return of it, and more durable Abode for ever. And this (as I have ſaid) is the Foretaſte or Anticipation of Future Bleſſedneſs.

BUT I doubt I have forgot my ſelf, and have already tranſgreſs'd the Bounds of Modeſty. However, if I have ſaid any Thing too Confidently or Impertinently, be pleas'd to conſider that it was ſpoke by *Folly*, and that under the Perſon of a *Woman*; yet at the ſame time remember the Applicableneſs of that *Greek* Proverb,

Πολλάκι τοι καὶ μωρὸς ἀνὴρ κατακαίριον εἶπεν,

*A Fool oft ſpeaks a Seaſonable Truth:*

Unleſs you will be ſo Witty as to object that this makes no Apology for me, becauſe the Word Ἀνὴρ ſignifies a *Man*, not a *Woman*, and conſequently my Sex debars me from the Benefit of that Obſervation.

I perceive now, that, for a Concluding Treat, you expect a formal *Epilogue*, and the Summing up of all in a brief Recitation; but I'll aſſure you, you are groſly Miſtaken if you ſuppoſe that after ſuch a Hodge-podge Medley of Speech I ſhould be able to recollect any Thing I have deliver'd. Beſide, as it is an Old Proverb, Μισῶ μνάμονα συμπότην, *I hate a Pot-Companion with a Good Memory*; ſo indeed I may as truly ſay, Μισῶ μνάμονα ἀκροατήν, *I hate a Hearer that will carry any Thing away with him.* Wherefore in ſhort, [FIG. XLVI.]

Farewell, Live long, Drink deep, be Jolly,
Ye moſt Illuſtrious Votaries of *FOLLY.*

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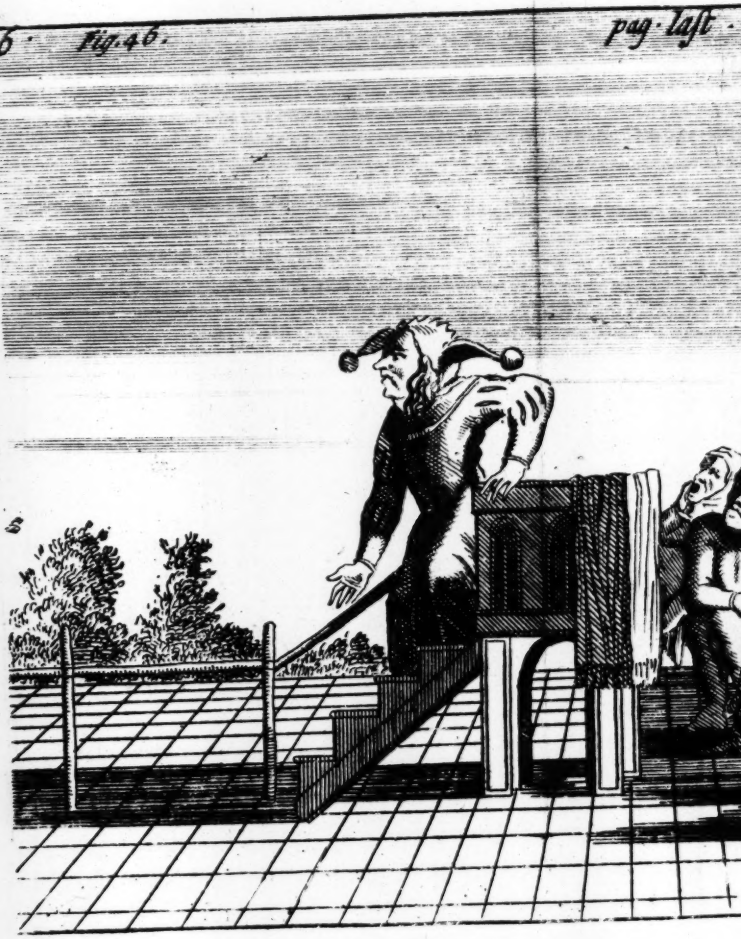

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